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New Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson

EDITED BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

[SECOND PAPER]

STEVENSON was less than most of us a man of habits, although one master habit he had, as all the world knows, and would let nothing shake it; namely, that of literary industry under circumstances and conditions no matter how trying. Another usage of his which amounted, at least in youth, almost to a habit, although a negative one, was that of neglecting to date his letters. The day of the week he would generally give, but the month and year almost never; so that in the task of editing his early correspondence I have constantly been confronted by problems hard to solve, and may often have solved them wrong. In printing the present selections from his youthful letters to my wife—selections supplementary to the correspondence as hitherto published—I have not spared pains in trying to get order and date as nearly right as I could; but approximation is all that has been possible.

Stevenson had now, in the late spring of 1874, returned from the Riviera and taken up his life in Scotland again with his family, staying sometimes in Edinburgh and sometimes at Swanston Cottage. Absence had done much to heal his temporary estrangement from the father whom he justly loved and respected; matters of religious difference were for the most part tacitly avoided between them; and he lived on affectionate terms with both his parents, but could not always well control his longings for a milder air and for the company of his London friends.

SWANSTON, [May, 1874,]
Friday.

Again very cold. I have been out walking in a sheltered bit of the garden, in a sun-blink. When there is wind, here, it makes a wonderful noise in the trees, that fills the ear agreeably; and to-day this was broken up and accentuated with the most delightful love songs from all sorts of birds, the blackbird supreme, of course. It was delightful; one seemed to hear the whole air full of the rustle of the wings of Spring. Only it was strange it should be so cold.

I find I must write to you pretty often for dear life. I am not so strong as I thought I was and—

Saturday.

So far, had I written yesterday and the best thing I can do this morning is just to continue—

and I require to keep always present to my mind that there are other people, not here in Edinburgh, and that I have another life to lead all over. And you can't tell how it strengthens me to write to you and to hear from you; your letters are always tonic to me; I just say, "Very well—

*** The notes and explanations added to the following correspondence have been kindly supplied by Sir Sidney Colvin; the references to letters already printed are to the four-volume edition of 1911 (Scribners).

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there she is—now look here, old man, you must be as nice as you can." It doesn't matter what, or how, you write, the effect has been always the same in that particular.

Now how am I in my turn to be tonic? The Lord knows. I have but one idea of comforting and strengthening people, and that I have already used—it is to tell them how good they are for me, how much difference they make to my life, how much of me would perish and degenerate if they and all that they have given could be taken from me. It gives a person such a feeling of responsibility (doesn't it, now?) to hear themselves thus spoken about—to know themselves thus regarded, rather—that they straighten their shoulders and take heart of grace incontinently. I feel all changed, when I think of the people who like me for myself, and even who say I have been *good* for them, (though that is a small number, God knows; *I think one*), and all my difficulties and despondencies fall off from me like Christian's burthen, and I go on my way rejoicing.

Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

In the course of the summer Stevenson went for a brief trip, as had been his custom in earlier years, on board the lighthouse yacht *Heron*. By "little girls" toward the end of the next letter he means his "Notes on the Movements of Young Children," published in *The Portfolio* for August, 1874.

Yacht "Heron,"
OBAN,
[Early Summer, 1874].

The news, such as it is, has gone to Colvin; what am I to say? I am so stupid, I just wish to put in a word to you. I am quite happy, and very well for me. I read away a good deal at odd times, so it isn't all waste time, and during the rest I go in hot for health, and my health is better. I work like a common sailor when it is needful, in rain and wind, without hurt, and my heart is quite stout now. I believe in the future faithfully. I am fully content and fear nothing, not death, nor weakness, nor any falling away from my own standard and yours. I shall be a man yet, and a good man, although day by day, I see more clearly by how much I still fall short of the mark of our high calling; in how much I am still selfish and peevish and a spoiled child. You will see that I am writing out of a great blackness. It is true, but it does not appall me (I don't know how to spell that word). And there is a good deal of it due to the tempest that is roaring over my head and filling the little cabin with draughts and shudderings of the air. We lie here in a good roadstead; and so do I in my own constancy. Let the wind blow.

I am so glad you like my little girls. You are the only one who will like them, or nearly so. May God bless you.

Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

EDINBURGH [late autumn, 1874].
Saturday.

I have found what should interest you. A paper in which I had sketched out my life, before I knew you. Here is the exact copy even to the spelling; the incertitude of the date is characteristic:—

"I think now, this 5th or 6th of April, 1873, that I can see my future life. I think it will run stiller and stiller year by year; a very quiet desultorilly studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy; work and science calm the mind and stop gnawing in the brain, and as I am glad to say that I do now recognise that I shall never be a great man, I may set myself peacefully on a smaller journey; not without hope of coming to the inn before nightfall.

O dass mein Leben
Nach diesem Ziel ein ewig Wandeln sey!

DESIDERATA.

1. Good health.
2. 2 to 3 hundred a year
3. O du lieber Gott, *friends!*

Amen.
Robert Louis Stevenson."

I can't quite say that I know what the "inn" was, therein referred to, but I think I do. It was rather an interesting find, wasn't it?

I am all right now, having got hard to work at this story. I am not quite sure

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that it will do; it seems to me so much more talking about a story than telling it. However, it amuses me in the meantime, and, of course, I am no judge.

Monday.

Do you know, I think you will like my heroine. I feel almost as if she were going to be a success. The story, as a story, I repudiate and condemn without pity. It is no story. However, in time I begin to think I may be able to write a good long tale worth reading. I am pleased with the result of this attempt.

I have newly come in from an orchestral concert, and I *must* tell you of that. I got a loan of two shillings returned to me to-day—very opportunely, was it not?—and immediately spent one of them in a ticket for this concert. There were three things—the three last numbers I stayed to hear—that were profoundly delightful to me. The first was a symphony of Mozart's—thoroughly Mozartian, and of the colour and scent of rose-leaves. The second was Cherubini's overture to Anacreon; and that seemed to me the colour of green bronze. I know you will not laugh at these far-fetched analogies of mine; but for the third, I can give you none. It was a "Jota Aragonese" by one Glinka; and it was better than gold; yea, than much fine gold. If you have a chance, for Christ's sake go to hear it. It is the breath of man's nostrils.

Among the many stories begun and thrown aside by Stevenson in these prentice days, I do not think it is possible to make sure of the title or subject of that above mentioned; but it is probably the same as the "horrible story of a nurse" referred to in his published letter from Barmouth of the same date ("Letters," vol. I, p. 177, Scribner Edition, 1911).

The letter next following is written not on note-paper but on a couple of pages torn from a ruled memorandum book, and is dated only by the day of the week; the visit to London to which it looks forward would seem to be that recorded in "Letters," vol. I, p. 187, Scribner Edition, 1911.

[Edinburgh, November, 1874.]

Tuesday, up in my room, with nothing else to write upon but this.

I have discovered why I get on always so ill, am always so nasty, so much worse than myself, with my parents; it is because they always take me at my worst, seek out my faults, and never give me any credit. You remember, perhaps, at least I remember, I once wrote to you to tell you how you should do with me; how it was only by getting on my weak side, looking for the best, and always taking it for granted that I should do the best before it is done, that you ever will get the best out of me. This is profoundly true; and I see it on the other side with my parents; I am always bad with them, because they always seem to expect me to be not very good; and I am never good, because they never seem to see when I am good. I shall be in London this week, or early next: Isn't this good news? and I think we shall pass a few happy days; I want you to be the better of my visit, if only it is possible—do you think it is? I think so, and mean to make it so. Poland, by the way, I have pretty nigh-hand given up: it looks more and more impossible. Also, I have another difficulty, and a great one, with Mme. Z.; however, I think I see my way through it, and you will tell me if I am right. In a few days, I hope—hurrah, hurrah, que je suis bien aise; You shall get better and be fit for your work and do it well—you *shall* get better.

Ever your faithful friend,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Due in London, Euston, 2.30 on Thursday. Shall go to Savile Club for orders; do have orders for me there, and let them be to come early.

Swanston, Thursday,
[Autumn, 1874.]

My dear Friend,

One thing I desire to say; you talked, in your last, almost apologetically of what you had told me about yourself. Surely this is wrong up to the point of being nearly unkind. *A la fin*, you may surely make me somewhat of a confidant.

Also—I trust I also am to you one of those "whom you cannot deceive even for their own happiness." I believe so at least; so if you do, it will be a breach of confidence.

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Friday.

I get most vexatious news from Colvin: he is not so well as he has been, and you, I hear, not so well as I had thought you were.

Saturday.

I am all right in spirits; but I was put out with last night's news, and didn't sleep extra, so the flesh is weak. You see I tell you how things affect me, that you may have no excuse ever to deceive me. Don't do that; it is what I could not recover if I found it out, and the fear of it haunts me. Believe me in this. This dread that sometime I shall be thus dealt with, for my own good, is what makes the worst of my troubles just now; it is the one thing I don't like to look in the face: it makes me shudder. I was amused to find out the other day that I inherit this weakness from my father.

O!—I'll tell you something funny. You know how rarely I can see your face: well, last night I kept dreaming I saw you arrive at the Finchley Road Station, as you did the afternoon before I left: and I never could catch more than a glimpse of your face before it turned into somebody else's—a horrible, *Scotch* face, commonplace and bitter.

You don't know how I yearned to-day to see you all. I feel myself in the uttermost parts of the earth, alone with ugly puppets, and my heart just melts within me when I think of you, and S.C., and Mme. G., and Bob. Any of the four of you I want to see badly; and somehow S.C. most, I feel as if I could be good for him and am so vexed that he is not well.

[Edinburgh, late Autumn, 1874.]

Saturday.

I am not going to excuse myself formally for my long silence, the excuse for one day will come out incidentally.

I was so glad to get your letter, in spite of bad news. It is strange to think of you so feeble and with all these troubles about you; and then to think of your just holding me by one hand out of the gulph, which, alas! is true. I know that very well; as the effect of my last stay with you died away, and the cold weather came, I have had a bad struggle with myself day by day, and night by night. Opium and wine, and anything that is death for soul and body tempt me one after another; and in bed at night (I am always feverish and seedy and in a certain gloomy state of lightheadedness at night) I often make up my mind that to-morrow I shall begin to descend to the mouth of the pit; but on the morrow, thank God, I manage to give myself a turn the other way, and keep as straight as can be expected. O don't let go my hand.

I shall (if I can manage my parents, to whom I have not yet spoken in the matter) arrive at King's Cross on Wednesday evening. Is there a hotel at King's Cross? I shall come to the College for you, shall I not?

Then—you must know that this last week I have lost a front tooth. The dentist and I were an hour over it, and then, although it was not all out even then, he was afraid to do more in case he made me ill. I really suffered wonderfully little; but an hour of such suspense is not agreeable; and besides, I did not want to lose a front tooth. Don't be surprised at this being a letter in a bad humour; I have had a cold hanging over me for a fortnight; and my work is worth nothing; so all that usually keeps me steady is gone. Three weeks of skating weather—or a visit to you, *voilà mes seules espérances*.

Ever your faithful friend,

Robert Louis Stevenson.

[Edinburgh, December, 1874.]

Tuesday.

Fifteen degrees of frost last night and half an hour ago (10.30) ten degrees in the thermometer at our drawing-room window; such a ringing jolly morning. I had to cover my nose and mouth as I went up to College this morning. The air caught in my nose so shrewdly and *tasted* of frost—that sick, heavy, cold *taste* of frost—so badly after it was down. Isn't it good of me to come home and work? But I'm away immediately to skate.

Wednesday.

Work, I cannot—I have been all morning almost without avail, however, that will come in good time. Thank you, my dear lady, for your letter: O, yes, God knows every word of it knocked at my heart, and I will try to be what you would have me; and I do feel the ground stable

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under my feet as I have never felt it heretofore.

I have been so happy all afternoon skating. It made up for my wasted morning trying to work, and your sweet letter crowned all.

Friday.

I have made myself so ill with a story of Poe's—"King's Pest" by name—I did not sleep last night, and have scarcely been able to eat to-day. However, I have spoken to my mother, not altogether with bad result, I hope, and I am trying in other ways to order my life properly. This will not get to you till Monday at soonest—write soon to me when you get it, if you can. Madonna, I am so glad you are in the world, and I do want to be reminded of it often.

I am sorely exercised about my poor cousin—the married girl—I have had a very distressing letter from her, praying for some immediate work that should remunerate—you can't tell (so she writes) you can't tell the difference it would make! Surely if there is one thing pure and lovely and of good report it is to find women work. I think I shall manage for her; but not without throwing a good deal on myself. I am going to take service with a daily paper here; I shall read the books and make my own notes, and then send them on to her; she can then write what she will, I can always straighten it up when it comes back. Good night, Madonna—I pray all my Gods for you fervently, and if they are impotent, they are yet beautiful—look at them, and you will be good and brave.

Saturday.

I did not know whether yesterday's scrawl were legible or no; but, on revision, I think it is. The frost still holds with us, which is good for my health and my morals. When you write you must tell me how you are, and faithfully.

I am very busy with Poe for the *Academy*, and a big piece of work I find it, even in the loose, slipshod, easy-going way in which one takes things for the *Academy*. As soon as I have done, I shall begin on my "Pastoral Drama" business; I have so many nice things to say about Midsummer Night's Dream, and I am so fearful lest Pater should get before me with some or all of them that I feel there is no time to be lost. I do not know how much I wish to be with you, and am afraid to think; I look on all the interval as preparation for the next visit; remember how I hold to your skirts—remember it always. I am very happy and, if not full of work, still with a working heart. Work I must soon, for I shall have, it seems, to work for two; that will be good for me, will it not? Good night.

Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Stevenson's review of Poe's works as edited in seven volumes by J. H. Ingram appeared in *The Academy* for January 2, 1875; the "Pastoral Drama" essay, so far as I can recollect or ascertain, never got written.

In these closing weeks of 1874 Stevenson was for a while rendered deeply anxious by the state of his father's health both of mind and body, a state which fortunately proved only temporary. After some sentences setting forth fully the symptoms which caused him this anxiety, as well as some consequent resolutions concerning his future management of his own life, he continues:

[EDINBURGH, December, 1874],
Tuesday.

Another, though a much smaller disappointment to me, is that I have finally bade adieu to inheriting any money. I must learn to live by my own pen or something. I promised my father (as I think it was entirely his right, and mind you, it was on no prompting from him, nor has he any notion how serious the words were for me) that I shall never use a farthing of his money unless I am a Christian. He was talking of the duty of leaving money to children; and then he said, "Of course there were certain conditions that superseded the call of blood; for instance, did he think he had a son who thought as Tyndall thought, he could not leave his money to him; he was not possessor of it to so great an extent; he only held it in trust for the views in which he believed." So I said to him that I should reckon any person a thief who would use another's money in such circumstance. And he said fervently, "And

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a damned thief, too." He was quite quiet and sensible; indeed it is the sense of his whole life; and for me it will, of course, supersede the terms of any will written in ignorance, doubt, or misapprehension—I should have said, 'In ignorance, misapprehension, or *even doubt*.'

It is too bad of me to talk of these little matters at such a time, but they had to be said, for they were weighing on me, I shall not construe this promise too tightly. I shall not let myself starve, of course; but beyond that must try to be an honest man. As for how things are to go on here, until he recovers, I don't know; I hope he may recover speedily, and so the doctor seems to hope. In any case, he is a very painful invalid.

Wednesday.

S.C. writes to me and talks of thaw; for my part I have seen none of it. The night before last the thermometer stood at 12 degrees; last night it read at least as low as 22 degrees on the front of our house; to-day it has been freezing all day, and snowing at intervals. I have been skating every day, and improving, but not so much as I could wish, in that adorable art.

My father is better, I thank God, and there have been no such miserable scenes as yesterday. My moral disinheritance has quickened me for work again, and I have gone forward a great piece in my Wendover article; it is now nearly done, and should be about a dozen pages I imagine; I keep well, this frost enduring; I have good, bright exercise, and a taste, after it, for slumber.

Thursday.

I must post this so that it may meet you for the new year's morning. I hope that will not be baffled, like my Christmas letter. By the by, if I am to do a paper that S.C. suggests—and I think I will—I should like any letter of mine in which I say anything about winter, snow, ice, Duddingstone, or even sunsets, to give a look over; I shall see if I want them, or not; I hope I may do without them; but you see my letters to you are the only notes I make, and especially when I am skating my mind runs miles away from literary intentions, so that my impressions are rather fragmentary to work upon.

Did you get a letter I sent you in Paris?

In spite of this new sorrow, I may still greet the New Year, may I not?

Ever your faithful,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

The book mentioned in the following is "A Quiet Corner of England," a description of scenery and architecture in the region of Rye, Winchelsea, and the Romney Marsh by Stevenson's friend and mine, Basil Champneys, since highly distinguished as the designer of Bedford College in the Regent's Park, as well as of many important academical buildings at Cambridge and Oxford, at Harrow, Winchester, and King's Lynn; also as author of memoirs of Coventry Patmore, Henry Merritt, and Mrs. L. Drummond. Stevenson had himself reviewed the "Quiet Corner of England" in *The Academy* for December 5.

[EDINBURGH, December, 1874].

Madonna, this will not likely have much in it—this sheet—when it goes to you. My people are both ill, my father in a miserable state of depression and nervousness.

Sunday.

My people are, for the moment, better, but I suspect I have been right about my father, and that he is really not well. He has jaundice, but jaundice (so I understand) is a symptom only; what it means in my father's case, I fear to think—I fear some of the family ailments.

Colvin's article on Champneys' book is very wise, but I think he went too far in admitting that the sensations given us by the alps were, in themselves, greater than those given by the Romney Marsh. I don't think so. A great dead flat is at least a more ideal, more perfect, more satisfactory thing than ever so high a hill; because the hill might be ever so much higher, whereas the marsh can be no flatter if it bust itself. Besides, big hills may be more of a sensation to a person brought up in Suffolk; but, if novelty is to come in at all, quite a flat is a violent sensation to me; for I come from the hills—I had not seen anything quite flat, except the sea and here and there a billiard table, until I went abroad and spent some days in Holland. Please communicate this to

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Colvin, unless he has quarrelled with me by chance—he studiously will not answer my letters. I have been a bad correspondent, but he has been so much a *badder!* Indeed, if you won't think me getting insane, I think the world in a conspiracy against me; for devil a one will write to me except yourself. Even Bob sends me scraps only fit to light a pipe with.

At last I can write; I could not make a mark on this paper with a steel pen, and you do not know with how much sweat of the brow my former letters were written. Now I have taken to a quill, all goes well.

I was a long walk to-day; the white snow over all, and I love the look of the white snow; the brightness of it slips in between your eyelids, when you are thinking of it least, and makes your mind bright. I want to know how you are badly. I say, you have much need to take care of yourself, if it were only for the sake of a young gentleman in Edinburgh alone—you don't know how the thought of anything going wrong with you haunts and disquiets me.

Monday.

I am so frightened. I thought you would have answered the letter I sent you for Christmas; and now, three days and no answer seems too much. I feel strangely as if all my letters were being suppressed. Colvin never answers, Appleton never answers, or so much as acknowledges copy; and now you! *Vraiment, je suis inquiet;* I figure to myself always so many things when you do not write.

Also my father is plainly in a bad way; that's the short and long of that, I am afraid.

Later.

Your letter has come by a late post. My father, too, according to the doctor's account, is better and there is no fear of anything permanent or organic. So that I may be happy, and am. There was never a more sudden change in anyone's humour, than in mine when your letter came; and you will not be angry with me though I tell you it was all for pleasure. I had imagined so much in a dull unacknowledged way and had so many alternatives of distress ready, that your news seemed to me positively cheerful.

Tuesday.

I am so tired, I cannot write. I have nearly finished the story of which I wrote to you: it is not nearly so good as "King Matthias"; that is to say it is not so simple, straightforward and uniform in colour; it has, however, many more elements, and is much longer.

Wednesday.

I want to send this off; and as I have determined to do no work to-day, I may manage it. I overworked shamefully yesterday, and was really played out in the afternoon. I wrote from nine to 12.30, and then from one to 2.45. It is such a temptation to get on while one is in the humour. The worst of this story, as a story, is, perhaps, the idyll at the beginning, continued and finished at the end, after the long, *baroque*, wicked interlude of the story proper; but I don't know—that may be just the best of it; it is so difficult to judge when one is in the thick of it; and the two bits are nice, I think, simple and really pleasant. You shall see.

Dear, I am wonderfully happy. Pleased with my work, not disquiet about you; I must never disquiet myself about you any more; you will have strength for all that comes, after you have found strength for what has come.

Then again, I have nice books to read. The new French poets. Sully Prudhomme is adorable—I shall have a lot of Sully Prudhomme to read when I come to you—Soulary better perhaps—better certainly, *comme forme*, but so unsympathetic compared to Prudhomme in character and thought.

I am so sick of the mechanical exercise of writing—you can't think! and my right thumb-nail is quite flattened. I have written four and half or five hours the last four days. And it is too much. Goodbye.

Your son,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[EDINBURGH, January, 1875].

The best trumpet that I can suggest is to read Thomas Carlyle's Essay on Burns. Sick as I am of reading anything in which so much as the name of Burns appears, I was really electrified (beg par-

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don for such a *Daily Telegraphism*) by this. It is full of very fine criticism, expressed here and there in rather an old-fashioned, academical style, full of beautiful humanity—see the whole passage about Burns having refused money for his songs—and full of wonderful wisdom. The whole conclusion is indeed admirable; as where he says that all fame, riches, fortune of all sorts is to true peace no more than "mounting to the house top to reach the stars"; and again about Byron: "the fire that was in him was the mad fire of a volcano; and now we look sadly into the ashes of a crater which ere long will fill itself with snow."

I subscribe to that essay. My own is quite unnecessary. Do read it, it will do you good; it would do the dead good. It has reminded me once again of the great mistake of my life—and of everybody else's; that we are all trying to gain the whole world if you will, except what alone is worth keeping; our own soul. God bless T. Carlyle, say I.

The weather here still keeps up to a very high degree of excellence; it is as cold as winter, and rains every afternoon. In my room here my hands are very numb and the skin is stiff across my forehead.

Read that Essay, it is in Volume Two, and keep up your heart, Madonna. For myself, I am in a thrill of religion, but too cold, and too much soddened with much making of notes, to let any of my religion out in very inspiring correspondence, I'm afraid.

My news is all good, I think. Capital health, capital with parents, capital humour for work.

. . . Ever your faithful friend,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[EDINBURGH, February, 1875],
Sunday.

I have been busy and knocked about and found no time to write. How the weather changes. On Friday I went to Bridge of Allan. A beautiful clear sunny winter's day, all the highland hills standing about the horizon in their white robes. It was not cold. I went up my favourite walk by the riverside among the pines and ashtrees. There is a little cavern here, by the side of a wide meadow, which has been a part of me any time these last twelve years—or more. On Friday it was wonderful. A large broken branch hung down over the mouth of it, and it was all cased in perfect ice. Every dock-leaf and long grass, too, was bearded with a shining icicle. And all the icicles kept dropping, and dropping and dropping, and had made another little forest of clear ice among the grasses and fallen branches and dockens below them. I picked up one of these branches and threw it on the ground; and all the crystal broke with a little tinkle, and behold! a damp stick.

Yesterday, a thick fog, rain, and then snow, and then rain; and all along the roads the snow lay melting, and the pools froze and thawed alternately. And now to-day, a big blustering west wind and splendid sunshine, darkened ever and again by clouds and angry squalls of rain.

I am all right again, I think, though still taking eleven to twelve hours sleep per night. And I am quite strong and virtuous again, and determined to take no more money from my parents. It's all nonsense, it should be enough and shall.

My father also is better and quite like himself again, of which I am very glad.

Ever yours,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[EDINBURGH, 1875],
Monday.

DEAREST MOTHER. This is E. A. Poe:—

Because I feel that, in the heavens above,
The angels, whispering to one another,
Can find, among their terms of burning love,
None so devotional as that of "Mother";
Therefore by that dear name I long have called you,
You who are *more than mother unto me,*
And fill my heart of hearts.

I do not know to whom it was that I wrote last spring, when I was at the bottom of sorrow at Mentone—but I think it was to Bob; if it was not to him it was to you—calling for a mother; I felt so lonely just then; I cannot tell you what sense of desertion and loss I had in my heart; and I wrote, I remember, to someone, crying out for the want of a mother—nay, when I fainted one afternoon at the Villa Marina, and the first sound I heard was Madame Garschine saying "Berecchino" so softly, I was glad—O, so glad!—to take her by the hand as a mother, and make a mother of her at the

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time, so far as it would go. You do not know, perhaps—I do not think I knew myself, perhaps, until I thought it out to-day—how dear a hope, how sorry a want, this has been for me. For my mother is my father's wife; to have a French mother, there must be a French marriage; the children of lovers are orphans. I am very young at heart—or (God knows) very old—and what I want is a mother, and I have one now, have I not?

[17, Heriot Row, EDINBURGH, March, 1875].
Wednesday.

DEAREST MOTHER, I am all right again, I think, and write to tell you so at once. Forgive me if I write no more. I am reading "The Village on the Cliff," and cannot tell you how beautiful I think it. I am inclined to give up literature. I can't write like that. Never mind, *je serai fidèle.*

Goodbye, dear,
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[17, Heriot Row, EDINBURGH, March, 1875].
Tuesday.

Cold—cold as winter. It has snowed half the day, and the streets this evening are as glass. I have made no progress with my story these last three days; in the way of writing at least; in comprehension, I made lots, and found out all my old errors, which has perhaps been better progress than mere writing; you cannot fancy how I desire—*comment je m'acharne*—to finish it before I come south to you. You will not like it, but you may perhaps not think it quite bad; anyway, I want your sympathy or your condemnation. I do think one of my characters you will think true and likeable, in its own dry, provincial way.

Wednesday.

God bless you for your letter. I will try to get down about the 15th; sooner is impossible; that, even is not much above a hope; but I'll manage it, by Gad. Sooner cannot be—will that do? O how I want to see you. No work to-day to speak of. A cursed spell upon me; and how the days go by and go by, and I have accomplished nothing. Courage, my heart, It shall be, somehow; I must get near you. I ought to write in verse to-night; that is to say, I cannot write in prose; and that, most people mean by writing verse. It has snowed all day and blown out of the East. It was so cold and wild. All that promise of spring is away. It was a lie, a deceit; and we are back in winter.

I wonder what this spell is; and I scarcely know whether to struggle with it or not; it is a sort of heaviness of hand and brain; nothing will come right when I am thus, although I never see clearer what is right.

Thursday.

Your son is very sad to-night, dear, very cold in body and black at heart. The snow lies melting outside under a thin northeasterly rain. It is bitter cold; and the thickest shoes are wet through in the length of a street. I have done no work to-day—it would not come; and I have been so sad; so sad, and longed for a sight of you, and a few moments of speech with you, more than I can say. Did I tell you—yes, I did, I remember—how I thought I saw you in the street? Do you know I wish so much to meet you by chance somewhere; and I keep telling myself I shall see you at the next corner, and making long stories as a child does; only you never come.

Sunday.

I could not post this to-day, dear madonna, for I have been in the house with another cold. The weather is just the same; the town still sordid with patches of dirty snow, the bitter grey east wind still blowing over the sea against us and making a faint moaning even now in the chimney. It is horrible weather indeed, and weighs upon my power of work like lead. Indeed, my vitality is very low in every way; although I am not at all ill—all I want is a little warmth, a little sun, a little of the life I have when I am by you.

The story drags and goes slowly indeed; there will be little of it done after all when I get south; but it does go for all that; I do get it better as I work at it, I believe almost. I send you mine. Yes, by Gad, I'd like to see you. But here I am, with a book that has taken to boring me, rain and wind outside, a headache, and a sofa on which I must keep lying. *Tiens—pauvre bête.*

(To be concluded)

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Pulp-Wood

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Decorations by W. Fletcher White

They are going to make a lumber road along by the Golden Pool,
Where the silver birches nod their yellowing heads to the nodding river,
Where the shadows are long and the big fish jump when the afternoons are cool,
And the steel-blue rapids brawl sweet hoarseness down through the gorge forever.

The waters are wide at the Golden Pool, and a little island heaves
Alders, and shallows of shining sand, and spears of vivid grasses;
And sometimes a moose stands knee-deep there, munching the lily leaves,
Or a mink glides, shadowy, over the rocks; and sometimes a red deer passes

I think that the sunniest silences of all the noisy world
Are gathered around the Golden Pool, and whirled in its foam-flecked flowing,
And the black-green trees are massed in ranks to guard where its shores are curled,
In the dignity of the ancient years that have watched their patient growing.

Black-green and dim and slim they stand, balsam and hemlock and spruce,
The centuries' record of fragrant life, of peace, of unhurrying quiet;
Mystic with crowding tracery, dark against heavenly blues;
And the dancing birches wave their feathers above in breezy riot.

Spruces and balsam and hemlock around the Golden Pool;
The birches drip a tawny rain down the air to the river;

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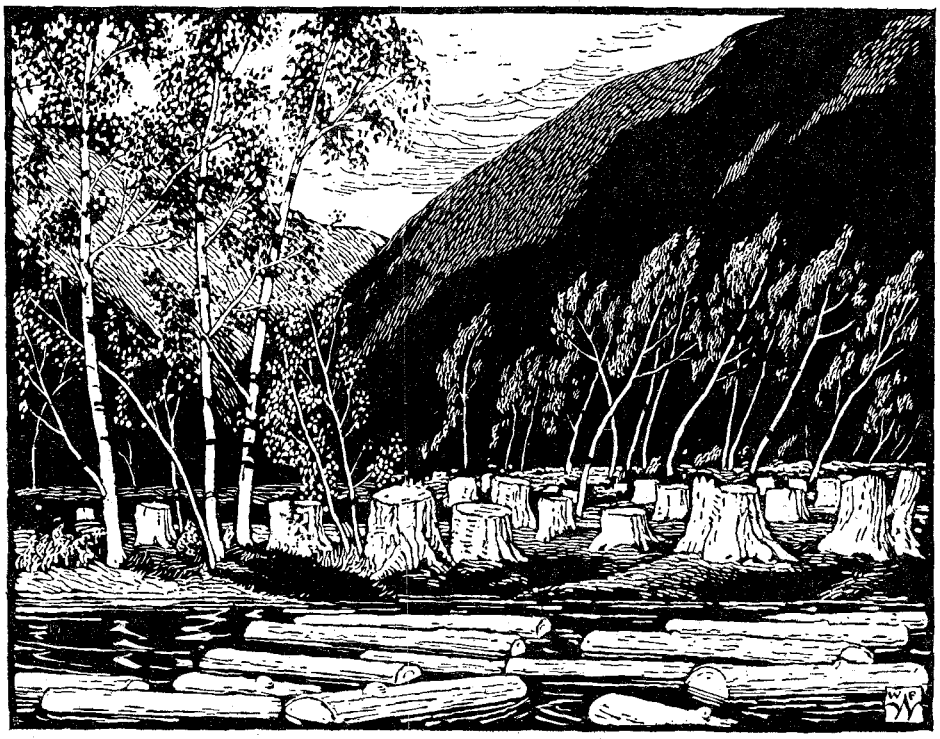

Silence and singing water, and trout breaking white; but the fool
Hath said in his heart that pulp, not peace, is the plan of God the giver.

Spruces—balsams—hemlocks; pulp-wood ripe for the axe;
Measure them four inches through, while the high, dark heads sway slowly;
Slash a road through the forest for the men and the horses and packs;
Crash down the beautiful, swinging heads in a ruin pitiful, lowly.

Cover the mountains with wreckage, dam up the lakes beyond—
The mountain lakes, remote and still where the mighty moose were marching
Quite the same on the day when Moses lay by the side of his pond;
They came down to drink at the Golden Pool that day with great horns arching.

For the humans are needing paper to print the Jonestown *Star;*
Drive the moose and the cariboux out for love of the Wampsville *Leader;*
Unshaven men who read about fights on a rattling suburb car—
There are these, and there are the forests; and the forests have no pleader.

Nation of many inventors, consider a little space;
An S. O. S. flies far to-day for the woodlands that are going;
Eyes of the vision-seeing, can you glimpse no way for the race
But ruin and wreck of its harbour-hills, where the winds of life were blowing?

They are going to make a lumber road along by the Golden Pool
Where the silver birches nod their yellowing heads to the nodding river,
Where the shadows are long, and the big fish jump when the afternoons are cool,
Where the rapids have murmured down the gorge forever and forever.

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A Moulder of Public Opinion

BY PHILIP PRESCOTT FROST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

"THE American people," said Bilkers, lighting his pipe and putting his feet on the desk, "are d—n fools!"

"Oh, I don't know," objected Watson a little stiffly. Watson had been Bilkers's lieutenant in France, and enforced "respect," and exacted the "military courtesies," and administered "discipline," and his shrewd, genial, long-legged boss had been a buck private and eaten a great deal of dirt. Watson was gradually limbering up, but the "officer-and-gentleman" idea still clung to him. "Of course," he said, "the common people, the mere herd, are nothing but fools, but—you'd hardly say——"

"—that the officers are?" Bilkers finished for him, and then cackled gleefully. "My dear boy, I even had *you* pounding down the middle of Main Street not more than a week ago, if I'm not mistaken!"

Watson blushed.

"I fail to see yet exactly what you expected to accomplish by that performance."

"Nothing!" rejoiced Bilkers. "Absolutely nothing! And for that matter, what did we 'swat the fly' and play 'safety first' for, for two years, only to keep our minds off the fact that Germany was killing our women and children and torpedoing our flag on sight, and we hadn't the nerve to object? The 'Do-your-Christmas-shopping-early' campaign *did* mean a barrel of money to the department stores, but we shook 'em down for most of it for the advertising. No, sir, my 'middle-of-the-road' campaign wasn't a bit more asinine than nine-tenths of those things."

"But I don't see yet what you did it for."

"I did it," beamed Bilkers, "to see if there was *anything* that the American people would gag at. And there isn't! I've *proved* that the American people are d—n fools!"

"There are eight people in hospital and one dead to pay for it."

"If they were idiots enough to leave the sidewalks and tramp in the mud in the middle of the streets just because newspaper ads and bill-boards told them to, they deserve to be in hospital or dead. What made you do it? You were in on the thing."

"Well," and Watson looked foolish and a little puzzled, "I don't know—one assumes when one's told to do a thing that there is some good reason for it, and—playing up every case of anybody getting hurt on the sidewalks so made me sort of think about it, and as if something was going to fall on me there, and then—everybody *was* walking in the street, anyway. I didn't want to be conspicuous."

"You bet!" squealed Bilkers. "'Look out below!' and 'Get off that walk!' with a picture of a cop pointing his finger at you, and 'Why are *you* on the sidewalk?' and you out in your patent leathers with the autos splashing mud all over your best pants—and if anybody knows the game you ought to!"

"You aren't objecting to publicity, are you?"

"Objecting to publicity? Heaven forbid! But why be bunked by it when you know better? The American people are all d—n fools, just as I said." He reached for a copy of the *Bancroft Daily Announcer*, of which he was publisher and sole owner, and cast a derisive eye over it.

"But I don't see yet why you did that. It must have cost a good deal if it was nothing but a practical joke, and—when you might just as well have gone out after the best thing in Bancroft County!"

"The 'best thing in Bancroft County' is Miss Elizabeth Kohler, only daughter

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Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

"The American people," said Bilkers, . . . "are d—n fools."—Page 14.

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of the Honorable Philander Kohler, the Kohler Bobbin Company, the Bancroft Street Railway Company, the Bancroft State Bank, the Kohler Gas and Electric—" He paused abruptly, as though an idea had struck him.

Watson had been turning a darker and darker shade of red, and now arose abruptly, choked a moment over it, and then exploded.

"Before you get too deeply interested in the Kohler properties," he sneered, "I would suggest that Miss Kohler's acquaintance is rather strictly limited to gentlemen!" One could almost see the Sam Browne belt and shoulder-bars on his civilian suit as he stalked to the door and marched out. Bilkers stared in open-mouthed astonishment until he was gone, and then guffawed heartlessly.

"So *Lieutenant* Watson thinks he has a chance around at old Kohler's? Well, well! I wouldn't give the puppy desk-room around the office here, let alone wages, if it wasn't worth twenty-five a week to have an officer where I could kick him!"

But the Big Idea had struck him, and his mind again returned to it. If, to win a bet, and just for the fun of bedevilling the town, he could herd the whole population of Bancroft off their broad, clean sidewalks, and set them to tramping out in the mud with the traffic, and then, with a brief campaign of counter-propaganda, herd them all back again, and then make them forget the whole matter overnight with a public-school scandal, why couldn't he go out after and get "the best thing in Bancroft County"?

For she certainly was just that. Besides having as charming and pretty a girl as any man could wish for a wife, her husband would inevitably be the richest man but one in the State, a governor, a United States senator, if he had an atom of brains a Presidential Possibility, and a baron in the more real, though invisible, government of Business. Around the princess a herd of fortune-hunters, of course, contended for the prize. He ran over the list in his mind, and weighed each one. They were college-bred chappies, "officers and gentlemen" now, one of them a middle-aged West Pointer, a widower, but not a four-square man in the lot, and not one who was not there because of her money. He felt a twinge of pity for the girl. A real man would have a thin chance in that company! As for himself, he was a college man, all right, thirty-four years old, no ladies' man or Apollo, but—great are the possibilities of publicity!

There was a rap on the door, it opened, and a pair of tortoise-shell glasses peered in.

"Ah, Wordsworth, enter!"

Wordsworth Apperson entered. The local poet was a soulful youth with large, dark eyes, affectedly long hair, and a sensitive mouth. At the entrance of America into the war he had been rejected in every physical examination he had gone up against, and he had taken it very hard and written a really touching poem on the general subject of

"Those who were found unfit to die for Thee!"

and it had been duly published in the usual place in *The Announcer*. To Bilkers, to whom war consisted largely of "squads east" and "kitchen police" and saluting and "cootie" hunting, this poem was funny. Bilkers published his verses, which were good and worth real money, and paid him in geniality and a tone of deepest respect and awe in all printed references to him, and Apperson enjoyed the geniality, and never got the sarcasm. And, indeed, it was not quite all sarcasm. Though a joke, the poet was quite genuine. He was merely lacking in a sense of humor. Bilkers liked him in a good-naturedly contemptuous sort of way.

"Another poem for us to-day?"

"I came in," and a dozen emotions played over the sensitive face, "I came in to speak with you about this walking in the street."

"They got you out in the road, too, did they?"

Apperson looked suddenly startled. "Well—no. I didn't happen to see the paper until afterward, but I noticed the people walking out there, and wondered about it."

"Didn't you see the bill-boards."

"I don't think I noticed them." He looked positively alarmed. Bilkers threw up his hands and roared.

"Kamerad! You'll do, Wordsworth!

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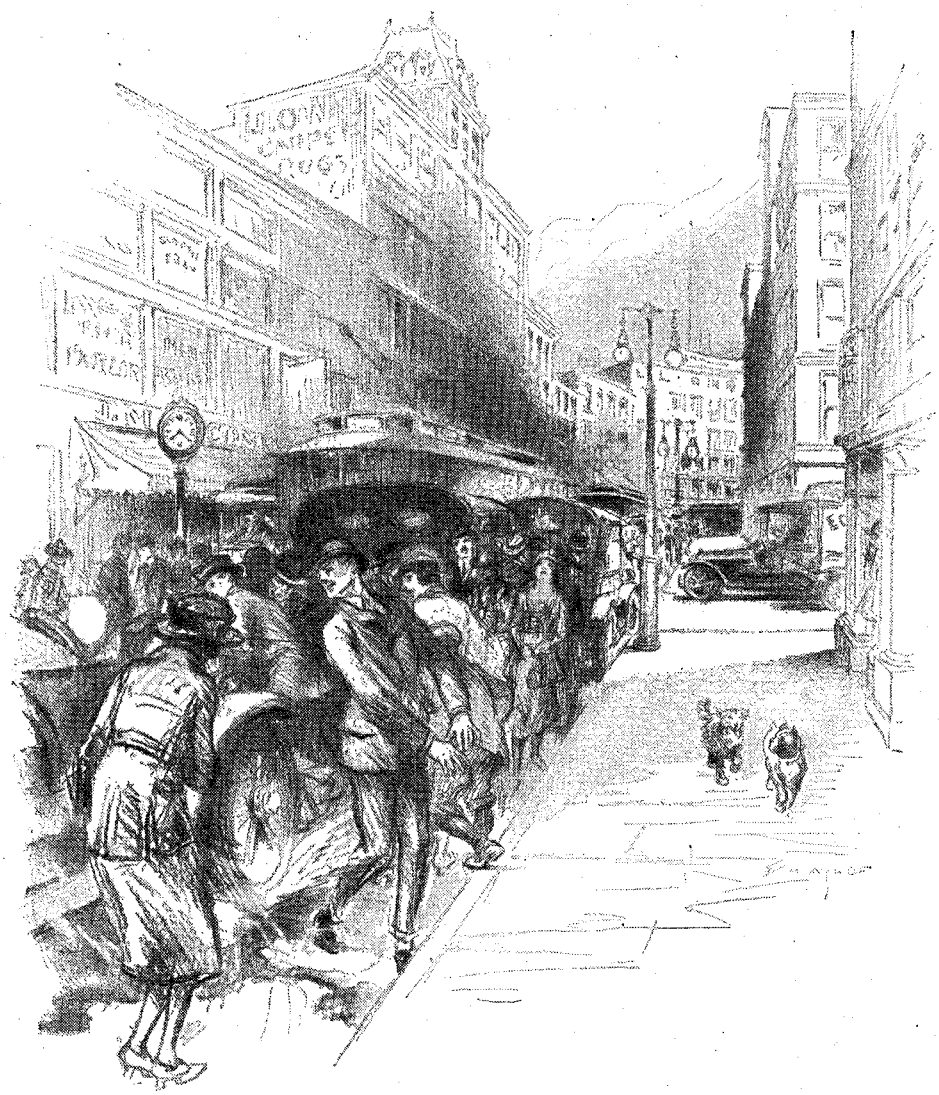

"Everybody *was* walking in the street, anyway. I didn't want to be conspicuous."—Page 14.

You've more sense than I thought you had! Tell me what I can do for you!"

"Well, I don't understand why every one began talking about it all at once, and the lawyers saying that people had a legal right to walk in the street, and the doctors that it was healthful, and good for weak ankles, and a 'return to nature,' and all the rest, and I don't think it was right when really it was dirty and dangerous and foolish. I suppose you have to publish what people are saying, but I don't see why they should want to say such things. I think some one ought to write an article about it."

"I see, I see." Bilkers choked back a grin, and at the same time, just for a moment, felt a trifle uncomfortable. "What you say is true, but I'm afraid an article on that just now would be somewhat untimely. That matter is pretty well forgotten already. What people are wanting now is something on the school situation. In a newspaper one has to keep right up to the minute, you know."

"I suppose so," dejectedly.

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"I'll tell you what I could use! You've written love poems, haven't you?"

Apperson blushed.

"Well, you write me a good lot of love poems, the very best you've got in you, and bring 'em around as fast as you get 'em done! They're always timely!" He got to his feet, slapped the poet on the back, made him promise, shook his hand, and landed him outside the door without his being in the least aware that he was not leaving entirely on his own motion. Then he settled himself at his desk again and began seriously to consider the Big Idea.

Bilkers was one of those personalities far more engaging as a practical joker, however ill advised, than as a man bent upon serious business. He had once taken a course in salesmanship, and the truly American idea that "everybody is selling something" had entered into and possessed him like a conviction of sin. He was highly irresponsible and irreligious, but what religion he did have was salesmanship. His harum-scarum geniality made him hosts of friends, and he sold them right and left for fun. In his more serious moods he sold them for money. Yet he was aware that the highest and most perfect work of salesmanship is when a man sells himself. The merchant sells goods, the doctor sells health, the publisher sells publicity, the clergyman sells faith, but every man sooner or later sells himself. Thereby he establishes his own price. Whenever a man purchases anything, he may be thought of as selling his money. The farce may be carried to almost any length. And what Bilkers now meditated was nothing less than selling himself.

To a trained merchandiser there is all the difference in the world between "fortune-hunting" and "selling oneself" in a good market. Instead of fixing one's attention on the fortune to be attained, one concentrates upon the extreme value of what is to be sold. One endeavors to present its good points convincingly, distracting attention from flaws and defects. An atmosphere of distinction, desirableness, value, is built up around it. The intended victim is carefully thought of as one upon whom a wonderful boon will be conferred by the exchange. This "merchandising" takes on the semblance of a profession, in which service rather than gain is supposed to be the primary consideration, and the sin of hypocrisy being added to double-dealing, self-satisfaction becomes nauseating. Other nations sell goods, but the profession of merchandising is distinctively American.

Bilkers went to work cold-bloodedly to "sell himself" for "the best thing in Bancroft County" through the usual methods of publicity, but Bilkers was better than his religion. At the end of the four weeks, preliminary campaign he was squarely back in his old stride, joyfully playing a practical joke on Bancroft, on the fortune-hunters, and on the Kohlers. Indeed, it would be a joke on the whole United States for the buck private to marry the heiress, and he was willing to play a practical joke on the world, if it came to that! It was even a joke on his own ancestors only two generations back, who would have scorned to marry a Kohler! When that idea dawned on him first he howled for joy.

And it would be pretty nice to have a home of your own with your own little wife. He'd be darned good to that girl! She'd think it was a great lark to boss the little establishment they'd begin with. She'd realize some time how he'd rescued her from that fortune-hunting gang, and she'd just— Oh, boy!

He sat up with a jerk, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and sententiously observed: "First catch your chicken, my boy! Time enough to sit and moon after the wedding-bells their tale of turbulency tell—or words to that effect. Oh, the tinkling and the winkling of the bells, bells, bells, bells!"

But the real work was about done. There had been a campaign of articles exceedingly trying to Watson, calling attention to the heroic self-sacrifice of the man who went as a private, when he didn't have to go, as compared with the case of the man of draft age who had scrambled around and gotten a commission. In the news he had played up every case in the country of the millionaire who served under his own chauffeur, the ex-private elected to office, the socially elect in the ranks. One reading *The Announcer* would actually have imagined

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that the snobbery of the army caste system had entirely failed to carry over into American civil life! In the columns of the *Bancroft Daily Announcer* the private citizen was a king, the enlisted man was at least a Man, but the perfumed chappie of rank was a cipher. With it were delicate laudations of the "moulder of public

"—were nothing but dogs?"

"Well——"

"Because you treated us so didn't make us so—nor you 'gentlemen,'" explained Bilkers. "When I cease to find you amusing, son, I am going to tie the can to you so sudden it'll make your little head spin."

A pair of tortoise-shell glasses peered in. "Ah, Wordsworth, enter!"—Page 16.

opinion" and reference to the well-known fact that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

"There's some sense in this 'power-of-the-pen' ditorial," Watson conceded, "but you're making an ass of yourself slamming the officers all the time. Everybody knows that there never was a finer body of men gotten together in the world than the 'officers and gentlemen' of our army, while the enlisted men—" His lip curled.

"Suit yourself. I'm worth a good deal more than I'm getting here."

Bilkers had a way of laughing that was worse than any "bawling out" in the army, so he laughed. Watson ignored the insult warmly.

"I don't see what you think you're going to gain by this stuff, though," he objected.

"This! To-morrow I permit my name to be presented by my many friends as a candidate for the Constitutional Conven-

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tion, which, after consideration and some urging, I shall consent to run for."

"Oh, I see!" He looked vastly relieved. "But there's no salary or money attached. There'll be nothing like opposition. I don't see——"

"Expenses. And it ought to be a good bit of fun. I might as well make it safe while I'm about it."

Lieutenant Watson felt slightly better. He did not know that simultaneously with the dignified acceptance of "this high responsibility" by Bilkers, and the sudden blossoming of all the bill-boards with the face of the "heroic citizen-soldier of Bancroft," "our peerless moulder of public opinion," Bilkers had arranged to be introduced with all his breezy and genial effectiveness into the charmed circle of "gentlemen" who guarded the Presence, in a determined drive to make Miss Kohler Mrs. Bilkers! Had he known, he would have almost fainted. For while in the abstract he would have sneered at the possibility of a mere "dough-boy" gaining so much as a glance from the lady, in the concrete he would have known that it would be just like Bilkers to breeze in with the assumption that she was, after all, a flesh-and-blood girl; and in half an hour be holding her hands and beaming in her eyes while she told him all about herself. It was the way he did. American hustle has it all over mere aristocracy. But Lieutenant Watson did not know.

When you stop to consider it, the lot of an American girl with a rich father is tough. She is on the horns of a dilemma. If she marries at all, she is almost certain to be married for the money. She has two choices: either to marry a fortune-hunting snob, domestic or foreign, or some fortune-hunting hustler, not a bit less a fortune-hunter because he is vulgar. The man who isn't a fortune-hunter can't afford to classify himself as one by trotting in that class. If he did, he would have about as much chance as a snowball in Havana. Making love is always more convincing than loving. So she chooses between evils, generally getting the worst, and stands it if she can, and gets a divorce if she can't. And it is all rather sad, because most of the time she is a rather good sort, and deserves better. Not much better, perhaps, but nine times out of ten better than she gets.

There was a rap on the door, it opened, and a pair of tortoise-shell glasses peered in.

"Ah, Wordsworth, enter! Say, I thought you were going to feed me a string of prize love poems, and I haven't seen you since. It's a month now! Been sick?"

Wordsworth Apperson radiated pleasure. He had been very well indeed.

"Muse wouldn't work, eh? Couldn't write 'em?"

"I wrote some verses, but—" Blushes chased themselves over his face riotously. He still beamed. Both the newspaper men stared at him curiously.

"Wordsworth," said Bilkers severely, "you have gone and given my verses to some girl! I can tell by the looks of you! Own up, now!"

"Well, I—she—they—" He was blushing furiously, yet looking so pleased with himself that there was no mistaking the outcome. And one had to rejoice with him in his simple, transparent little romance. He had money enough so that the girl wouldn't starve while he wrote his verses to her, and he would no doubt make a better lover than some better men than he.

"Congratulations, old man! But we've got to keep on printing your poems just the same!"

"That was what I came to see you about. She wanted I should try one of them on one of the magazines, and they took it and gave me ten dollars. I——"

"Fine! Fine! I knew you were the real thing!"

"I didn't want you to think I didn't appreciate all you have done for me." The tears actually stood in his eyes. "You don't mind if I try to sell them first?"

"Go to it, boy! Only don't forget us entirely. The best of luck to you!" Bilkers patted his back, and Watson grinned and squeezed his hand. Apperson looked quite agitated and happy.

"I think," he stammered, "I think that it was the way you have always spoken of me in the paper that first made her—that first made her—I wrote the

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verses to her, and then, you know, I couldn't quite—had to—she told me to thank you for her for the nice things you've been saying about me just lately—" He choked, and somewhat to their relief bolted for the door. The thing was verging on the sentimental.

"Well," said Watson, "at least he's a gentleman."

"Better'n that. I'm not sure but he's a grown man."

"Wonder who the girl is? Ought to have found out—there might be an item in it." He picked up the telephone, spoke in it, waited, spoke again, listened, said, "What!" listened again, turned faintly yellow, and hung up. "It's Miss Kohler!" he said feebly.

Bilkers groaned slightly and turned toward the window. A bill-poster across the street had just spread an eight-foot close-up of Bancroft's "peerless moulder of public opinion" to the public view, a day ahead of time, and swabbed it viciously in the face with his paste-brush.

"Watson," said Bilkers plaintively, "I call you to witness that I am a one hundred per cent American! The American people——"

But it hardly seemed worth while under the circumstances to complete the remark. He had, indeed, "sold himself."

Eighteenth-Century Golf in America

BY CHARLES EVANS, JR.

THE origin of golf seems wrapped in mystery, the honor apparently lying between Scotland and the Netherlands, and most of us arbitrarily awarding it to the land of our own descent. Of course the game largely as we know it came to us from Scotland, and as early as 1457 it had become so popular there that the Scottish Parliament of that year found it necessary to pass a law against it. The people were giving so much time to the game that they were neglecting the practice of archery, upon which the safety of the country depended. This law not proving as efficacious as desired, another act was passed fourteen years later. The country seemed wedded to golf; and we must, at least, arrive at the conclusion that if Scotland did not originate the game, she knew a good thing when she saw it, and at an early date assimilated it more completely than any other country of which we have record.

On the other hand, it is claimed that the word golf is derived from the Dutch word Kolf, meaning a club, and that there are many Dutch pictures showing the game to have been played in the Netherlands at a very early time. Judging from these pictures, these games, although played with something closely resembling golf-clubs, were played upon the ice; but the most authentic picture, inasmuch as it represents a small boy apparently attempting to put a ball into a hole in the turf, is a tail-piece to an illuminated "Book of Hours" now in the British Museum. It was made at Bruges at the beginning of the sixteenth century, nearly fifty years later than the Scottish Act of Parliament denouncing the game. There seems then no doubt that a game resembling golf was played in the Netherlands at a very early date, and that the game as we know it was intensively developed by the Scotsmen.

There I leave the problem. I do not pretend to be able to solve it; but I think that the interesting question of where and when golf was first played on the North American continent is answered by the discovery of advertisements in some old newspapers. The story is the more interesting because the information was rather stumbled upon than sought for.

A few years ago my father, while making researches in early American news-

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papers before 1800 for his work on American bibliography, found the following advertisements concerning golf in Charleston and Savannah newspapers, and, thinking they would be of special interest to me, copied them out. While not searching for such evidence, the fact that I am deeply interested in the game impressed upon him anything discovered regarding it, his own researches covering the time in question.

The first discovered date was 1794, and the honor of being the first place where golf was played on the American continent belongs to the city of Charleston, South Carolina. These advertisements conclusively prove that the game was regularly organized at that early date, with the necessary officers, club-house, and greens, and that the organization was continued annually for at least six years thereafter, and probably much longer.

The first advertisement follows, and I think will be read with interest—the word "Anniversary" indicating that the club had then been in existence for a year:

NOTICE.

The Anniversary of the GOLF CLUB will be held on Saturday next, at the Club House on Harleston's Green where the members are requested to attend at one o'clock.

William Milligan, Secretary.

—*Charleston City Gazette*, October 13, 1795.

The next spring the names of the officers of the club appear, and it would be interesting to know how many of their descendants are now living:

GOLF CLUB.

James Gairdner, President; William Blacklock, Vice-President; William Milligan, Secretary and Treasurer. This society dine together once a fortnight at their Club-House on Harleston's Green; the day of meeting is Saturday.

—May, 1796.

This day being the Anniversary of the South-Carolina Golf Club, the members are requested to meet on Harleston's Green at one o'clock.

William Milligan, Secretary.

—*Charleston City Gazette*, October 15, 1796.

GOLF CLUB.

The Anniversary of the South-Carolina Golf Club will be held on Saturday the 21st instant, at the Club House on Harleston's Green, where the members are requested to attend at one o'clock.

William Milligan, Secretary.

—*Charleston City Gazette*, October 12, 1797.

GOLF CLUB.

The Anniversary of the South-Carolina Golf Club will be held on Saturday, the 29th instant, at the Club House on Harleston's Green, where the members are requested to attend at one o'clock.

William Milligan, Secretary.

—*Charleston City Gazette*, October 15, 1798.

This day, the 26th instant, the Anniversary of the South-Carolina Golf Club will be held at the Club House on Harleston's Green, where the members are requested to attend at 10 o'clock.

October 23, 1799.

—*South-Carolina State Gazette*, October 26, 1799.

And then here most unexpectedly in this old Scottish-Huguenot part of our country we come upon these notices which ought to please our Dutch friends:

KOLF BAAN.

The KOLF BAAN had its Anniversary, May 1st, 1797.

—News note in *Charleston City Gazette.*

KOLF BAAN.

Those persons who have demands against the Kolf Baan Club are requested to make them known to the Treasurer, on or before the 30th of April instant.

Andrew Vos, Treasurer.

April 22, 1799.

—Advertisement in *Charleston City Gazette.*

After reading these notices we are thoroughly convinced that South Carolina had a flourishing golf club in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and from there we pass to Georgia, where we learn that golf did not begin in that State with the advent of the Atlanta group of players, but that a club existed in Savannah, that old town beside the sea, over a century and a quarter ago. We could wish that there might have been a golf reporter present at some of those meetings. He could have told us who was the Robert Jones of that club, the longest drive he ever made, whether he was a good putter, and other important things like that. All that we have, and we are thankful for that, is the bare statement of the following notices:

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GOLF CLUB.

The members are particularly requested to be punctual in their attendance on Wednesday next, the 11th instant, at 11 o'clock, at their Marquee, on the East Common, in order to transact the important business, which is allotted for the first day meeting of the club for the season.

☞ DINNER at the usual hour.

—Columbia Museum, Savannah, Tuesday, October 10, 1797.

GOLF CLUB.

The members are requested to be punctual in their attendance at the Marquee, at the usual place, on Monday next, precisely at 12 o'clock, to transact business. Dinner will be on the table at two.

—*Georgia Gazette*, Savannah, Thursday, September 27, 1798.

GOLF CLUB.

At the Anniversary meeting of the Golf Club, on the 8th instant, It was Resolved, That every Member who does not, on or before the 16th instant, signify his intention to the Secretary of continuing in the Club will be considered as having vacated his seat.

James Johnston, jun.
3d October, 1799. Sec'y.

—*Georgia Gazette*, Savannah, Thursday, October 10, 1799.

It is very probable that these golf clubs owed their existence to the St. Andrew's Society, which was founded in 1727, and the St. George's Society, founded in 1733; it is fair to assume that the golf-club memberships were drawn principally from them. These societies existed in other of the original colonies, and were very strong and flourishing in Charleston, South Carolina, and Savannah, Georgia. They were in the beginning benevolent organizations intended to assist in all needful ways Scottish and English immigrants to this country. Directly following the Revolution the British emigrant must have found life in America particularly hard. The social instincts so evidenced by these societies and clubs seemed stronger among the settlers of the South than in the northern parts of the United States.

My father, in his researches for his own work, covering the period to 1800, has found no evidence to substantiate a claim that golf was played before 1794 in any other of the thirteen original colonies. The somewhat mythical reference to the game being played by British army officers in New York, during the period of the Revolutionary War, seems not borne out by any printed evidence. In fact there is much to render such a surmise untenable. James Rivington was the King's Printer in New York; he was also a shopkeeper, and printed from time to time, in his *Royal Gazette*, lists of sporting-goods for sale and imported by him. In none of these is included the necessary clubs and balls for the playing of golf, nor is the game itself so much as mentioned.

I think, then, that we must consider it proved that the fine, healthful game of golf was first introduced in this country by the Sons of St. Andrew and St. George, in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, about the year 1794; and that they were closely followed by the Dutch, in the same fortunate city, in 1796; and by Savannah, Georgia, in the same year.

As I have said before, my father's researches stopped at 1800. How much longer these Southern golf clubs flourished and issued their little notices of anniversary celebrations is a matter of interesting speculation, and one that might be pursued profitably at a later date. There is an interesting side-light thrown upon it. A short time ago the *Golfers Magazine* published, through the courtesy of Mr. W. W. Harless, secretary of the Western Golf Association, a facsimile of an invitation to a ball sent out by the Golf Club of Savannah, and the date is 1811.

GOLF CLUB BALL.

The honor of Miss Eliza Johnston's Company is requested to a Ball to be given by the Members of the GOLF CLUB, of this City, at the Exchange on Tuesday Evening, the 31st instant, at 7 o'clock.

George Woodruff,
Robert Mackay,
John Caig,
James Dickson,
} Managers.

George Hogarth, Treasurer.

Savannah, 20th December, 1811.

The hour indicated, seven o'clock, strikes us as very early, but in December darkness soon overtakes belated golf-players. One wonders if Miss Eliza Johnston could by any chance be a relative of the "James Johnston, jun. Sec'y,"

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who from time to time sent little notices to the *Georgia Gazette*. I have found these names of tantalizing interest. Perhaps, carefully hidden away in some old garret in Savannah is a letter telling in great detail just how much Miss Eliza Johnston and her friends enjoyed that golf-club ball in that Christmas week so long ago.

I am wondering, too, if William Milligan, whose name appears on all the South Carolina golf-club notices, was not in fact the very first golf secretary in America. When and why were these golf clubs dissolved? Was it a slow and gradual dissolution, or swift disaster? Did the War of 1812 end them? And was the 1811 golf ball the last one enjoyed?

We may never know what stress of war or economic troubles ended those pleasant meetings in the club-house "on Harleston's Green," but conjecture is interesting. There is a little hint of dissolution in the last notice of which I have knowledge, which was sent out by James Johnston, jun., who was probably the son of James Johnston, the first printer of Savannah.

I linger over the name of Andrew Vos, treasurer of the Charleston Kolf Baan Club, and acknowledge my ignorance of any considerable Dutch group in that part of the country. Apparently it is the unexpected we always find. It would have been more in accordance with general belief to seek an eighteenth-century golf club in Dutch New York, or among the Scottish or English dwellers therein. Had they less leisure, or less interest in sport than their fellow countrymen in the South? I cannot answer. My only object in writing this little article is to present these unexpected facts, and thus point out to others an interesting field of speculation.

As for myself, I have taken much pleasure in trying to visualize the scenes "on Harleston's Green," lying now, I understand, in the very heart of the city of Charleston, and to picture in my mind that "Marquee on East Common," in the city of Savannah, where the first golfers of Georgia assembled to "transact important business" and to eat their yearly dinner.

Books

BY FAITH BALDWIN

From these worn pages, thumb-marked by the years,
The scent of wisdom rises, and the scent
Of tears that once were Helen's, and of dust
Which, drifting lightly on Ægean air,
Remembers Troy.
Old books, in shabby cloth,
Lift singing voices in old battle-cries,
While ancient laughter gilds the faded print,
And all the verities of passion run,
Like scarlet threads, through words the gods first used
To listening men.
Old books have taught me much,
Have woven cords of silk to snare my feet,
Enchanted me with magic. Yet I learn
More from your eyes, a sharper knowledge from
Your hands' least gesture, more of truth and peace
From your courageous gaiety, more deep,
Cool wisdom from your shining silences
Than ever Homer dreamed. But he was blind;
And I have sight. Alone, I learn to read
The book of your grave beauty, and the song
Of high endeavor, which men call your life.

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The river looked lovely in the warm summer haze, and the bridge in the distance and the opposite shore were like a great silhouette.—Page 27.

Cobden-Sanderson's Garden at Hammersmith

WITH GLIMPSES OF THE GARDENS OF WILLIAM MORRIS AND ROSSETTI

BY MINGA POPE DURYEA

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDRICK V. DURYEA

IN all the world there is no more sincere lover of the garden than the Englishman, either in the country or the city. He gives it his personal supervision and, more often, he cares for it and constructs it himself.

London is a delight to one, with its charming little gardens, its squares, and its window-boxes. No matter how small the plot is, it is usually cultivated and made bright by some effort on the part of its owner, with a bit of color or an effort to beautify it in some manner with planting.

There was probably no one in London who knew more about city gardens, or took a deeper interest in them, than the late T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, who died this last September in England—the friend and contemporary of Burne-Jones, William Morris, Carlyle, and the clever American critic, William J. Stillman, who married the beautiful Marie Spartelli, a

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Greek princess, who by her beauty became the inspiration of the type for Rossetti and Burne-Jones. Her tall, graceful figure and her classic type of loveliness, with her long, slender throat, had become familiar to us all in the work of the two great artists. She, too, is an artist of great distinction and merit, and is still living in London, not far from the home of the Sandersons, and a very close friend.

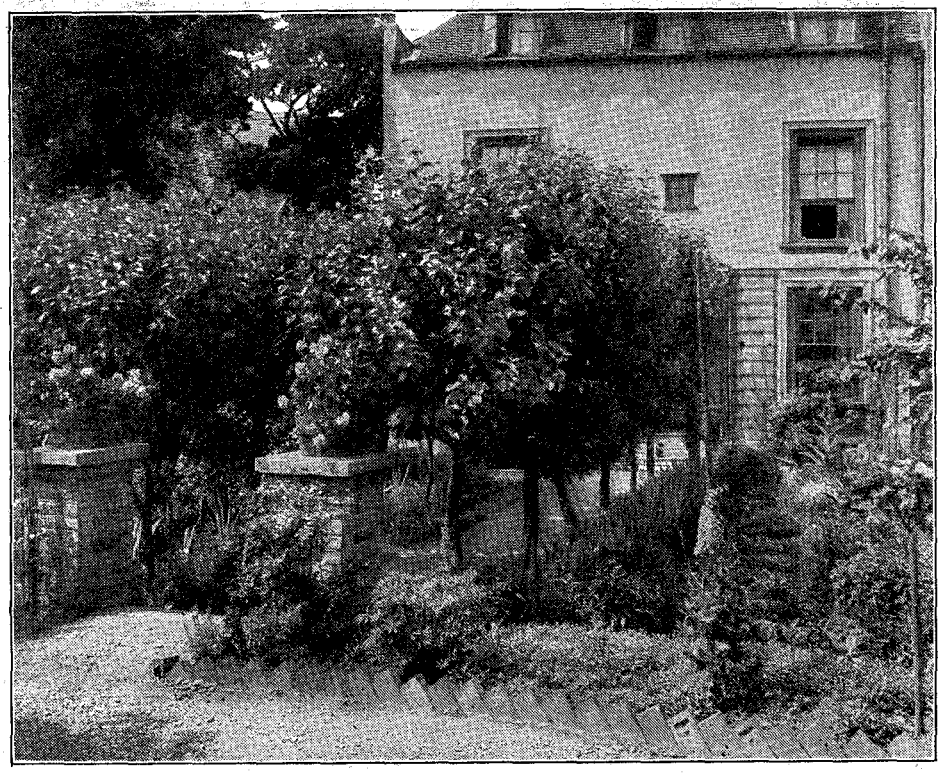
It was my love of the garden that prompted me to seek out Mr. Cobden-Sanderson that bright afternoon of last summer, in July, to learn from him as much as I could learn as to what would successfully grow in a city garden and what to give it to eat and to drink.

I found him in his little garden-room overlooking the garden and the river at Hammersmith. He had a very distinguished personality—about medium height, very slender, with thick white hair and a small Van Dyke beard, a face with aquiline features, sensitive, intensely alive—a handsome face, and that of a deep thinker.

He was the well-known founder of the Doves Bindery and the Doves Printing Press, whose work for many years had been the choicest treasures of collectors and connoisseurs.

With him passes one of the last survivors of the great band of Victorian craftsmen, at the head of whom stands William Morris, linking the art movement of that day with a no less remarkable contemporary outburst of literary eminence. Of Cobden-Sanderson's outer life there is not much to record, as he lived a busy day in the seclusion of his home and workshop in Hammersmith; however, he gave some idea of his outlook on life in a short "Credo" published among the leaflets of his Doves Press.

I noticed his attention to every detail of his attire—a gray suit, a deep violet tie; the narrow ribbon which held his pince-nez, instead of black, was a deep purple to match.



A row of apple-trees was planted on either side of the brick walk in the centre.—Page 30.

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Tall stalks of our common American mullein with its silver velvet leaves have almost the place of honor in the garden.—Page 30.

Mr. Sanderson was most pleased in my interest in his garden and his house. He first took me through his attractive old home. Throughout was shown an evidence of his love of color and detail. It was a small house charmingly in scale and most pleasing architecturally.

The walls were hung with interesting souvenirs, paintings, and drawings given to him by his distinguished friends and neighbors of the delightful coterie in which he had lived so many years. He prided himself upon the age of the house, which, I fancy, had been built about 1650; and with true British conservatism said "it is just as it was originally"—the old floors, mantels, panellings, and cupboards.

As we sat in his sitting-room overlooking the river, he told me many interesting anecdotes of the life they used to live there in the time of his friend Morris and the others; of that delightful group when they all lived as neighbors—how they planned and built their intimate gardens together, lived, worked, and entertained in them. Their workshops and studios, as his did, all led into the gardens.

The river looked lovely in the warm summer haze, almost like a stage-setting. The bridge in the distance and the opposite shore were like a great silhouette. I found myself living over with him the times when there was no telephone, bustle, excitement, noise of throbbing motors, and confusion of to-day's progress, which has robbed us of so much contentment. They all had worked in this delightful circle for the betterment of art and beauty.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson suggested that he first show me his garden and then we would go over the Morris house, workshop, and garden, which have since passed into other hands; but the present owner's great appreciation of Morris has prompted him to keep it quite as he lived in it and left it. Later, he said we should go to Rossetti's garden, which, too, had been kept as it was when the great painter lived.

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A lovely garden in the rear of the house.—Page 31.

Beautiful standard rose-trees of every variety made this garden a blaze of color.—Page 32.

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The fountain in the centre of a "rock garden," with its rose-trees, was rich with color.—Page 31.

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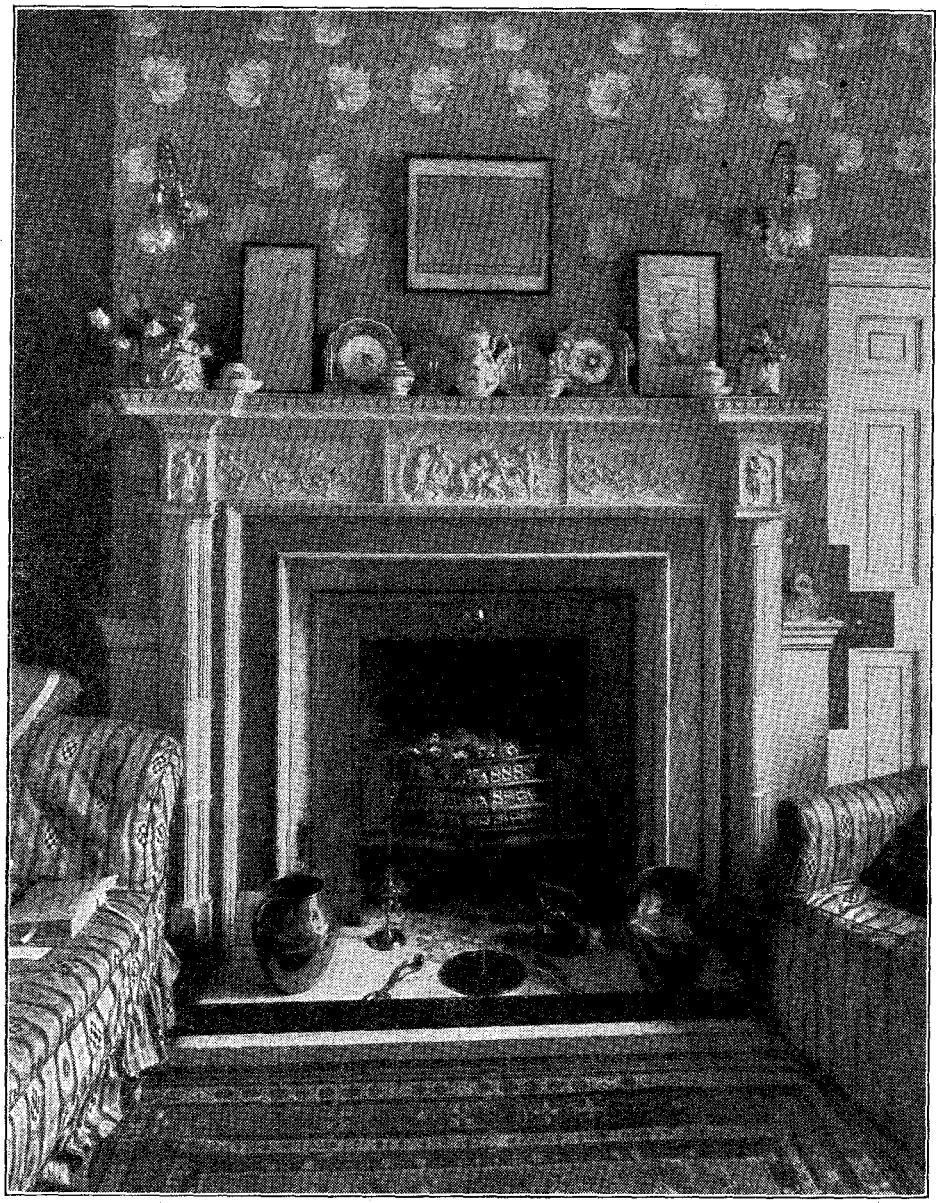

The mantel over which is shown the original old wall-paper designed by William Morris.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's garden had been laid out by himself. He planted a row of apple-trees on either side of the brick walk in the centre. His herbaceous border on either side was rich in color; he had even two strips of rock garden, with delightful little rock plants planted between the chinks of the brick on either side of the border.

I stood in amused silence before two brave, tall stalks of our common American mullein, with its silver velvet leaves, which can be seen in the photograph quite plainly and have almost the place of honor in the garden.

"Do you know," I said, "you have given a very prominent place in your garden to what is in America a common

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weed, and I have never seen it cultivated before. But you have given it honor and distinction by planting it here."

He told me a friend had sent him the plant and that he had loved it for its silver velvet leaves. He also showed me that he had taken pleasure in cultivating our common yellow day-lily that grows alongside our country roads in such great profusion. His garden numbered nearly all the plants essential for a herbaceous garden. It was rich with delphinium, snapdragon, Michaelmas daisy, phlox, peony, iris, calendula, viola, wall-flower, Mrs. Simpkins pink, columbine, bleeding-heart, azalea, and with many lovely varieties of the standard rose. The brick walls on either side of the garden were heavy with the climbing rose, jasmine, and Virginia creeper.

He told me much about the preparation of soil for the city garden and how the old gardener of Battersea Park, in London, had given him much interesting information as to the treatment of soil for a city garden. "Give it plenty of lime and you cannot fail to have as bright and happy a little spot as mine."

A terrace of red brick, with its low wall directly on the edge of the river, was given shade by a row of trees, and comfortable garden furniture made it a delightful spot for us to sit and chat. We sat there for a while overlooking the river and watched the boats passing by. It was hard to realize this little delight was right in the heart of London.

The dining-room with a little stairway leading into the workshop of William Morris.—Page 32.

"Now let us go over and see the garden my friend Morris made," he said. So we walked a few yards down the narrow cobble street to the one-time home of his old friend. The front of the house overlooked the river—a delightful old stone house with white trimmings. We passed through a dignified Georgian doorway, through a wide hall into a lovely garden in the rear of the house. Its fountain in the centre of a "rock garden," with its

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standard rose-trees, was rich with color; then came a space of green lawn with a brick wall on either side thickly overgrown with ivy, roses, jasmine, and Virginia creeper. At its base was a herbaceous border bright with colored flowers. We went through an arbor heavy with roses into a formal rose garden, with its walk of broken flag and its quaint sun-dial; beautiful standard rose-trees of every variety made it a blaze of color. We admired and loved it and then went back to look at the house.

The drawing-room ran the entire width of the house and still boasts of the original wall-paper designed by William Morris. It was in this room that so many interesting people used to gather—a true salon of the time. We afterward went into the den leading into his workshop. The photograph on page 30 gives the mantel, over which is shown the original old wall-paper designed by him.

We passed then into the room shown on page 31, with a little stairway leading into his workshop. This room is used as a dining-room by its present owner, but in Morris's day was his bedroom. In William Morris's workshop was constructed the first electric telegraph in 1816 by Sir Francis Ronalds, F.R.S., and a plate of bronze on the outside of the building bears the inscription that from there was sent the first telegraphic message.

When I was a child I remembered having attended a garden-party in that same garden, and as I stood there with Cobden-Sanderson I pictured around me the faces of his many friends.

After that we went to look at the garden of Rossetti, a beautiful little garden about eighty feet long, with a high buttress brick wall about it covered with all the different varieties of ivy. In the centre was a charming little fountain, with four tiny little streams which played into a bowl with a gold mosaic lining, and a fine old mulberry-tree and a plane-tree. This section of London was originally part of the old mulberry garden when silk making was the industry. Quite close to it is the mulberry garden of Nell Gwyn.

At the end of the garden is a pergola, over which are trained a giant fig-tree and a huge hawthorn. This made the roof of the pergola, combined with wistaria and grape-vine.

Rossetti's studio led directly out into this delightful spot; and I fancied him, when weary of his work, seated under its shade. The garden is paved with broken flags and two long strips of green turf. At the base of the wall on each side is the usual perennial border. It was a delightful garden and a restful retreat, beautifully laid out by that great artist.

My friend Cobden-Sanderson was a great craftsman and a notable figure in the printing, publishing, and artistic circles. He lived a very simple life and until late years lived a very laborious one. He was born in 1840 at Alnwick and was the son of James Sanderson, a commissioner of the income tax at Somerset House. He went to school at Owens College, where he distinguished himself in mathematics. He spent three years at Trinity College, Cambridge, however, without a degree. He was a great favorite and had many friends. It is interesting to learn that his intention was, like that of his friends Burne-Jones and Morris at Oxford, to take orders in the Church of England; but later they seemed unconsciously to give up the idea. In 1863 he left Cambridge, and in January, 1871, was called to the bar. For several years he gave himself up at the Inner Temple to legal work, including a monumental digest on the rights and obligations of the London and North Western Railway Company. The serious strain of this work broke him down in health, and he went abroad to Siena to recuperate. It was there he met his future wife, Miss Anne Cobden, one of the talented daughters of Richard Cobden, and after his marriage to her in 1882 he adopted the hyphenated name of Cobden-Sanderson. His charming wife survives him.

By this time the work of his close friends Burne-Jones and William Morris had made a deep impression upon him by their creative art. He himself up to this time had not felt the urge in the direction of artistic endeavor; however, one evening, at the home of Sir William and Lady Richmond, at Beaver Lodge, the thought first came to him of joining this band of craftsmen in a practical capacity. He

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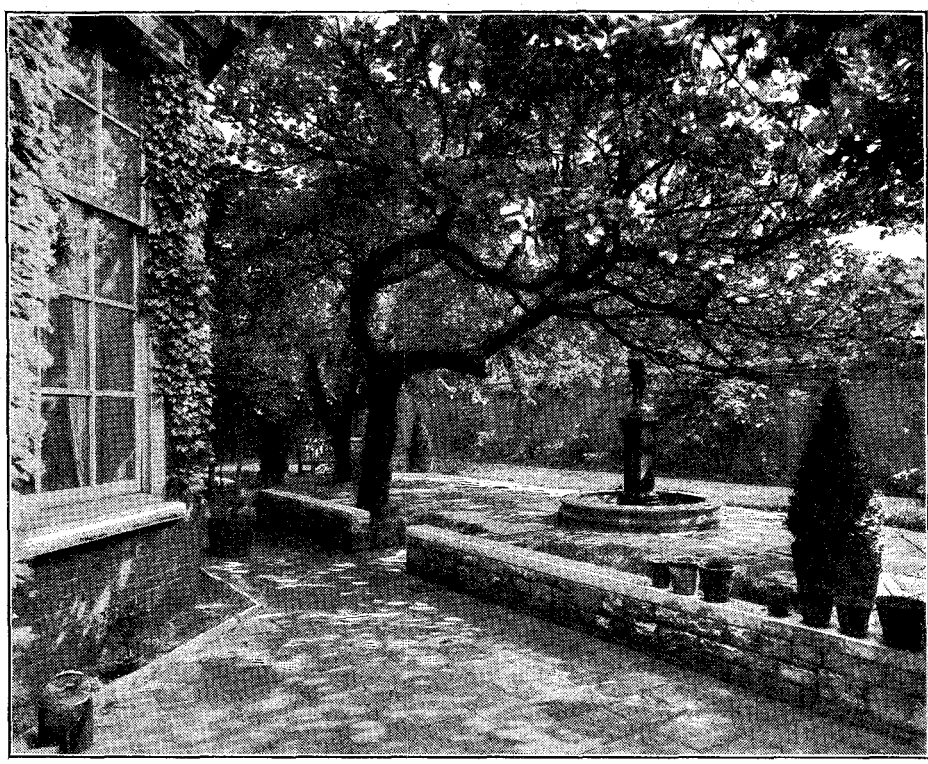
talked it over with Mrs. Morris, who was there at the time, and discussed an opening suited to his powers. "My husband," said she, "has never yet touched bookbinding. Why do you not become a bookbinder?" So a bookbinder he became. He entered upon a course of apprenticeship under the well-known bookbinder De Coverley. He had taken books there to be bound, and liked the old-world atmosphere of the place; so it seemed the most natural step to seek De Coverley as an instructor. That gentleman, however, was not anxious at first to take him on as an apprentice, but Cobden-Sanderson finally persuaded him to let him try what was destined to bring him fame later.



The garden is paved with broken flags and two long strips of green turf.—Page 32.

It is impossible to speak in detail of the hundreds of beautiful works which issued later from his hands. He brought back the golden age of bookbinding, giving to it a new richness and individuality which made his work conspicuous.

His style has been transmitted to a certain extent to a succession of pupils, one of whom, Douglas Cockerell, has become a master. Cobden-Sanderson's books were eagerly bought by his admiring patrons, one of whom is the present Earl of Balfour.

In 1900, after the close of the Kelmscott Press, Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson suggested his turning his attention to the printing of books. He adopted his own type for his use, a light and lovely form of letter based on an early type of Jensen. His earliest productions were a volume of Tacitus, seven poems by Tennyson, and an address on William Morris by J. W. MacKail. These were followed by a production of "Areopagitica," or printers' declaration of rights, and a treatise by himself on "The Book Beautiful." These were, however, but experiments leading up to his grand edition of the Bible in five vellum-bound quarto volumes, published between the years 1903 and 1905,

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at the price of fifteen guineas each. Nothing that he later printed realized the beauty and dignity of this work, which remains a masterpiece.

Unlike his friend Morris, Cobden-Sanderson did not care for ornament or illustration in his books. He was content with beauty of type and setting, and was always an idealist, even when composing a page of type.

As the London *Times* said at the time of his death, Cobden-Sanderson had published in his catalogue raisonné of the Doves Press publications an almost apocalyptic passage, from the introduction to his theory of printing:

"But beyond the immediate purpose of the press, as a press, there has always been another, incapable of achievement by any press indeed, but of which workmanship in the great field of literature and its embodiment in printed form may be an illustration and an encouragement —the workmanship of life and its embodiment in forms beautiful as are those in which Literature itself has found its expression and embodiment. Greater than all that we can imagine is the Reality of Life from its beginning—IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH—in the infinitudes of Time and Space, amid which, whether as a fact or an idea, we still live to-day; greater than all we can imagine is Reality, and man's life is a part of it, and it is this which in the language of the compositor —we must compose—and in the language of the publisher—publish."

Recent Discoveries in Egypt

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Honorary Chairman of the National Research Council; Author of "The New Heavens," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

"Thou risest in beauty in the horizon of the sky,
O living Aton, Beginning of life!
When thou risest in the eastern horizon,
Thou fillest every land with thy beauty.
Thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high above every land,
For thy rays encompass the lands,
Even all that thou hast made.
. . . . . .
Though thou art far away, thy rays are upon earth;
Though thou art on high, thy footprints are the day."
—*Ikhnaton's Hymn to Aton*
(Breasted's translation).

I WRITE from Luxor, the site of ancient Thebes. From our high balcony the yellow cliffs across the Nile, pierced with the doorways of rifled tombs, stand as an imposing background to the line of mortuary temples erected along their eastern base. Medinet Habu, the Ramesseum, and the terraced temple of Queen Hatshepsut, the last magnificently set in a great bay of the highest palisades, with the two Colossi guarding on the plain the buried fragments of the greatest temple of them all, testify to the opulence and endurance of the dominant city of antiquity. Behind these cliffs, which form the eastern boundary of the Valley of the Kings, lies the newly discovered tomb of Tutankhamen, tunnelled in the base of the similar cliffs that enclose the valley on the west.

With the temple of Luxor only a hundred yards from our window, and the colossal Karnak temple less than two miles to the north, the scene is inspiring enough to-day. But what must it have been when Homer, in the ninth book of the Iliad, wrote thus of the riches of Thebes:

"All the gold
Sent to Orchomenos or royal Thebes,
Egyptian treasure-house of countless wealth,
Who boasts her hundred gates, through each of which
With horse and car two hundred warriors march."
(Lord Derby's translation.)

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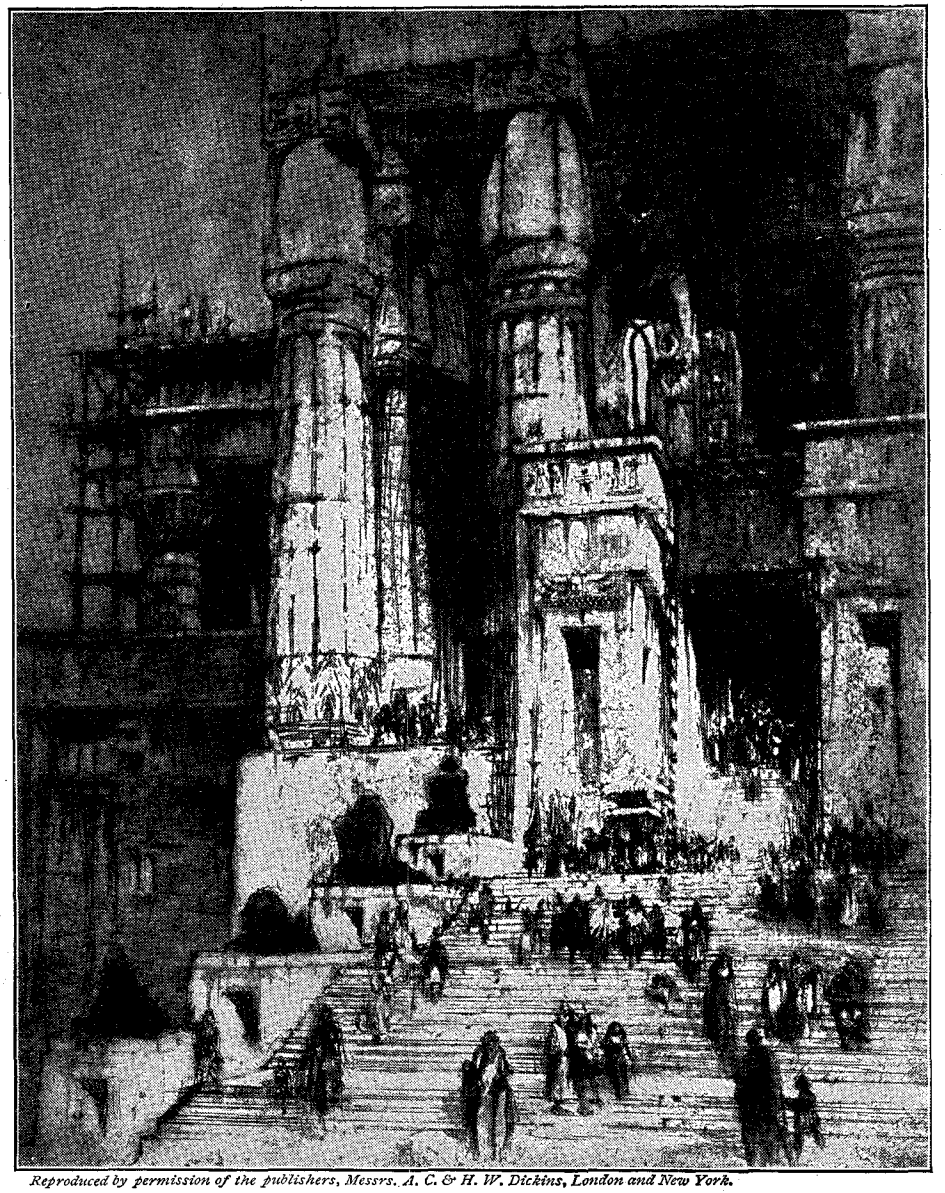

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Anthony in Egypt.
By William Walcot.

The fascinating pages of Breasted's "History of Egypt" afford many vivid glimpses, within the graphic range only of a Turner or a Walcot, of Thebes at the summit of its power. The royal barge of Amenhotep II, returning up the Nile from his conquests beyond the Euphrates with the seven kings of Tikhsi hanging head downward at the prow. The famous expedition of Queen Hatshepsut to the land of Punt, bringing back rich booty, with living myrrh-trees for the garden of her temple, as commanded by the voice of the god. The procession of masked priests bearing the image of Amon through the temple of Karnak, suddenly deposing the incense-burning pharaoh and elevating one of their own number to

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the throne as Thutmose III. Ikhnaton, after he had broken with the priesthood of Amon, sailing northward to found at Amarna his new capital, dedicated to the worship of the one god, Aton, the radiant energy of the sun. And finally, to follow the changing scene no farther, the return to Thebes of his second successor, Tutankhamen, and the triumph of the priests of Amon.

THE SEALED DOOR

In such a setting and with the mystery and promise of its sealed inner chamber, hiding the mummy of a pharaoh, it is not surprising that the tomb of Tutankhamen should have aroused the interest and curiosity of the entire world. A sealed door in the heart of London would command wide-spread attention: how much more so the entrance of an Egyptian tomb, cemented and stamped with hieroglyphic seals more than three thousand years ago.

From time immemorial the mysteries of the Egyptians have teased the imagination and multiplied the fancies of mankind. Strabo spoke of the intricate windings of the Labyrinth, twisting endlessly through darkness and confusion. Herodotus, who visited Egypt about 450 B. C., related that one hundred thousand men were at work for years on the subterranean chambers of the Great Pyramid, giving room for the impression that these dark passages might extend for miles beneath the earth. Witnesses innumerable testified to the musical voice of Memnon, proceeding from the mouth of the Colossus at dawn. Others spoke darkly of the prodigious underground stables of the Thebaid, housing a thousand horses, and the crypts in Upper Egypt under the bed of the Nile, or described to the sultan a six days' voyage in a subterranean reservoir at Kaïs, the limits of which were never attained.

Such legends gave rise to the romantic tale of "The Epicurean," told by Thomas Moore and illustrated with the imaginative plates of Turner. As the youthful leader of this pleasure-loving sect, drawn toward Egypt in his quest of the philosopher's stone, stood before the pyramids of Memphis, he "beheld them towering aloft, like the watch-towers of Time, from whose summit, when about to expire, he will take his last look." . . . "It is said that deep under yonder pyramid has lain for ages concealed the table of emerald on which the Thrice-Great Hermes, in times before the flood, engraved the secret of alchemy which gives gold at will. Why, then, may not the mightier, the more godlike secret that gives *life* at will, be recorded there also? It was by the power of gold, of endless gold, that the kings who now repose in those massy structures scooped earth to its very centre, and raised quarries into the air, to provide for themselves tombs that might outstand the world. Who can tell but that the gift of immortality was also theirs?"

But if romance has magnified and distorted the hidden secrets of the pyramids and tombs, while the mystical forms of the hieroglyphics have seemed to embody a wisdom far greater than the Egyptians ever possessed, the reality is quite strange enough to touch even the dullest imagination. The intricate passages that actually exist within and below the pyramids; the deep shafts and other artifices employed to deceive tomb robbers; the long corridors, winding and twisting as they descend hundreds of feet into the mountains, covered with the elaborate ritual of the underworld—all these have fused into a compelling magic which makes Egypt, far above all other lands, a world of mystery. The walls of the tombs bristle with strange beasts, interspersed among gods and goddesses with heads of cats, cows, ibises, rams, and crocodiles. Serpents with one head, two heads, and with three, coiled, crawling, rampant on weird forelegs, or still more grotesque with wings, surround the unfortunate victim as he slowly approaches the judgment hall of Osiris. With them are crocodiles, fiends of the air, hundreds of terrifying demons, and frightful executioners, one of which, the "Devourer of the Underworld," combining the hideous aspects of crocodile, lion, and hippopotamus, stands waiting to tear the guilty to pieces.

Thus every conceivable element, including the universal attraction of hidden treasure, conspired to magnify in the public mind the mystery behind the seals. But the actual problem, as seen by archæologists, was a very different one. Rob-

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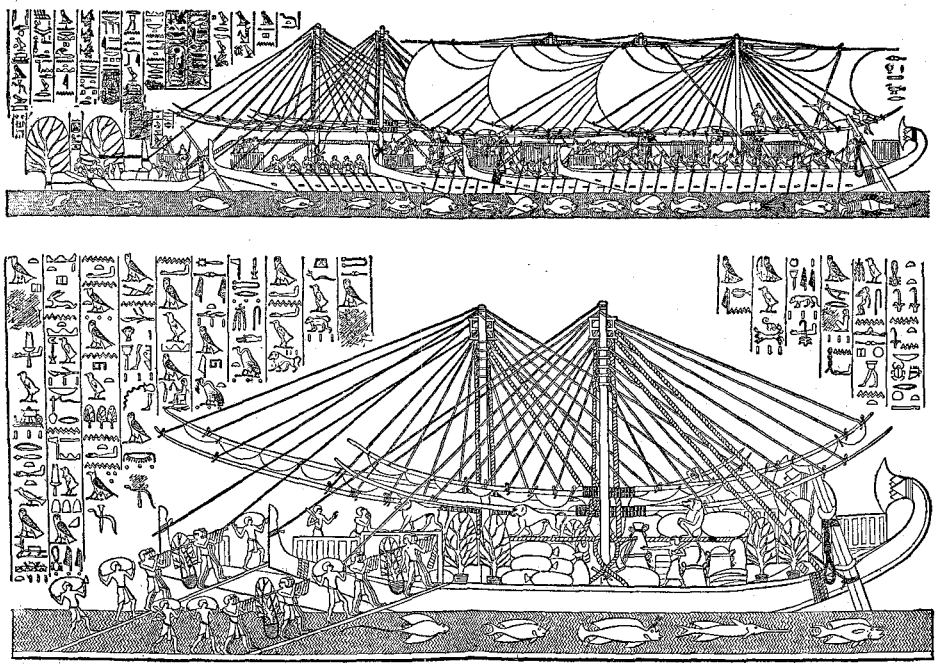
bers had penetrated the outer doorway, entered the antechamber, opened the sealed boxes and left everything in confusion. Had they also reached the tomb chamber and rifled it of its richer contents? No royal mummy had ever been found intact. What were the chances that this one had escaped despoilment? Breasted concluded that the seals were exclusively those of Tutankhamen himself, used by the masons when first closing the doorway after the burial, and again, a short time later, in covering an irregular hole broken through by the robbers. The seal inscriptions conveyed no important information beyond the approxi-



From "A History of Egypt" by James H. Breasted.

Scenes from the great series of Punt reliefs in the Deir el Bahri temple of Thebes.

Here Queen Hatshepsut depicts her expedition to the land of Punt. The upper row shows the departure of the fleet; in the lower row the vessels are being loaded and the myrrh-trees carried on board.

An examination of the seals that covered the roughly cemented opening at one end of the antechamber, undertaken by Professor James H. Breasted, of the University of Chicago, at the request of the discoverers, soon set at rest the fear that the tomb had been entered during the reign of Ramses IX, when so many royal mummies had been stripped of their possessions. More than one hundred and fifty impressions of eight different seals, stamped in hasty and irregular distribution over the face of the cement, provided material for a comparative study. Most of these impressions were very defective, but by piecing together the results of a minute scrutiny of all of them, Doctor mate date of the robbery, as they were of the usual laudatory character, mentioning the various services of the king to the gods.

Every one has read of the opening of the tomb chamber, the first sight of the great gold-and-blue catafalque covering the royal sarcophagus, and the discovery of the bewildering collection of rich and beautiful objects accompanying the pharaoh's burial. The importance of this great addition to the material of the Egyptologist has not been overstated. Of prime significance in the history of art, it is even more valuable because of the light thrown on the most dramatic and most critical period in the development

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of Egypt. To appreciate this we must rapidly survey the events preceding the reign of Tutankhamen.

THE RISE OF ATON

A minor prince serving in the temple of Karnak, raised to the throne as Thutmose III through a dramatic coup d'état of his fellow priests, had enlarged and consolidated the first real empire of ancient times. As the result of his seventeen campaigns, tribute was poured into Thebes by most of the known world. From the islands of the sea to the upper cataracts of the Nile, from the farther shores of Libya to the lower Euphrates, local princes vied with each other in courting the favor of the pharaoh. So sure were his triumphs that in spite of occasional revolts his empire survived for more than a century. Thus in the reign of Amenhotep III, the constant influx of foreign gold and captives had raised Thebes to a lofty pinnacle of power and magnificence. Disposing of countless slaves and unlimited wealth, this king erected the greatest and richest of all mortuary temples, dismembered by one of his successors, but marked to this day on the Theban plain by the immense Colossi which once guarded its entrance. The lofty colonnade that he began in the temple of Luxor, recalled by the student of architecture as the prototype of the modern cathedral, was never completed.

But it is impossible within narrow limits to give any conception of the wealth and magnificence of Thebes at this culminating point of imperial Egypt. To maintain its supremacy, and to hold the allegiance of the tributary kingdoms, a strong and warlike pharaoh was needed when Amenhotep the Magnificent was buried in the Valley of the Kings. But Amenhotep IV, his son and successor, called by Breasted "the first individual in history," was of another cast. Since the earliest times the temples of Egypt had sheltered many strange gods. Always worshippers of the sun-god Re, the creator and sustainer of the world, the Egyptians had, nevertheless, multiplied excessively their tribal and subsequently their local divinities. Thus arose the falcon-headed Horus, also identified with the sun, worshipped especially at Edfu; the cow-headed Hathor, the Egyptian Aphrodite, deity of the sky and goddess of Dendera; Osiris, entombed at Abydos, god of the dead; the lioness-headed Sekhmet, goddess of war, and many others, incarnated in a great variety of animals, which were therefore held sacred. This intricate theology was further complicated by the fact that the same god was worshipped under different names in different places, while countless lesser deities, demons, and spirits, accompanied by sainted mortals, had also been admitted to the celestial hierarchy.

Such was the galaxy of the gods when Amenhotep IV took the throne in the year 1375 B. C. During his father's reign a new sun-god had appeared, side by side with the traditional Re and with the great Amon, supreme god of Karnak. Already known as Aton, he was identified with the material sun and worshipped among the other gods. The new pharaoh not only raised Aton to the supreme place but in one stroke annihilated Amon and his celestial companions. Moreover, he gave to Aton a new significance, identifying him not with the body of the sun, but with its radiant energy, on which all terrestrial life and action depend. Thus the symbol of the one and only god became a disc with streaming rays, terminating in hands grasping the sign of life. The king who dropped the name which identified him with Amon and became Ikhnaton, the "Spirit of Aton," abolished the priesthoods of Amon and the other gods, discontinued throughout Egypt the worship of the old deities, and erased their names from the monuments. The detested name of Amon was hacked in a thousand places from the temple walls, not only in Egypt proper but throughout Nubia. Worst of all, as the cartouche of his father contained this name, it must be mutilated wherever it was found.

The many temples of Thebes, now useless and deserted, repelled the bold reformer. Abandoning the focus of the empire, he descended the Nile to a point nearly three hundred miles below Thebes, now known as Tell-el-Amarna. Here he built his new capital, Akhetaton, "Horizon of Aton," centre of the worship of the god of radiant energy. And here he en-

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couraged innovations that shattered the traditions of Egypt.

ART BASED ON NATURE

The hymn of Aton, composed by Ikhnaton in praise of the god, illustrates the new king's appreciation of the phenomena of nature and his delight in the simple yet

DAY AND MAN

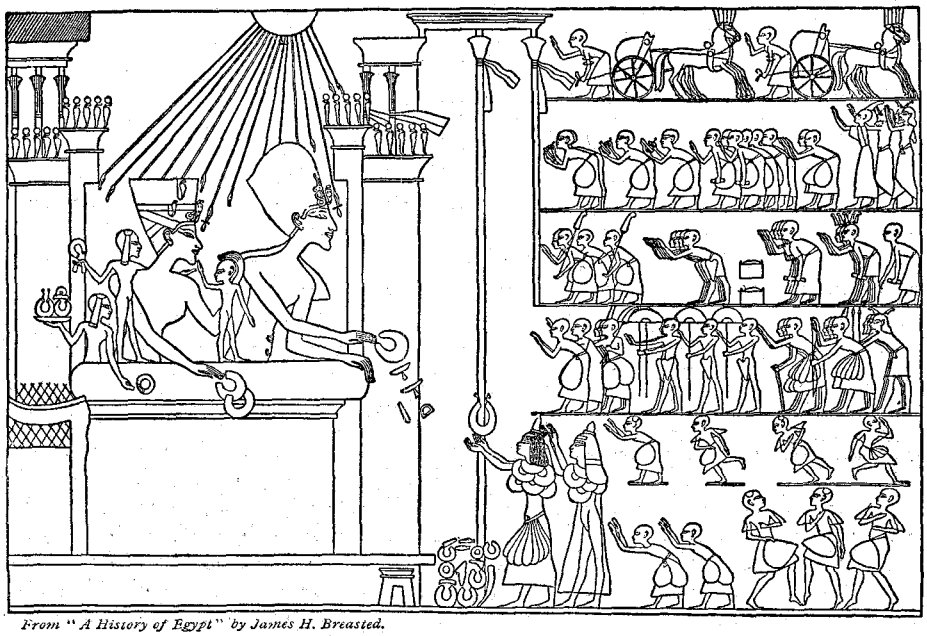
"Bright is the earth when thou risest in the horizon.

. . . . . .

Thou drivest away the darkness.
When thou sendest forth thy rays,
The Two Lands of Egypt are in daily festivity,

. . . . . .

Their arms uplifted in adoration to thy dawning.
Then in all the world they do their work."



From "A History of Egypt" by James H. Breasted.

Ikhnaton in the Rays of Aton.

This symbolical figure of the Aton religion shows a circular disk of the sun with radiating rays, terminating in human hands.

marvellous details of every-day life. The full text of this impressive specimen of early literature, paralleled in many details by the one hundred and fourth Psalm of the Hebrews, is in the translation given by Breasted in his "History of Egypt." A few of the strophes, revised and abridged especially for this article by Doctor Breasted (the first of which appears at the head of the article), will indicate its treatment of nature.

NIGHT

"When thou settest in the western horizon of the sky,
The earth is in darkness like the dead;

. . . . . .

Every lion cometh forth from his den,
All the serpents, they sting.

. . . . . .

The world is in silence,
He that made them resteth in his horizon."

DAY AND NATURE

"All cattle rest upon their pasturage
The trees and the plants flourish,
The birds flutter in their marshes,
Their wings uplifted in adoration to thee.
All the sheep dance upon their feet,
All winged things fly,
They live when thou hast shone upon them.

. . . . . .

The fish in the river leap up before thee;
Thy rays are in the midst of the great green sea."

CREATION

"Giver of breath to animate every one that he maketh!
When he cometh forth from the womb
On the day of his birth,
Thou openest his mouth in speech,
Thou suppliest his necessities.
When the fledgling chirps in the shell,
Thou givest him breath therein to preserve him alive.

. . . . . .

How manifold are all thy works!

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They are hidden from before us,
O sole God, whose power no other possesseth."

MAINTENANCE OF EGYPT AND OTHER LANDS

"Thou makest the Nile in the Nether World,
Thou bringest it as thou desirest,
To preserve alive the people (of Egypt).
. . . . . .
All the distant countries,
Thou makest also their life,
Thou hast set a Nile in the sky;
When it falleth for them,
It maketh waves upon the mountains
Like the great green sea,
Watering their fields in their towns.
. . . . . .
How excellent are thy designs, O Lord of eternity!
There is a Nile in the sky for the strangers
And for the cattle of every country that go upon their feet;
But the Nile it cometh from the Nether World for Egypt."

Not only did Ikhnaton exhibit an hitherto unknown appreciation of nature but he recognized its universal application throughout the world of his time, and its dependence upon a single and all-powerful source—the radiant energy of the sun. This same regard for reality left no place for fiends and demons, or the incantations of the Book of the Dead, on the walls of the Amarna tombs. In their place appear the most lifelike representations of the daily existence of the deceased, presented in a style wholly foreign to the stiff conventionalities of the established art of Egypt. Skill in naturalistic drawing and ability to model realistic figures, both in low and high relief, had been demonstrated by Egyptian artists from the earliest dynasties. But the hardening of rigorous conventions had discouraged individualistic expression and resulted in a severe and unattractive formalism. The complete break with tradition which Ikhnaton accomplished is best illustrated by the return to nature in art. Most opportunely, the discovery of Tutankhamen's almost untouched tomb provides us with unique material, showing the new style at the height of its perfection and demonstrating anew the leadership of Egypt in the art of antiquity.

The concentration of Ikhnaton on his personal interests and his complete neglect of the needs of the empire established by his fathers soon led to its downfall. The dramatic appeals of the tributary kings, recorded in cuneiform characters on the famous collection of clay tablets found at Tell-el-Amarna, show his Asiatic dominions slowly slipping from his grasp. As they receded, the power of Karnak rose again, and its plotting priesthood, who had been dominant for centuries, prepared the way for the restoration of Amon. Weakening under the increasing burden of state, Ikhnaton finally appointed a noble named Sakere, husband of his eldest daughter, as his successor and coregent. About 1358 B. C., after a reign of seventeen years, Ikhnaton died and was buried in a desolate valley near the city of Aton.

Little is known of the short and ineffective reign of the new pharaoh, but the next member of the dynasty, husband of the third daughter of Ikhnaton, has suddenly come into great prominence by the discovery of his tomb in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes. As his original name Tutenkhaton implies, he continued the worship of Aton and maintained it until induced by the reactionary party to return to Thebes and restore Amon to his old power and splendor. The exceptional significance of the discovery is obvious when the critical period he represents in politics, religion, and art, and the recovery of the actual objects he used, some of them doubtless at Amarna, are borne in mind.*

It is to be hoped that Doctor Breasted, as the leading historian of Egypt, will soon have opportunity to depict the life and reign of Tutankhamen in the light of the rich material now rendered available by the work of the late Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Carter, and their associates. The wise policy of calling in the ablest experts in every field, already exemplified by the collaboration of Messrs. Breasted, Gardiner, Mace, Lucas, and Burton, will doubtless be extended to include the services of authorities on art, textiles, metal-working, botany, and other subjects raised by the varied objects in the tomb. Thanks to the courtesy of Lord Carnarvon and of M. Lacau, Director-General of Antiquities, I have enjoyed several opportunities to visit the tomb and to examine the objects collected in "the workshop." My lack of technical knowledge renders

* For a full account of Ikhnaton and the rise and fall of Aton, see Breasted's "History of Egypt," to which I am indebted for the information briefly embodied here.

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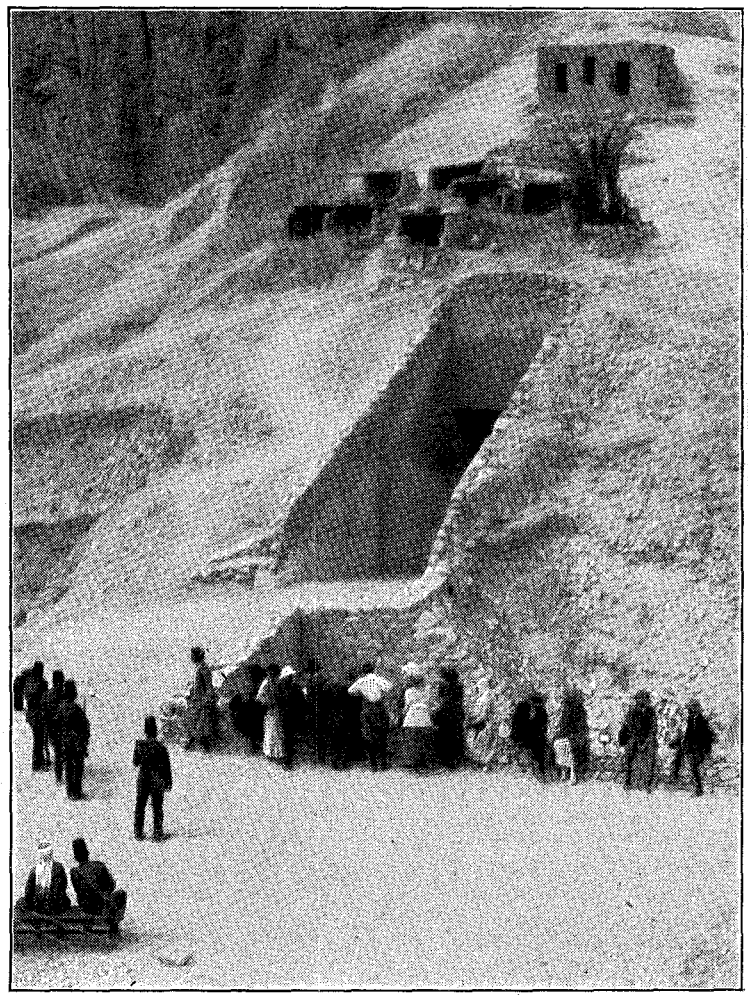
any expression of personal opinion superfluous, but a few remarks, based on the reports and comments of competent authorities, may not be out of place.



The Tomb of Tutankhamen.

The entrance, not visible in the enclosed photograph, is just below that of the tomb of Ramses VI in the centre of the picture. Visitors are waiting to see objects brought from the new tomb of Tutankhamen.

It had naturally been hoped that important papyri, bearing directly on the events of Tutankhamen's reign, might be found in the tomb, and the many cases that still lie sealed in the inner chamber may perhaps contain them. But thus far no significant inscriptions have been discovered. The various boxes bear labels giving lists of their original contents, those in the antechamber sadly disarranged by the contemporary tomb robbers. Doctor Alan Gardiner, who has read these labels, found listed the sidelock of the king, worn when he was a child, razors, alabaster vases, silver ewers and milk vessels, and scores of other objects. Inscriptions on riding-whips and staves are of the conventional type, describing the glorious attributes of the pharaoh and his fear-inspiring qualities. The three gilt couches, decorated with the heads of Hathor, lions, and strange beasts distantly resembling hippopotami, though thought by Petrie to be of Asiatic origin,

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are inscribed with the signs of Egyptian joiners to indicate the points of junction of their parts, and the royal catafalque is similarly marked. This essentially completes the known inscriptions, excepting those employed for decorative purposes on the catafalque.

As for the significance of the objects of art, so numerous and so varied, much study by competent authorities will be necessary as the basis for a verdict. However, a casual examination of those removed from the antechamber suffices to confirm one's highest expectations. The exquisite beauty of such a marvellous work of art as the king's throne, decorated in the free and natural style associated with the reign of Ikhnaton, demonstrates how far the new art had progressed in the few years during which it had been encouraged. One of the walking-sticks, carved with the head of a Semitic captive from Asia, has the intense and cynical realism of a piece of Chinese ivory. In short, the wide departure from the stereotyped forms of the Amon régime, the skill and individuality of the artists, both in conception and execution, and the swift advance accomplished under favorable auspices assure Egypt a place in the development of art that even Greece might envy.

RECENT WORK OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

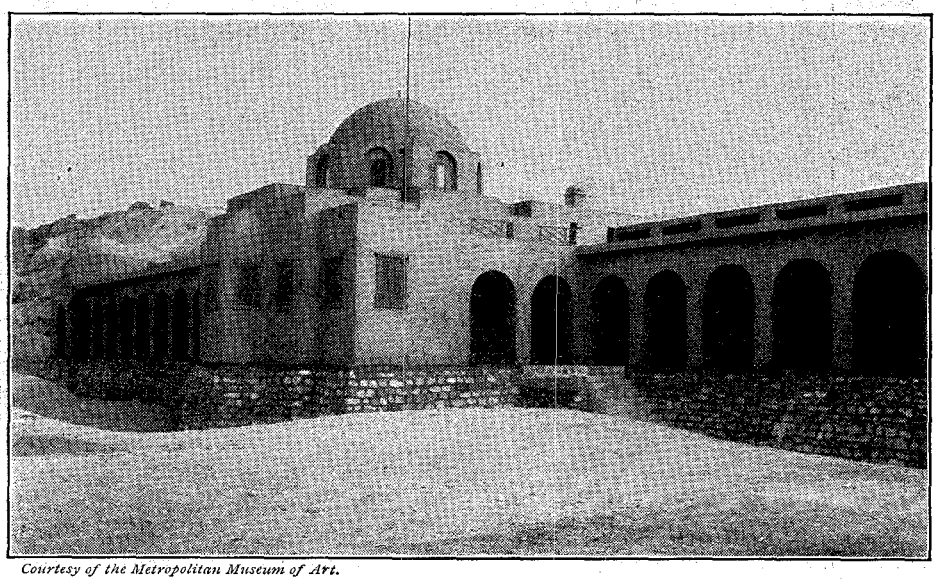
Americans visiting Egypt have every reason to be proud of the research and standing of their archæological representatives. While at Luxor I was privileged to see something of the field work of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, which is admirably organized and equipped. Under the general direction of Mr. Lythgoe, curator of the Department of Egyptian Art in the Museum, three important lines of research are conducted:

(1) Excavation of the pyramid of Amenemhet I and Sesostris I at Lisht, formerly under the direction of Mr. Mace, now in charge of Mr. Lansing.

(2) Excavation of Eleventh Dynasty mortuary temples and tombs at Thebes, under the direction of Mr. Winlock.

(3) Recording of the decorations and inscriptions of the tombs at Thebes, in colors by Mr. de Garis Davies and photographically by Mr. Burton.

The broad and liberal policy of the



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Metropolitan Museum.

Headquarters of the Metropolitan Museum of Art at Thebes.

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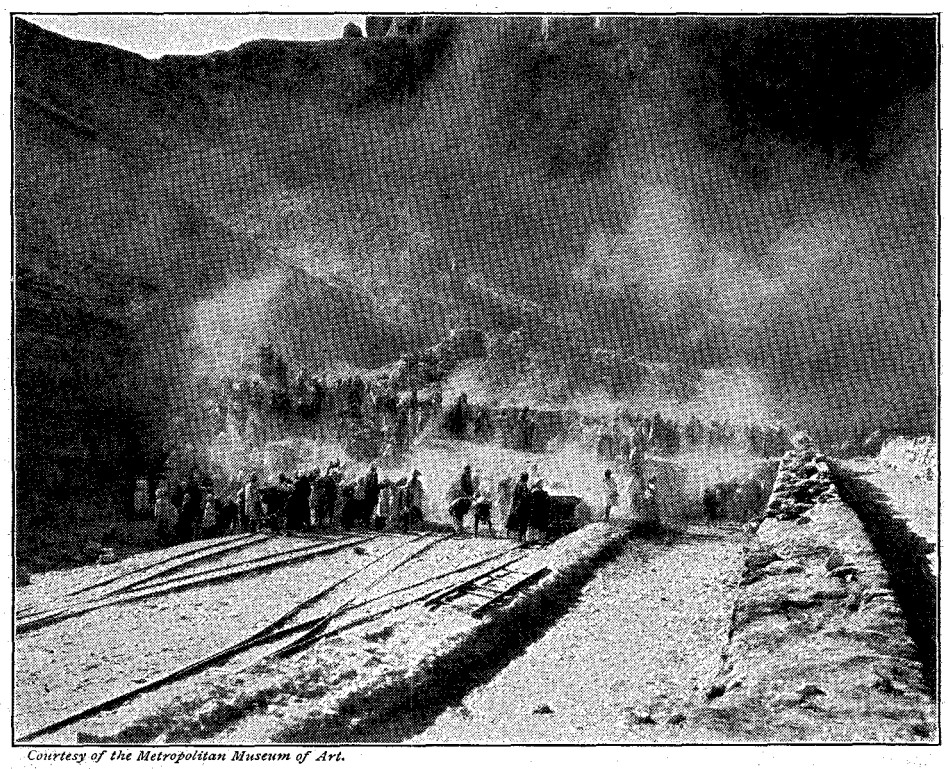

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Clearing away a great mound over the southern temple walls at Deir el Bahri.

Metropolitan Museum trustees is abundantly shown by their willingness to expend large sums annually for research and to allow two of their ablest men, Messrs. Mace and Burton, to join Mr. Carter for a term of years in preserving and recording photographically the rich product of the tomb of Tutankhamen. The scale of the Museum's work of excavation may be gathered from the fact that during last season an average force of three hundred and fifty native workmen were employed at each site (Luxor and Lisht) under a large staff of archæologists.

Near Deir el Bahri,* known to all Nile visitors as the site of the famous temple of Queen Hatshepsut, is the headquarters of the expedition, erected at the initiative of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, long president of the Museum and keenly interested in this work. Built with heavy walls of sun-dried bricks, in an appropriate architectural style, this attractive structure provides comfortable living quarters for the entire staff, drafting-rooms, workshops, and storage. It stands well outside the inundated area, within a desert region punctured with tomb openings between mounds of débris, resembling crater pits along the battle front in France.

The temple of Mentuhotep III, adjoining the temple of Queen Hatshepsut on the south, was excavated by the Egypt Exploration Fund between 1903 and 1907. The adjacent parts of the court were also cleared of the deep rubbish, though not down to the ancient surface, and the excavated material was dumped within the eastern boundary of the court area.

It is the admirable policy of the Metropolitan Museum excavators to clear their sites completely, leaving nothing to chance or conjecture. This consistent thoroughness has often led to important discoveries, on areas worked over less completely by their predecessors. In discussing this policy, Mr. Lythgoe remarked, in fairness to earlier workers, that in many such cases the available funds were in-

* Meaning "Northern Convent," the Arab name given to the temple when it was occupied by early Christians.

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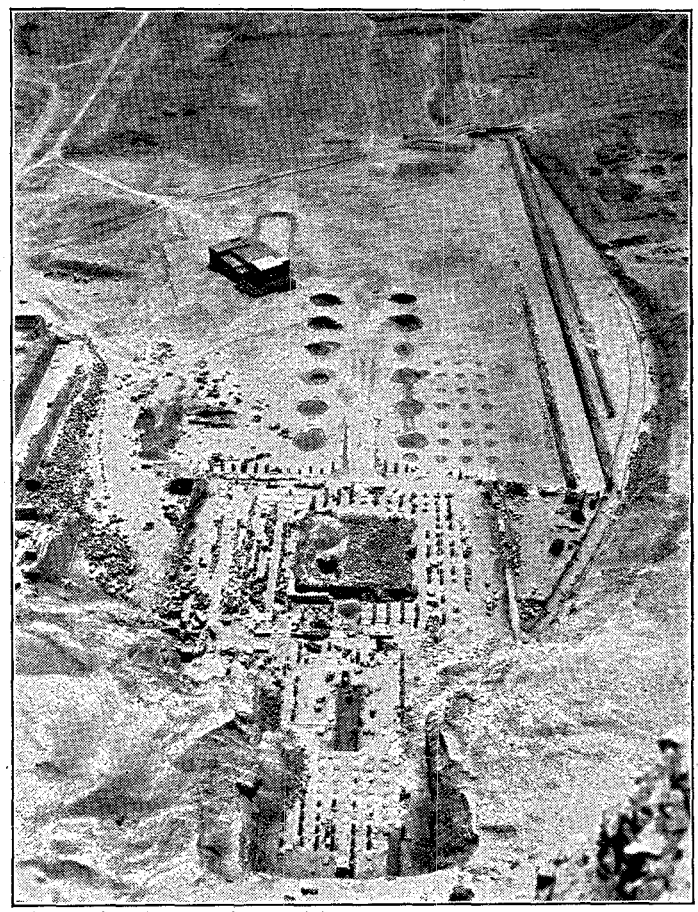
sufficient to permit complete clearance. In this connection it may be recalled that the remarkable "Well of Strabo" at Abydos was discovered by the Egypt Exploration Fund under the dump pile of Mariette, excavator of the adjoining temple of Seti I.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Bird's-eye view of the Mentuhotep III temple from the Deir el Bahri cliffs.

The temples of Hatshepsut and Mentuhotep III are superbly set against the nearly vertical cliffs. Photographing from their summit, Mr. Burton has obtained an excellent bird's-eye view of the latter, which serves admirably to illustrate one of the discoveries described in the last report of Mr. Winlock, in charge of the work at Deir el Bahri.

In the original plan of the Mentuhotep Temple the axis of the court had been directed toward the great temple of Karnak, far away across the Nile. Later the axis was pointed in a more southerly direction, evidently to permit the avenue to avoid the hills near the cultivated area. The curved wall shown on this page, which perhaps had only been begun, was then destroyed, and the present walls were built in its stead.

Such changes in plan, readily deciphered by Mr. Winlock, are typical of the puzzles constantly encountered by the excavator. But these are simple in comparison with others recently untangled. In the front part of the courtyard, found to be a hollow filled with fifteen feet of rock and sand, trenches were dug to the underlying bed-rock. In this a double row of funnel-shaped circular pits, thirty feet deep and filled with rocks, were en-

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countered. The local workmen, thinking these to be untouched burial pits similar to those found long ago at the Bab el Gûsus, were greatly excited at the prospect of reward. But Mr. Winlock was more sceptical. To him pits for trees were suggested, but why should they be filled with rocks instead of earth? As the diggers approached the temple, however, the mystery was solved.

"One pair of holes turned out to be filled with soil, and in it we could see tree-roots. Gradually it dawned on us what had happened. The avenue had been laid out across the court, parallel to the existing stone walls which belonged to the third plan. But the front wall of the court remains to this day on the line of the second plan, at right angles to the curved walls, and the gateway is where the centre of the court would be if that second plan had been carried out. . . . A fourth change of plan was now made to correct somebody's blunder. Ten holes in each row were filled with rock and covered over and only the four nearest the temple in each row were planted with sycamore fig-trees. These were so far from the gateway that the architects judged that no one would notice that they were out of alignment with it. As a semi-poetic touch, under each tree they placed a sandstone statue of the king standing in its welcome shade—we found the broken statues lying beside each one, and the holes in the mud where they had stood—and in one case some pious person had made a little altar of earth by the tree trunk." *

This incident is illuminating, both in the light it casts on the bungling methods of these ancient Egyptian builders and the keen analysis of the modern archæologist. Armed with these conclusions, he was also in a position to recognize the value of a diagram traced in red lines on the floor slab from the temple and picked up in the dump heap of the former excavators (see below). It represents the actual plan or project for planting the trees which had just been found. The square temple platform and the ramp leading to it are indicated by a shaded area, not drawn to scale, sketched in the central rectangle. On the right, there was room for four rows of trees. The landscape architect, after noting this, made his rough diagram on the floor slab in the temple, placing four rows of trees on each side of the ramp. Later, however, his attention was called to the fact that the temple was not symmetrical, so he erased the outer row on the left, leaving the three rows actually found in the narrower space on this side.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Part of the architect's project for the temple garden.

The human interest of this discovery is repeated in the foundation deposits, missed by previous excavators but now brought to light under the four corner-stones of the temple. While clearing out the sand which had drifted in at one of the angles, preparatory to the draftsman's task of replanning the building, the workmen accidently struck with their hoes into a square hole, from which they brought out a broken mud brick. A bronze tablet had fallen from this, recalling to Mr. Winlock the corner-stone

* Bulletin Metropolitan Museum of Art, part II, p. 25, December, 1922.

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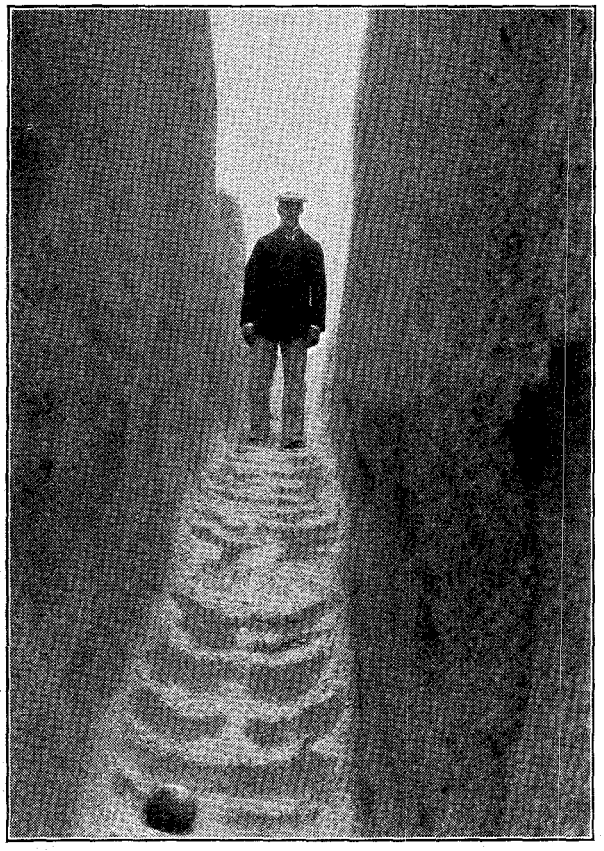
deposit found in 1921 by Mr. Mace at the Lisht pyramid. So the other three corners, where similar deposits might be expected to lie, were instantly examined with the best of results.

On the great day of the corner-stone laying the priests of the temple, probably accompanied by the pharaoh, had ceremoniously visited one corner of the building and deposited the head, a leg, and a rib of an ox sacrificed for the occasion. To this food, for the future use of the king who would some day lie in the temple's tomb, they added conical loaves of bread, barley, fruits, cakes, and miniature wine-jars. After filling the hole, the masons moulded four bricks, one plain, the others set with tablets of bronze, a tablet of alabaster, and a tablet of wood—the materials of which the temple was to be constructed—each carved with the name of the pharaoh. These were duly placed under the four corners, where they remained for four thousand years. But a member of the party, with little regard for the solemnity of the occasion, carelessly slipped upon one of the soft bricks, leaving his footprint as a lasting record.



Trench surrounding Assuan Obelisk.
One of the dolerite spheres used in cutting the trench lies in the foreground.

Even more remarkable were the foundation deposits discovered under the south-east corner of the adjoining great temple of Queen Hatshepsut, erected five hundred years later. These included dates, a quail, and a tray of fig branches filled with bundles of celery, in addition to the same food found in the smaller temple. Models of builders' tools were inserted, however, instead of the four symbolical bricks. These comprised the axe, adze, mallet, and chisels of the carpenter; the crucible of the smelter; the mould of the brickmaker; the pick of the digger, and the rush sieves for sand. An XIth dynasty mason's cord and reel, found in a neighboring tomb, is another realistic relic of the ancient builders.

I wish that space sufficed for a description of the many other recent discoveries of the Metropolitan Museum parties, both at Thebes and at the pyramids of Lisht. Most interesting of all were the remarkable series of papyri comprising the correspondence between the Ka-servant Hekanakht and the members of his family, yielding a vivid picture of Egyptian agricultural and domestic life, four thousand years ago. Fortunately these have recently been described in the March number of this magazine by Mr. Winlock.

THE GREAT ASSUAN OBELISK

Some of the most interesting results of modern research are described and fully illustrated in Petrie's "Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt." In studying the meth-

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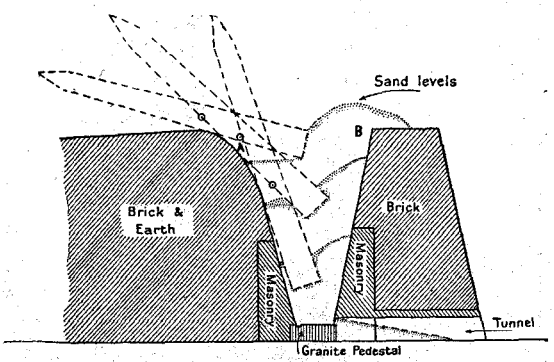
ods of these craftsmen one is struck by the curious contrasts so frequently encountered. Their boldness and success in quarrying, transporting, and erecting enormous blocks of the hardest granite, weighing many hundreds of tons; the perfection of some of their masonry, said by Petrie to have surfaces accurate to two-thousandths of an inch over a length of ten or twelve feet; and the distinction and elegance of their sculptured surfaces in low and high relief, command universal admiration. Yet they seem never to have known so simple a mechanical device as the block and tackle, and though they used the potter's wheel from earliest times, the easy expedient of transforming it into a lathe does not appear to have occurred to them. In the temple of Karnak I was impressed by the examination of two deep holes, drilled near the summit of an obelisk of hard granite, for the purpose of attaching the cap of electrum. The corner had been broken away, and only the lower extremities of the two holes, drilled in faces at right angles to one another, still remained. The accuracy with which they were aligned and the perfection of the work were most striking. From a portion of the core left at the bottom of one of them, it was plain that a piece of thin-walled tubing, probably of copper or bronze, fed with emery, had been employed for drilling. Both the method and the workmanship would have done credit to a modern mechanic, armed with tools of his own selection. It is thus evident that their implements and devices are worthy of much study, particularly those involved in the construction and erection of their enormous granite obelisks.

Until recently the great obelisk at Assuan lay buried for over half its length under a great heap of blocks and chips, removed during the past year under the direction of Mr. R. Engelbach, Chief Inspector of the Antiquities Department, to whom I am indebted for the information given here.

The obelisk, far larger than any other in Egypt, still lies in the quarry bed, its lower face attached to the livingrock. Its length is about 133 feet, its breadth at the base nearly 14 feet, and its weight when finished would have been 1,168 English tons. The largest finished obelisk is that now at the Lateran, Rome, 105½ feet high, weighing about 455 tons. The colossal task undertaken by the unknown pharaoh who ordered the construction of the Assuan obelisk may thus be faintly realized, but to appreciate its scale one must pace its length and breadth and descend into the trench which completely surrounds it.



Three successive stages in the erection of an obelisk.

According to Mr. Engelbach, the obelisk is drawn up the long inclined planes on the left until the base, overhanging the funnel, rests on the sand with which it is filled. As the sand slowly flows out, the obelisk rises toward the vertical position.

Here, as Mr. Engelbach has ingeniously conceived them, the methods of the ancient quarriers have left their indelible mark. Much evidence in the form of burnt mud bricks and burnt granite was found to indicate that the rock of the quarry was first reduced to an approximate level by burning reeds, banked with mud bricks, on the surface and hammering away the brittle material. Water poured on the hot surface may also have been used to splinter it. Some wedge marks on the stone, such as are common in other parts of the quarry, indicate that the next step was to remove part of the face by driving in metal wedges, perhaps like those found in the Ramesseum by Petrie. But the most interesting part of the process was used in cutting the deep trenches that surround the great block.

In these trenches and in the neighboring scrap-heaps Mr. Engelbach found thousands of spherical balls of greenish-black dolerite, an intensely hard and tough rock which occurs at both the First

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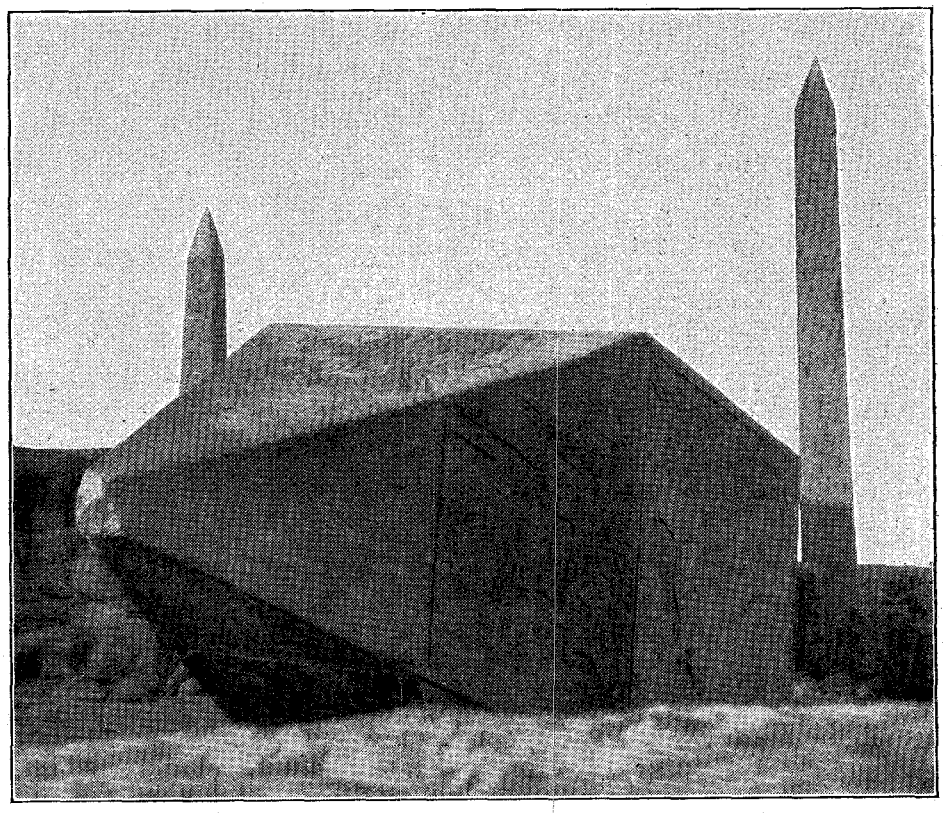
and Second Cataracts. After a careful study of the trench, which shows no trace of chisel or wedge marks and has rounded corners everywhere, he concludes that these round balls were the quarry tools employed as pounders to excavate the trench. They range in diameter from eight to thirteen inches, and weigh from nine to fifteen pounds each. Mounted at the end of rammers, and worked up and down by two or more men, these simple tools would wear away the coarse and granular rock much faster than one might suppose. We may imagine the large gangs ramming away rhythmically, keeping in step by just such songs as we hear to-day from the oarsmen or the crew scrubbing the decks of a Nile steamer.

After examining the evidence on the spot, I believe Mr. Engelbach's conjecture to be correct. He found that by an hour's hard work he could wear away a fifth of an inch of granite, over an area one foot by half the width of the trench. A rough approximation for the time required to complete the trench to a level low enough to permit undercutting gave 7.2 months of twelve hours per day. The same calculation applied to the smaller obelisk of Queen Hatshepsut gives 4.4 months. The queen described her obelisk as "of one block of enduring granite, without seam or joining. My majesty exacted work thereon from the year 15, the first of Machir (sixth month), making seven months of exaction in the mountain." Allowing for undercutting and top clearance, Mr. Engelbach considers this to be a fair agreement.



Obelisks in the Great Temple of Karnak.

It is interesting, in examining the trench, to observe the vertical red lines which mark the divisions between a series of parallel and equidistant vertical cuts, concave in section, as though made with an immense cheese scoop. These are about one foot apart, and seem to define the limits within which each rammer was worked. The red marks were evidently

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extended toward the bottom of the trench as the level of the cutting descended.

Mr. Engelbach's memoir is full of interesting details regarding the obelisk. As the work progressed and new surfaces were laid bare the workmen encountered serious cracks, which were carefully investigated. Several methods of examination were employed, each involving the hammering or cutting away of the material to a lower level, to see whether the cracks persisted. The original obelisk, the form of which can still be seen traced on the upper face, was finally abandoned and several attempts were made to select a somewhat smaller obelisk, by avoiding serious cracks. The trial sketches made on the face for the purpose have been found, though some of the lines are extremely faint. Here, as in many tombs where the wall decorations were changed or left unfinished, it is even more interesting to follow the craftsman's tentative steps than to see his completed work.

The undercutting and removal of such an enormous mass of granite would have been a formidable task, but the successful erection of the huge colossus of the Ramesseum and the colossi of Amenhotep III on the Theban plain show that it was within the capacity of the ancient Egyptian engineer. By completely undercutting the obelisk (using the same method of ramming) and employing a force of six thousand men armed with ropes and levers, Mr. Engelbach indicates how the great granite block could be removed from its seat and rolled out on a bed of sand. As for its transport to the Nile, it seems probable that after it had been rolled sideways in sand to a point but little above the level of the floor of the valley, it would have been hauled the rest of the way to the Nile on rollers running on heavy timber rails. Rollers were used in Assyria in the eighth century B. C., and may have been known earlier than the fifteenth century B. C. If not indigenous in the Nile Valley, this idea may have been transmitted there through frequent intercourse with Assyria. Ancient cylinders of wood and stone, probably used as rollers, have been found in Egypt.

Once arrived at the Nile, and the difficulty of loading on boats overcome, the method of river transport is shown by Queen Hatshepsut's picture in the temple of Deir el Bahri. This represents her two obelisks, presumably those of Karnak, placed butt to butt on a boat at least two hundred and fifty feet long.

The problem of erection is less obvious, and here Mr. Engelbach has devised a method of great simplicity and beauty, which the ancient Egyptians may well have employed. A working model, which he has kindly shown me in action, illustrates this perfectly. A square funnel of sun-dried brick, or smooth masonry, is first erected around and above the granite base prepared for the obelisk, leaving a space about twenty inches high and five feet wide, clear over the edge of the base, leading out to a tunnel. The funnel's walls are at such a slope that the obelisk when lowered into it can lie against them without being forced past its dead centre into an upright position. The funnel, flaring outward, continues to a height well above the centre of gravity of the obelisk, the slope *A* finally reaching in a gentle curve the surface of a long inclined embankment.

Up this embankment the obelisk is pulled on rollers until its larger end rests on the finest blown sand, with which the funnel has first been filled. As this sand is gradually removed the base of the obelisk slowly sinks toward its support. If properly controlled, its lower edge will finally lie in the groove always found cut in the base, apparently to keep the obelisk from twisting, and to prevent crushing of its edge. The obelisk is finally pulled into the vertical position after the removal of all the sand through the tunnel. A bed of faggots inserted between the obelisk and the wall *B* would serve as a damping cushion to check any tendency to rock to and fro.

The automatic action of the working model, when the sand is allowed to flow out below, is very effective. The method is certainly far more plausible than that proposed by Choisy in his "L'Art de bâtir chez les Egyptiens," or the method of Petrie,* from which this one is developed. It seems probable that it might have served even for the erection of the gigantic obelisk in the quarry of Assuan.†

* "Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt," p. 77.

† For complete details see Mr. Engelbach's forthcoming memoir, "The Aswan Obelisk, with Some Remarks on the Ancient Engineering." Imprimerie de l'Institut Français d'Archéologie Orientale, Le Caire.

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A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

XXIX

COMING out of the unlit rainy March night, it was agreeable but almost startling to Campton to enter Mrs. Talkett's drawing-room. In the softness of shaded lamplight, against curtains closely drawn, young women dressed with extravagant elegance chatted with much-decorated officers in the new "horizon" uniform, with here and there among them an elderly civilian head, such as Harvey Mayhew's silvery thatch and the square rapacious skull of the newly knighted patriot, Sir Cyril Jorgenstein.

Campton had gone to Mrs. Talkett's that afternoon because she had lent her apartment to "The Friends of French Art," who were giving a concert organized by Miss Anthony and Mlle. Davril, with Mme. de Dolmetsch's pianist as their leading performer. It would have been ungracious to deprive the indefatigable group of the lustre they fancied Campton's presence would confer; and he was not altogether sorry to be there. He knew that George had promised Miss Anthony to come; and he wanted to see his son with Mrs. Talkett.

An abyss seemed to divide this careless throng of people, so obviously assembled for their own pleasure, the women to show their clothes, the men to admire them, from the worn preoccupied audiences of the first war-charity entertainments. The war still raged; wild hopes had given way to dogged resignation; each day added to the sum of public anguish and private woe. But the strain had been too long, the tragedy too awful. The idle and the useless had reached their emotional limit, and once more they dressed and painted, smiled, gossiped, flirted as though the long agony were over.

On a sofa stacked with orange velvet cushions Mme. de Dolmetsch reclined in a sort of serpent coil of flexible grey-green hung with strange amulets. Her eyes, in which fabulous islands seemed to dream, were fixed on the bushy-haired young man at the piano. Close by, upright and tight-waisted, sat the Marquise de Tranlay, her mourning veil thrown back from a helmet-like hat. She had planted herself in a Louis Philippe armchair, as if appealing to its sturdy frame to protect her from the anarchy of Mrs. Talkett's furniture; and beside her was the daughter for whose sake she had doubtless come—a frowning beauty who, in spite of her dowdy dress and ugly boots, somehow declared herself as having already broken away from the maternal tradition.

Mme. de Tranlay's presence in that drawing-room was characteristic enough. It meant—how often one heard it nowadays!—that mothers had to take their daughters wherever there was a chance of their meeting young men, and that such chances were found only in the few "foreign" houses where, discreetly, almost clandestinely, entertaining had been resumed. You had to take them there, Mme. de Tranlay's look seemed to say, because they had to be married (the sooner the better in these wild times, with all the old barriers down), and because the young men were growing so tragically few, and the competition was so fierce, and because in such emergencies a French mother, whose first thought is always for her children, must learn to accept, even to seek, propinquities from which her inmost soul, and all the ancestral souls within her, would normally recoil.

Campton remembered her gallant attitude on the day when, under her fresh crape, she had rebuked Mrs. Brant's despondency. "But how she hates it here—how she must loathe sitting next to

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that woman!" he thought; and just then he saw her turn toward Mme. de Dolmetsch with a stiff bend from the waist, and heard her say in her most conciliatory tone: "Your great friend the rich American, chère Madame, the benefactor of France—we should so like to thank him, Claire and I, for all he is doing for our country."

Beckoned to by Mme. de Dolmetsch, Mr. Mayhew, all pink and silver and prominent pearl scarf-pin, bowed profoundly before the Tranlay ladies, while the Marquise deeply murmured: "We are grateful—we shall not forget—" and Mademoiselle de Tranlay, holding him with her rich gaze, added in fluent English: "Mama hopes you'll come to tea on Sunday—with no one but my uncle the Duc de Montlhéry—so that we may thank you better than we can here."

"Great women—great women!" Campton mused. He was still watching Mme. de Tranlay's dauntless mask when her glance deserted the gratified Mayhew to seize on a younger figure. It was that of George, who had just entered. Mme. de Tranlay, with a quick turn, caught Campton's eye, greeted him with her trenchant cordiality, and asked, in a voice like the pounce of talons: "The young officer who has the Legion of Honour—the one you just nodded to—with reddish hair and his left arm in a sling? French, I suppose, from his uniform; and yet—? Yes, talking to Mrs. Talkett. Can you tell me——?"

"My son," said Campton with satisfaction.

The effect was instantaneous, though Mme. de Tranlay kept her radiant steadiness. "How charming—charming—charming!" And, after a proper interval: "But, Claire, my child, we've not yet spoken to Mrs. Brant, whom I see over there." And she steered her daughter swiftly toward Julia.

Campton's eyes returned to his son. George was still with Mrs. Talkett, but they had only had time for a word or two before she was called away to seat an important dowager. In that moment, however, the father noted many things. George, as usual nowadays, kept his air of guarded kindliness, though the blue of his eyes grew deeper; but Mrs. Talkett seemed bathed in light. It was such a self-revelation that Campton's curiosity was lost in the artist's abstract joy. "If I could have painted her like that!" he thought, reminded of having caught Mme. de Dolmetsch transfigured by fear for her lover; but an instant later he remembered. "Poor little thing!" he murmured. Mrs. Talkett turned her head, as if his thought had reached her. "Oh, yes—oh, yes; come and let me tell you all about it," her eyes entreated him. But Mayhew and Sir Cyril Jorgenstein were between them.

"George!" Mrs. Brant called; and across the intervening groups Campton saw his son bowing to the Marquise de Tranlay.

Mme. de Dolmetsch jumped up, her bracelets jangling like a prompter's call. "Silence!" she cried. The ladies squeezed into their seats, the men resigned themselves to door-posts and window-embrasures, and the pianist attacked Stravinsky. . .

"Dancing?" Campton heard his hostess answering some one. "N—no: not *quite* yet, I think. Though in London, already . . . oh, just for the officers on leave, of course. Poor darlings—why shouldn't they? But to-day, you see, it's for a charity." Her smile appealed to her hearer to acknowledge the distinction.

The music was over, and scanning the groups at the tea-tables, Campton saw Adele and Mlle. Davril squeezed away in the remotest corner of the room. He took a chair at their table, and Boylston presently blinked his way to them through the crowd.

They seemed, all four, more like unauthorized intruders on the brilliant scene than its laborious organizers. The entertainment, escaping from their control, had speedily reverted to its true purpose of feeding and amusing a crowd of bored and restless people; and the little group recognized the fact, and joked over it in their different ways. But Mlle. Davril was happy at the sale of tickets, which must have been immense to judge from the crowd (spying about the entrance, she had seen furious fine ladies turn away ticketless); and Adele Anthony was exhilarated by the nearness of people she did not know, or wish to know, but with

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whose names and private histories she was minutely and passionately familiar.

"That's the old Duchesse de Murols with Mrs. Talkett—there, she's put her at the Beausites' table! Well, of all places! Ah, but you're all too young to know about Beausite's early history. And now, of course, it makes no earthly difference to anybody. But there must be times when Mme. Beausite remembers, and grins. Now that she's begun to rouge again she looks twenty years younger than the Duchess.—Ah," she broke off, abruptly signing to Campton.

He followed her glance to a table at which Julia Brant was seating herself with the Tranlay ladies and George. Mayhew joined them, nobly deferential, and the elder ladies lent him their intensest attention, isolating George with the young girl.

"H'm," Adele murmured, "not such a bad thing! They say the girl will have half of old Montlhéry's money—he's her mother's uncle. And she's heaps handsomer than the other—not that *that* seems to count any more!"

Campton shrugged the subject away. Yes; it would be a good thing if George could be drawn from what his mother (with a retrospective pinching of the lips) called his "wretched infatuation." But the idea that the boy might be coaxed into a marriage—and a rich marriage—by the Brants, was even more distasteful to Campton. If he really loved Madge Talkett, better stick to her than let himself be cajoled away for such reasons.

As the second part of the programme began, Campton and Boylston slipped out together. Campton was oppressed and disturbed. "It's queer," he said, taking Boylston's arm to steer him through the dense darkness of the streets; "all these people who've forgotten the war have suddenly made me remember it."

Boylston laughed. "Yes, I know." He seemed preoccupied and communicative, and the painter fancied he was going to lead the talk, as usual, to Preparedness and America's intervention; but after a pause he said: "You haven't been much at the office lately——"

"No," Campton interrupted. "I've shirked abominably since George got back. But now that he's gone to the Brants' you'll see——"

"Oh, I didn't mean it as a reproach, sir! How could you think it? We're running smoothly enough, as far as organization goes. That's not what bothers me——"

"You're bothered?"

Yes; he was—and so, he added, was Miss Anthony. The trouble was, he went on to explain, that Mr. Mayhew, after months of total indifference (except when asked to "represent" them on official platforms), had developed a disquieting interest in the "Friends of French Art." He had brought them, in the beginning, a certain amount of money (none of which came out of his own pocket), and in consequence had been imprudently put on the Financial Committee, so that he had a voice in the disposal of funds, though till lately he had never made it heard. But now, apparently, "Atrocities" were losing their novelty, and he was disposed to transfer his whole attention to the "Friends of French Art," with results which seemed incomprehensibly disturbing to Boylston, until he let drop the name of Mme. de Dolmetsch. Campton exclaimed at it.

"Well—yes. You must have noticed that she and Mr. Mayhew have been getting pretty chummy. You see, he's done such a lot of talking that people think he's at least an Oil King; and Mme. de Dolmetsch is dazzled. But she's got her musical prodigy to provide for—" and Boylston outlined the situation which his astuteness had detected while it developed unperceived under Campton's dreaming eyes. Mr. Mayhew was attending all their meetings now, finding fault, criticizing, asking to have the accounts investigated, though they had always been audited at regular intervals by expert accountants; and all this zeal originated in the desire to put Mme. de Dolmetsch in Miss Anthony's place, on the plea that her greater social experience, her gift of attracting and interesting, would bring in immense sums of money—whereas, Boylston grimly hinted, there was already a large balance in the bank, and it was with an eye to that balance that Mme. de Dolmetsch was forcing Mayhew to press her claim.

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"You see, sir, Mr. Mayhew never turns out to be as liberal as they expect when they first hear him talk; and though Mme. de Dolmetsch has him in her noose she's not getting what she wants—by a long way. And so they've cooked this up between them—she and Mme. Beausite—without his actually knowing what they're after."

Campton stopped short, releasing Boylston's arm. "But what you suggest is abominable," he exclaimed.

"Yes. I know it." But the young man's voice remained steady. "Well, I wish you'd come to our meetings, now you're back."

"I will—I will! But I'm no earthly use on financial questions. You're much stronger there."

He felt Boylston's grin through the darkness. "Oh, they'll have me out too before long."

"You? Nonsense! What do you mean?"

"I mean that lots of people are beginning to speculate in war charities—oh, in all sorts of ways. Sometimes I'm sick to the point of chucking it all. But Miss Anthony keeps me going."

"Ah, she would!" Campton agreed.

As he walked home his mind was burdened with Boylston's warning. It was not merely the affair itself, but all it symbolized, that made his gorge rise, made him, as Boylston said, sick to the point of wanting to chuck it all—to chuck everything connected with this hideous world that was dancing and flirting and money-making on the great red mounds of dead. He grinned at the thought that he had once believed in the regenerative power of war—the salutary shock of great moral and social upheavals. Yet he *had* believed in it, and never more intensely than at George's bedside at Doullens, in that air so cleansed by passion and pain that mere living seemed a meaningless gesture compared to the chosen surrender of life. But in the Paris to which he had returned after barely four months of absence the instinct of self-preservation seemed to have wiped all meaning from such words. Poor fatuous Mayhew dancing to Mme. de Dolmetsch's piping, Jorgenstein sinking under the weight of his international honours, Mme. de Tranlay intriguing to push her daughter in such society, and Julia placidly abetting her—Campton hardly knew from which of these sorry visions he turned with a completer loathing. . .

There were still the others, to be sure, the huge obscure majority; out there in the night, the millions giving their lives for this handful of trivial puppets, and here in Paris, and everywhere, in every country, men and women toiling steadily to help and heal; but in Mrs. Talkett's drawing-room both fighters and toilers seemed to count as little in relation to the merrymakers as Miss Anthony and Mlle. Davril in relation to the brilliant people who had crowded their table into the obscurest corner of the room.

XXX

THESE thoughts continued to weigh on Campton; to shake them off he decided, with one of his habitual quick jerks of resolution, to get back to work. He knew that George would approve, and would perhaps be oftener with him if he had something interesting on his easel. Sir Cyril Jorgenstein had suggested that he would like to have his portrait finished—with the Legion of Honour added to his lapel, no doubt. And Harvey Mayhew, rosy and embarrassed, had dropped in to hint that, if Campton could find time to do a charcoal head—oh, just one of those brilliant sketches of his—of the young musical genius in whose career their friend Mme. de Dolmetsch was so much interested. . . But Campton had cut them both short. He was not working—he had no plans for the present. And in truth he had not thought even of attempting a portrait of George. The impulse had come to him, once, as he sat by the boy's bed; but the face was too incomprehensible. He should have to learn and unlearn too many things first——

At last, one day, it occurred to him to make a study of Mme. Lebel. He saw *her* in charcoal: her simple unquestioning anguish had turned her old face to sculpture. Campton set his canvas on the easel, and started to shout for her down the stairs; but as he opened the door he found himself face to face with Mrs. Talkett.

"Oh," she began at once, in her breath-

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less way, "you're here? The old woman downstairs wasn't sure—and I couldn't leave all this money with her, could I?"

"Money? What money?" he echoed.

She was very simply dressed, and a veil, drooping low from her hat-brim, gave to her over-eager face a shadowy youthful calm.

"I *may* come in?" she questioned, almost timidly; and as Campton let her pass she added: "The money from the concert, of course—heaps and heaps of it! I'd no idea we'd made so much. And I wanted to give it to you myself."

She shook a bulging bag out of her immense muff, while Campton continued to stare at her.

"I didn't know you went out so early," he finally stammered, trying to push a newspaper over the disordered remains of his breakfast.

She lifted interrogative eyebrows. "That means that I'm in the way?"

"No. But why did you bring that money here?"

She looked surprised. "Why not? Aren't you the head—the real head of the committee? And wasn't the concert given in my house?" Her eyes rested on him with renewed timidity. "Is it—disagreeable to you to see me?" she suddenly brought out.

"Disagreeable? My dear child, no." He paused, increasingly embarrassed. What did she expect him to say next? To thank her for having sent him the orderly's letter? It seemed to him impossible to plunge into the subject uninvited. Surely it was for her to give him the opening, if she wished to.

"Well, no!" she broke out. "I've never once pretended to you, have I? The money's a pretext. I wanted to see you—here, alone, with no one to disturb us."

Campton felt a confused stirring of relief and fear. All his old dread of scenes, commotions, disturbing emergencies—of anything that should upset his perpetually vibrating balance—was blent with the passionate desire to hear what his visitor was evidently preparing to say.

"You—it was good of you to think of sending us that letter," he faltered.

She frowned in her anxious way and looked away from him. "Afterward I was afraid you'd be angry."

"Angry? How could I?" He groped for a word. "Surprised—yes. I knew nothing . . . nothing about you and . . ."

"Not even that it was I who bought the sketch of him—the one that Léonce Black sold for you last year?"

The blood rushed to Campton's face. Suddenly he felt himself trapped and betrayed. "You—*you?* You've got that sketch?" The thought was somehow intolerable to him.

"Ah, now you *are* angry," Mrs. Talkett murmured.

"No, no; but I never imagined——"

"I know. That was what frightened me—your suspecting nothing." She glanced about her, dropped to a corner of the divan, and tossed off her hat with the old familiar gesture. "Oh, can I talk to you?" she pleaded.

Campton nodded.

"I wish you'd light your pipe, then, and sit down too." He reached for his pipe, struck a match, and slowly seated himself. "You always smoke a pipe in the morning, don't you? *He* told me that," she went on; then she paused again and drew a long anxious breath. "Oh, he's so changed! I feel as if I didn't know him any longer—do *you?*"

Campton looked at her with deepening wonder. This was more surprising than discovering her to be the possessor of the picture; he had not expected deep to call unto deep in their talk. "I'm not sure that I do," he confessed.

Her fidgeting eyes deepened and grew quieter. "Your saying so makes me feel less lonely," she sighed, half to herself. "But has he told you nothing since he came back—really nothing?"

"Nothing. After all—how could he? I mean, without indiscretion?"

"Indiscretion? Oh—" She shrugged the word away with half a smile, as though such considerations belonged to a prehistoric order of things. "Then he hasn't even told you that he wants me to get a divorce?" she began again.

"A divorce?" Campton exclaimed. He sat staring at her as if the weight of his gaze might pin her down, keep her from fluttering away and breaking up into luminous impalpable splinters. George

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wanted her to get a divorce—wanted, therefore, to marry her! His passion went as deep for her as that—too deep, Campton conjectured, for the poor little ephemeral creature, who struck him as wriggling on it like a butterfly impaled.

"Please tell me," he said at length; and suddenly, in short inconsequent sentences, the confession poured from her.

George, it seemed, during the previous winter in New York, when they had seen so much of each other, had been deeply attracted, had wanted "everything," and at once—and there had been moments of tension and estrangement, when she had been held back by scruples she confessed she no longer understood (inherited prejudices, she supposed), and when her reluctance must have made her appear to be trifling, whereas, really it was just that she couldn't . . . couldn't. . . So they had gone on for several months, with the usual emotional ups and downs, till, just before the war, he had left for Europe to join his father; and when they had parted she had given him the half-promise that if they met abroad during the summer she would perhaps . . . after all . . .

Then came the war. George had been with her during those few last hours in Paris, and had dined with her and her husband (had Campton forgiven her?) the night before he was mobilised. And then, when he was gone, she had understood that only timidity, vanity, the phantom barriers of old terrors and traditions, had prevented her being to him all that he wanted. . .

She broke off abruptly, put in a few conventional words about an ill-assorted marriage, and never having been "really understood," and then, as if guessing that she was on the wrong tack, jumped up, walked to the other end of the studio, and turned back to Campton with the tears running down her ravaged little face.

"And now—and now—he says he won't have me!" she lamented.

"Won't? But you tell me he wants you to be divorced."

She nodded, wiped the tears away, and in so doing stole an unconscious glance at the mirror above the divan. Then, seeing that the glance was detected, she burst into a sort of sobbing laugh. "My nose gets so dreadfully red when I cry," she stammered.

Campton took no notice of this, and she went on: "A divorce? Yes. And unless I do—unless I agree to marry him—we're never to be anything to each other but friends."

"That's what he says?"

"Yes. Oh, we've been all in and out of it hundreds of times."

She pulled out a gold-mesh bag and furtively restored her complexion, as Mrs. Brant had once done in the same place.

Campton sat still, considering. He had let his pipe go out. Nothing could have been farther from the revelation he had expected, and his own perplexity was hardly less great than his visitor's. Certainly it was not the way in which young men had behaved in his day—nor, evidently, had it been George's before the war.

Finally he made up his mind to put the question: "And Talkett?"

She broke out at once: "Ah, that's what I say—it's not so simple!"

"What isn't?"

"Breaking up—all one's life." She paused with a deepening embarrassment. "Of course Roger has made me utterly miserable—but then I know he really hasn't meant to."

"Have you told George that?"

"Yes. But he says we must first of all be above-board. He says he sees everything differently now. That's what I mean when I say that I don't understand him. He says love's not the same feeling to him that it was before. There's something of Meredith's that he quotes—I wish I could remember it—something about a mortal lease."

"Good Lord," Campton groaned, not so much at the hopelessness of the case as at the hopelessness of quoting Meredith to her. After a while he said abruptly: "You must forgive my asking: but things change sometimes—they change imperceptibly. Do you think my son is as much in love with you as ever?"

He had been half afraid of offending her: but she appeared to consider the question impartially, and without a shadow of resentment. "Sometimes I think more—because in the beginning it wasn't meant to last. And now—if he

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wants to marry me? Oh, I wish I knew what to do!" she burst out.

Campton continued to ponder. "There's one more question, since we're talking frankly: what does Talkett know of all this?"

She looked frightened. "Oh, nothing, nothing!"

"And you've no idea how he would take it?"

She examined the question with tortured eyebrows, and at length, to Campton's astonishment, brought out: "Magnificently——"

"He'd be generous, you mean? But it would go hard with him?"

"Oh, dreadfully, dreadfully!" She seemed to need the assurance to restore her shaken self-approval.

Campton rose with an uncontrollable movement of pity and laid his hand on her shoulder. "My dear child, if your husband cares for you, give up my son."

Her face fell, and she drew back. "Oh, but you don't understand—not in the least! It's not possible—it's not moral—. You know I'm all for the new morality. First of all, we must be true to self." She paused, and then broke out: "You tell me to give him up because you think he's tired of me. But he's not—I know he's not! It's his new ideas that you don't understand, any more than I do. It's the war that has changed him. He says he wants only things that last—that are permanent—things that hold a man fast. That sometimes he feels as if he were being swept away on a flood, and were trying to catch at things—at anything—as he's rushed along under the waves... He says he wants quiet, monotony . . . to be sure the same things will happen every day. When we go out together he sometimes stands for a quarter of an hour and stares at the same building, or at the Seine under the bridges. But he's happy, I'm sure... I've never seen him happier . . . only it's in a way I can't make out. . ."

"Ah, my dear, if it comes to that—I'm not sure that I can. Not sure enough to help you, I'm afraid."

She looked at him, disappointed. "You won't speak to him then?"

"Not unless he speaks to me."

"Ah, he frightens you—just as he does me!"

She pulled her hat down on her troubled brow, gathered up her furs, and took another sidelong peep at the glass. Then she turned toward the door. On the threshold she paused and looked back at Campton. "Don't you see," she cried, "that if I were to give George up he'd get himself sent straight back to the front?"

Campton's heart gave an angry leap; for a second he felt the impulse to strike her, to catch her by the shoulders and bundle her out of the room. With a great effort he controlled himself and opened the door.

"You don't understand—you don't understand!" she called back to him once again from the landing.

Madge Talkett had asked him to speak to his son: he had refused, and she had retaliated by planting that poisoned shaft in him. But what had retaliation to do with it? She had probably spoken the simple truth, and with the natural desire to enlighten him. If George wanted to marry her, it must be (since human nature, though it might change its vocabulary, kept its instincts), it must be that he was very much in love—and in that case her refusal would in truth go hard with him, and it would be natural that he should try to get himself sent away from Paris... From Paris, yes; but not necessarily to the front. After such wounds and such honours he had only to choose; a staff-appointment could easily be got. Or, no doubt, with his two languages, he might, if he preferred, have himself sent on a military mission to America. With all this propaganda talk, wasn't he the very type of officer they wanted for the neutral countries?

It was Campton's dearest wish that George should stay where he was; he knew his peace of mind would vanish the moment his son was out of sight. But he suspected that George would soon weary of staff-work, or of any form of ornamental soldiering, and try for the trenches if there were any question of leaving Paris; whereas, in Paris, Madge Talkett might hold him—as she had meant his father to see.

The first thing, then, was to make sure of a job at the War Office.

Campton turned and tossed like a sick

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man on the hard bed of his problem. To plan, to scheme, to plot and circumvent—nothing was more hateful to him, there was nothing in which he was less skilled. If only he dared to consult Adele Anthony! But Adele was still incorrigibly war-like, and her having been in George's secret while his parents were excluded from it left no doubt as to the side on which her influence would bear. She loved the boy, Campton sometimes thought, even more passionately than his mother did; but—how did the old song go?—she loved honour, or her queer conception of it, more. Ponder as he would, he could not picture her, even now, lifting a finger to keep George back.

Campton struggled all the morning with these questions. After lunch he pocketed Mrs. Talkett's money-bag and carried it to the Palais Royal, where he discovered Harvey Mayhew in confabulation with Mme. Beausite, who still trailed her ineffectual beauty about the office. The painter thought he detected a faint embarrassment in the glance with which they both greeted him.

"Hallo, Campton! Looking for our good friend Boylston? He's off duty this afternoon, Mme. Beausite tells me; as he is pretty often in these days, I've noticed," Mr. Mayhew sardonically added. "In fact, the office has rather been left to run itself lately—eh? Of course our good Miss Anthony is absorbed with her refugees—gives us but a divided allegiance. And Boylston—well, young men, young men, you know! It's been a weary pull for him. By the way, my dear fellow," Mr. Mayhew continued, as Campton appeared about to turn away, "I called at Mrs. Talkett's just now to ask for the money from the concert—a good round sum, I hear it is—and she told me she'd given it to you. Have you brought it with you? If so, Mme. Beausite here would take charge of it——"

Mme. Beausite turned her great resigned eyes on the painter. "Mr. Campton knows I'm very careful. I will lock it up till his friend's return. Now that Mr. Boylston is so much away I very often have such responsibilities."

Campton's eyes returned her glance; but he did not waver. "Thanks so much; but as the sum is rather large it seems to me the bank's the proper place. Will you please tell Boylston I've deposited it?"

Mr. Mayhew's benevolent pink turned to an angry red. For a moment Campton thought he was about to say something foolish. But he merely bent his head stiffly, muttered a vague phrase about "somewhat irregular proceedings," and returned to his seat by Mme. Beausite's desk.

As for Campton, his words had decided his course: he would take the money at once to Bullard and Brant's, and seize the occasion to see the banker. Mr. Brant was the only person with whom, at this particular juncture, he cared to talk of George.

XXXI

Mr. Brant's private office was as glitteringly neat as when Campton had entered it for the first time, and seen the fatal telegram about Benny Upsher marring the order of the banker's desk.

Now he crossed the threshold with different feelings. To have Mr. Brant look up and smile, to shake hands with him, accept one of his cigars, and sink into one of the blue leather arm-chairs, seemed to be in the natural order of things. He felt only the relief of finding himself with the one person likely to understand.

"About George—" he began at once.

"Yes?" said Mr. Brant briskly. "It's curious—I was just thinking of looking you up. It's his birthday next Tuesday, you know."

"Oh—" said the father, slightly put off. He had not come to talk of birthdays; nor did he need to be reminded of his son's by Mr. Brant. He concluded that Mr. Brant would be less easy to get on with in Paris than at the front.

"And we thought of celebrating the day by a little party—a dinner, with perhaps the smallest kind of a dance: or just bridge—yes, probably just bridge," the banker added tentatively. "Opinions differ as to the suitability—it's for his mother to decide about that. But of course no evening clothes; and we hoped perhaps to persuade you. Our only object is to amuse him—to divert his mind from this wretched entanglement."

It was doubtful if Mr. Brant had ever

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before made so long a speech, except perhaps at a board meeting; and then only when he read the annual report. He turned pink and stared over Campton's shoulder at the panelled white wall, on which a false Reynolds hung.

Campton meditated. The blush was the blush of Mr. Brant, but the voice was the voice of Julia. Still, it was probable that neither husband nor wife was aware how far matters had gone with Mrs. Talkett.

"George is more involved than you think," Campton said.

"In what way?"

Mr. Brant looked startled.

"He means to marry her. He insists on her getting a divorce."

"A divorce? Good gracious," murmured Mr. Brant. He turned over a jade paper-cutter, trying its edge absently on his nail. "Does Julia—?" he began at length.

Campton shook his head. "No; I wanted to speak to you first."

Mr. Brant gave his quick bow. He was evidently gratified, and the sentiment stimulated his faculties, as it had when he found that Campton no longer resented his presence at the hospital. His small effaced features took on a business-like sharpness, and he readjusted his eyeglasses and straightened the paper-cutter, which he had put back on the desk a fraction of an inch out of its habitual place.

"You had this from George?" he asked.

"No; from her. She's been to see me. *She* doesn't want to divorce. She's in love with him; in her way, that is; but she's frightened."

"And that makes him the more eager?"

"The more determined, at any rate."

Mr. Brant appeared to seize the distinction. "George can be very determined."

"Yes. I think his mother ought to be made to understand that all this talk about a wretched entanglement isn't likely to make him any less so."

Mr. Brant's look seemed to say that making Julia understand had proved a no less onerous task for his maturity than it had for Campton's youth.

"If you don't object—perhaps the matter might, for the present, continue to be kept between you and me," he tentatively suggested.

"Oh, by all means. What I want," Campton pursued, "is to get him out of this business altogether. They wouldn't be happy—they couldn't be. She's too much like—" He broke off, frightened at what he had been about to say. "Too much," he emended, "like the usual fool of a woman that every boy of George's age thinks he wants simply because he can't get her."

"And you say she came to you for advice?"

"She came to me to persuade him to give up the idea of a divorce. Apparently she's ready for anything short of that. It's a queer business. She seems sorry for Talkett in a way."

Mr. Brant marked his sense of the weight of this by a succession of attentive nods. He put his hands in his pockets, leaned back, and tilted his dapper toes against the gold-trellised scrap-basket. The attitude seemed to change the pale panelling of his Louis XIV background into a glass-and-mahogany Wall Street office.

"Won't he be satisfied with—er—all the rest, so to speak; since you say she offers it?"

"No; he won't. There's the difficulty. It seems it's the new view; the way the young men feel since the war. He wants her for his wife. Nothing less."

"Ah, he respects her," murmured Mr. Brant, impressed; and Campton reflected that he had no doubt respected Julia.

"And what she wants is to get you to persuade him—to accept less?"

"Well—something of the sort."

Mr. Brant sat up and dropped his heels to the floor. "Well, then—*don't!*" he snapped.

"Don't——?"

"Persuade her, on the contrary, to keep him hoping—to make him think she means to marry him. Don't you see?" Mr. Brant exclaimed, almost impatiently. "Don't you see that if she turns him down definitely he'll be scheming to get away, to get back to the front, the minute his leave is over? Tell her that—appeal to her on that ground. Make her do it. She will if she's in love with him. And *we* can't stop him from going back—not one

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of us. He's restless here already—I know that. Always talking about his men, saying he's got to get back to them. The only way is to hold him by this girl. She's the very influence we need!"

He threw it all out in sharp terse phrases, as a business man might try to hammer facts about an investment into the bewildered brain of an unpractical client. Campton felt the blood rising to his forehead, not so much in anger at Mr. Brant as at the sense of his own inward complicity.

"There's no earthly reason why George should ever go back to the front," he said slowly.

"None whatever. We can get him any staff-job he chooses. His mother's already got the half-promise of a post for him at the War Office. But you'll see, you'll see! We can't stop him. Did we before? There's only this woman who can do it!"

Campton looked over the banker's head at the reflection of the false Reynolds in the mirror. That any one should have been fool enough to pay a big price for such a patent fraud seemed to him as incomprehensible as his own present obtuseness seemed to the banker.

"You do see, don't you?" argued Mr. Brant anxiously.

"Oh, I suppose so." Campton slowly got to his feet. The adroit brush-work of the forged picture fascinated him, and he went up to look at it more closely. Mr. Brant pursued him with a gratified glance.

"Ah, you're admiring my Reynolds. I paid a thumping price for it—but that's always my principle. Pay high, but get the best. It's a better investment."

"Just so," Campton assented dully. Mr. Brant seemed suddenly divided from him by the whole width of the gulf between that daub on the wall and a real Reynolds. They had nothing more to say to each other—nothing whatever. "Well, goodbye." He held out his hand.

"Think it over—think it over," Mr. Brant called out after him as he enfiladed the sumptuous offices, a medalled veteran holding back each door.

It was not until Campton was back at Montmartre, and throwing off his coat to get into his old studio clothes, that he felt in his pocket the weight of the forgotten concert-money. It was too late in the day to take it back to the bank, even if he had had the energy to retrace his steps; and he decided to hand the bag over to Boylston, with whom he was dining that night to meet the elder Dastrey, home on a brief leave from his ambulance.

"Think it over!" Mr. Brant's adjuration continued to echo in Campton's ears. As if he needed to be told to think it over! Once again the war-worn world had vanished from his mind, and he saw only George, himself and George, George and safety, George and peace. They blamed women who were cowards about their husbands, mistresses who schemed to protect their lovers! Well—he was as bad as any one of them, if it came to that. His son had bought his freedom, had once offered his life and nearly lost it. Brant was right: at all costs they must keep him from rushing back into that hell.

That Mrs. Talkett should be the means of securing his safety was bitter enough. This trivial barren creature to be his all—it seemed the parody of Campton's own youth! And Julia, after all, had been only a girl when he had met her, inexperienced and still malleable. A man less absorbed in his art, less oblivious of the daily material details of life, might conceivably have made something of her. But this little creature, with her farrago of false ideas, her vanity, her restlessness, her undisguised desire to keep George and yet not lose her world, had probably reached the term of her development, and would trip on through an eternal infancy of fads and frenzies.

Luckily, as Mr. Brant said, they could use her for the time; use her better, no doubt, than had she been a more finely tempered instrument. Campton was still pondering on these things as he set out for the restaurant where he had agreed to meet Boylston and Dastrey. At the foot of his own stairs he was surprised to run against Boylston under the porte-cochère; they gave each other a quick questioning look, as men always did when they encountered each other unexpectedly in those days.

"Anything up? Oh, the money—you've come for the money?" Campton

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exclaimed, remembering that he had left Mrs. Talkett's bag upstairs.

"The money? Haven't you heard? Louis Dastrey's killed," Boylston answered.

They stood speechless in the doorway, while Campton's darkened mind struggled anew with the mystery of fate. Almost every day now the same dreadful readjustment had to be gone through: the cowering averted mind dragged upward and forced to visualize a new gap in the ranks, and summon the remaining familiar figures to fill it up and blot it out. And today this cruel gymnastic was to be performed for George's best friend, and the elder Dastrey's sole stake in life! Only a few days ago the lad had been in Paris, just back from America, and hurrying to rejoin his regiment; alive and eager, throbbing with ideas, with courage, mirth, and irony—the very material France needed to rebuild her ruins and beget her sons! And now, struck down as George had been—and not to rise like George...

Once more the inner voice in Campton questioned distinctly: "Could you bear it?" and again he answered: "Less than ever!"

Aloud he asked: "Paul?"

"Oh, he went off at once. To break the news to Louis' mother in the country."

"The boy was all Paul had left."

"Yes."

"What difference would it have made in the war, if he'd just stayed on at his job in America?"

Boylston did not answer, and the two stood silent, looking out unseeingly at the black empty street. There was nothing left to say, nowadays, when such blows fell; hardly anything left to feel, it sometimes seemed.

"Well, I suppose we must go and eat something," the older man said; and arm in arm they went out into the darkness.

When Campton returned home that night he sat down and, with the help of several pipes, wrote a note to Mrs. Talkett asking when she would receive him.

Thereafter he tried to go back to his painting and to continue his daily visits to the Palais Royal office. But for the time nothing seemed to succeed with him. He threw aside his study of Mme. Lebel—he hung about the office, confused and idle, and with the ever clearer sense that there also things were disintegrating.

George's birthday party had been given up on account of young Dastrey's death. Mrs. Brant evidently thought the postponement unnecessary; since George's return she had gone over heart and soul to the "business as usual" party. But Mr. Brant quietly sided with George; and Campton was glad to be spared the necessity of celebrating the day in such a setting.

It was some time since Campton had seen his son; but the fault was not his son's. The painter was aware of having voluntarily avoided George. He said to himself: "As long as I know he's safe why should I bother him?" But in reality he did not feel himself to be fit company for any one, and had even shunned poor Paul Dastrey on the latter's hurried passage through Paris, when he had come back from carrying the fatal news to young Dastrey's mother.

"What on earth could Paul and I have found to say to each other?" Campton argued with himself. "For men of our age there's nothing left to say nowadays. The only thing I can do is to try to work up one of my old studies of Louis. That might please him a little—later on."

But after one or two attempts he pushed away that canvas too.

At length one afternoon George came in. They had not met for over a week, and as George's blue uniform detached itself against the blurred tapestries of the studio, the north light modelling the fresh curves of his face, the father's heart gave a leap of pride. His son had never seemed to him so young and strong and vivid.

George, with a sudden blush, took his hand in a long pressure.

"I say, Dad—Madge has told me. Told me that you know about us, and that you've persuaded her to see things as I do. She hadn't had a chance to speak to me of your visit till last night."

Campton felt his colour rising; but though his own part in the business still embarrassed him he was glad that the barriers were down at last.

"I didn't want," George continued, still flushed and slightly embarrassed,

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"to say anything to you about all this till I could say: 'Here's my wife.' And now she's promised."

"She's promised?"

"Thanks to you, you know. Your visit to her did it. She told me the whole thing yesterday. How she'd come here in desperation, to ask you to help her, to have her mind cleared up for her; and how you'd thought it all over, and then gone to see her, and how wise and perfect you'd been about it all. Poor child—if you knew the difference it's made to her!"

They were seated now, the littered table between them. Campton, his elbows on it, his chin on his hands, looked across at his son, who faced the light.

"The difference to you too?" he questioned.

George smiled: it was exactly the same detached smile which he used to shed on the little nurse who brought him his cocoa.

"Of course. Now I can go back without worrying." He let the words fall as carelessly as if there were nothing in them to challenge attention.

"Go back?" Campton stared at him with a blank countenance. Had he heard aright? The noise of a passing lorry suddenly roared in his ears like the guns of the front.

"Did you say: *go back?*"

George opened his blue eyes wide. "Why, of course; as soon as ever I'm patched up. You didn't think——?"

"I thought you had the sense to realize that you've done your share in one line, and that your business now is to do it in another."

The same detached smile again brushed George's lips: "But if I happen to have only one line?"

"Nonsense! You know they don't think that at the War Office."

"I don't believe the War Office will shut down if I leave it."

"What an argument! It sounds like—" Campton, breaking off on a sharp breath, closed his lids for a second. He had been gazing too steadily into George's eyes, and now at last he knew what that mysterious look in them meant. It was Benny Upsher's look, of course—inaccessible to reason, beyond reason, belonging to other spaces, other weights and measures, over the edge, somehow, of the tangible calculable world. . .

"A man can't do more than his duty: you've done that," he growled.

But George insisted with his gentle obstinacy: "You'll feel differently about it when America comes in."

Campton shook his head. "Never about your case."

"You will—when you see how we all feel. When we're all in it you wouldn't have me looking on, would you? And then there are my men—I've got to get back to my men, you see."

"But you've no right to go now; no business," his father broke in violently. "Persuading that poor girl to wreck her life . . . and then leaving her, planting her there with her past ruined, and her future. . . George, you can't!"

George, in his long months of illness, had lost his old ruddiness of complexion. At his father's challenge the blood again rose the more visibly to his still gaunt cheeks and white forehead: he was evidently struck.

"You'll kill her—and kill your mother!" Campton stormed.

"Oh, it's not for to-morrow. Not for a long time, perhaps. My shoulder's still too stiff. I was stupid," the young man haltingly added, "to put it as I did. Of course I've got to think of Madge now," he acknowledged, "as well as mother."

The blood flowed slowly back to Campton's heart. "You've got to think of—just the mere common sense of the thing. That's all I ask. You've done your turn; you've done more. But never mind that. Now it's different. You're barely patched up: you're of use, immense use, for staff-work, and you know it. And you've asked a woman to tie up her future to yours—at what cost you know too. It's as much your duty to keep away from the front now as it was before—well, I admit it—to go there. You've done just what I should have wanted my son to do, up to this minute——"

George laid a hand on his a little wistfully. "Then just go on trusting me."

"I do—to see that I'm right! If I can't convince you, ask Boylston—ask Adele!"

George sat staring down at the table. For the first time since they had met at

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Doullens Campton was conscious of reaching his son's inner mind, and of influencing it.

"I wonder if you really love her?" he suddenly risked.

The question did not seem to offend George, scarcely to surprise him. "Of course," he said simply. "Only—well, everything's different nowadays, isn't it? So many of the old ideas have come to seem such humbug. That's what I want to drag her out of—the coils and coils of stale humbug. They were killing her."

"Well—take care *you* don't," Campton said, thinking that everything was different indeed, as he recalled the reasons young men had had for loving and marrying in his own time.

A faint look of amusement came into George's eyes. "Kill her? Oh, no. I'm gradually bringing her to life. But all this is hard to talk about—yet. By and by you'll understand; she'll show you, we'll show you together. But at present nothing's to be said—to any one, please, not even to mother. Madge thinks that this is no time for such things. There, of course, I don't agree; but I must be patient. The secrecy, the underhandedness, are hateful to me; but for her it's all a part of the sacred humbug."

He rose listlessly, as if the discussion had bled all the life out of him, and took himself away.

When he had gone his father drew a deep breath. Yes—the boy would stay in Paris; he would almost certainly stay; for the present, at any rate. And people were still prophesying that in the spring there would be a big push all along the line; and after that the nightmare might be over. Campton was glad that he had gone to see Madge Talkett. He was glad, above all, that if the thing had to be done it was over, and that, by Madge's wish, no one was to know of what had passed between them. It was a distinct relief, in spite of what he had suggested to George, not to have to carry that particular problem to Adele Anthony or Boylston.

A few days later George accepted a staff-appointment in Paris.

(To be continued.)

The Inarticulate

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

We who love song—and yet can make no sound;
We who are dumb when singers fill the earth,
What of our thoughts when thrilling notes resound,
What of our dreams when the great Word is found
That lifts us to heaven? . . . Are we of little worth?

We who love wonder and dreams—and yet are mute;
We who are passionate for swift tides of song,
Climbing to God from the tree's deepest root,
Yearning for star-dust and Love's highest fruit,
Pity us, O singers, when the years are long.

Yet somewhere and somehow we too shall sing,
Proudly articulate in far-distant spheres.
But now, in our silence, only we bring
Great understanding—oh, no little thing!—
And hark! in the darkness, our desperate tears.

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National Ideals in the Drama

1922–1923

BY ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN
Editor of "Contemporary American Plays," etc.

IT has been a great year in the theatre. The number and vitality of the American plays, the interesting and at times highly significant foreign offerings, the unusual opportunities to observe productions of real artistic merit such as the Moscow Art Theatre, and the notable revivals of Shakespeare have combined to provide the visitor to the theatres of New York with a programme more varied than he could find in any other place, and have justified its claim to be considered the theatrical capital of the world. The launching of the American National Theatre, even if its first offering was unsuccessful, and the attempt of the Equity Players to establish their own playhouse, in which the American playwright might find a hospitable reception, are also encouraging signs.

I have no intention of perpetrating what is known to the newspapers as a "review of the season." By the time this article, written in April, appears, readers will, I fancy, have been surfeited with lists of "ten best plays," which serve the purpose of irritation rather than inspiration. Purely descriptive criticism amounts to very little anyway, and destructive criticism, the easiest of all forms, amounts to even less. It does not help the progress of our national art to have my friend William Phelps, while discussing a recent article of mine on American drama, in this magazine, remark blightingly: "But no great play has been written on this side of the Atlantic." Mr. Phelps should have stopped there, for who can define a great play? But unfortunately for his statement, though fortunately for his sportsmanship, he defined his standard as that of "Barrie, Shaw, or Galsworthy," and delivered himself into my hands. For how can one defend an uneven standard like that? Sir James Barrie, of course, far overtops Mr. Shaw or Mr. Galsworthy, so let us meet the highest standard at once. For imaginative conception of character, Mr. Barrie's chief claim to greatness, one has only to remember Bird's "Gladiator" or "Broker of Bogota," which in Edwin Forrest's hands held the stage for half a century, in a repertory, too, which consisted largely of Shakespeare. Or there is Boker's "Francesca da Rimini," or there are "Madame Butterfly" and "Adrea," of Mr. Belasco and Mr. Long, to say nothing of Mr. O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon," "Emperor Jones," and "Anna Christie," whose triumph in London has just sent its echoes across the water. After this, it is perhaps unnecessary to match Mr. Galsworthy's best analysis of social conditions by Mr. Augustus Thomas's "As a Man Thinks" and William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide," or to call attention to the shining level of sincerity from which Clyde Fitch's "The Truth" or Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea" smile down upon Mr. Shaw.

We need constructive, not destructive, criticism. What has arisen out of the earnest work of playwrights and actors and the enterprise of producers during the past year which may be of permanent benefit in the establishment of surer standards of judgment and keener perception of values on the part of audiences, which may react upon the American playwright and encourage him to even finer efforts? For our concern is with the playwright, and so far as appreciation of him is concerned, things are getting better. Last July I commented on the custom of printing on the bill-boards the actor's name in large type and the playwright's in small letters. One afternoon

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this fall as I came out of a dress rehearsal at the Booth Theatre, I was surprised and cheered to read the notice: "Mr. John Golden presents 'Seventh Heaven' by Austin Strong." Just below on Forty-fifth Street rose into view an electric sign announcing that "Mr. Arthur Hopkins presents 'The Old Soak' by Don Marquis." Not all producers have followed these good examples, but there is a growing tendency to emphasize the play as the attraction, and the dramatist is beginning to receive the recognition quite as necessary to him as financial reward. The public may even in time come to remember the name of the playwright who has provided their entertainment!

With that recognition comes a greater responsibility. In Mr. Belasco's recent adaptation of Sacha Guitry's comedy "The Comedian," the actor says to a playwright:

> An actor is no greater than the part he's playing. It's true. . . . All sorts of people have written to me—but never once has a spectator said: "Dear Monsieur, seeing you play last night has had such an effect on me that to-day I lived the character you were playing. It has given me an ideal and I'm a better man because of it!" . . . I've reached the point where I'm asking myself if we have the right—you authors and we actors—to hold the attention of twelve hundred people every night, without giving them something to think over, . . . a memory—a memory of beauty—of truth.

It will be noticed that to the Frenchman beauty comes before truth. To the American that is rarely the case. It is easy to blame this condition on the Puritans, as though we were all descended from them. It is rather because they and their descendants did so much writing in comparison with other more charming elements of the population that the necessity for beauty has often remained unstressed, not only in our drama but also in our literature as a whole. There is no such quickener of good taste as the constant contemplation of beauty. That is why the European peasant surprises us with his good taste, and why his descendant, perhaps under the influence of the subways and their artistic atmosphere, loses that good taste with such speed that he is soon undistinguishable from the descendants of the Puritans. Under our natural passion for Americanization we are frowning upon the folk-songs and folk-costumes that the immigrant brings with him, while we appreciate to the full the products of the foreign stage. Is it because the Moscow Theatre is only a temporary influx of beauty that we prefer it to those elements of beauty that we might have to live with every day?

Notwithstanding the usual opinion, there is much good taste in America. Perhaps there is not so much per capita as there is in France or Italy, but so far as the drama is concerned, I believe there are potential gropings which need only proper training to sharpen into discrimination. For example, Mr. Williams's subtle social satire "Why Not?" had quite a successful run, with very little help from the dramatic critics, while the public declined to support a much-heralded production like "Johannes Kreisler," or even a fine actress like Miss Laurette Taylor in a poor play. To be sure, a significant spectacle like "Pasteur" failed also, but that was because the national idol of France is but a name to most Americans, just as any of our national idols would be but a name to a Frenchman.

National idols are at least an indication of the national ideals. In a comparison of the most significant of the recent foreign plays that express such ideals with the most significant of our native plays, there may be discovered some tendencies in modern drama that will be of interest to those to whom the future of our stage is important. England has sent over this season very few plays, for the English stage is, at present, sterile. But it is noteworthy that each in its own way, Mr. Galsworthy's "Loyalties" and Miss Dane's "Will Shakespeare," celebrated the theme dearest to an Englishman's heart, the supremacy of his race. In fact a better title for "Will Shakespeare" would have been "The Glory of England," for the play rose to its height in the stirring appeal of Queen Elizabeth to Shakespeare to forget his personal loss of love in the production of the masterpieces that were to give to England the dramatic priority of the world. In the fine portraiture of Miss Haidee Wright the very soul of England seemed to express itself royally as it rekindled in the mind of the dramatist the flame of artistic inspiration. In

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"Loyalties" there was no such great moment, rather a steady building up of a wall of impregnable race prejudice upon which the outsider stormed in vain, until the traitor inside betrayed the citadel. If in "Will Shakespeare" it was an active glory, in "Loyalties" it was passive, but none the less it was present, fighting hard for the silence that could alone preserve it. It was a lower ideal, too, in "Loyalties," social instead of artistic, and Mr. Galsworthy seems to be a bit doubtful of its importance, for he asks through Margaret Orme the fateful question: "We have kept faith, but was it worth while?"

The national ideals of France show clearly in the two plays of Sacha Guitry, which began their careers together in this country late in March. "Pasteur" has been criticised for not being so much a play as a series of scenes in the life of the great scientist, but we have become accustomed to dramatic efforts of this episodic species, and it seemed a pity that so real an exposition of the French spirit could not have continued its career. The scene in the laboratory, when Pasteur made the decision to try the serum for rabies upon Joseph Meister, the Alsatian boy, was as quietly dramatic as life itself, and the later episode in Pasteur's home when the boy comes to thank his savior was touched with a rare and poignant tenderness. It was an ideal of service to the race and to humanity that animated "Pasteur," and the difference between it and the ideal of the English plays is epitomized in the distinction between "gloire" and "glory." There is a sense of the general—of the abstract—in the French mind that made it possible for Pasteur to be chosen by popular acclaim as the national hero of France. I wonder if that could have happened in England or America?

Less universal in theme but better constructed for the theatre, Sacha Guitry's other play, "The Comedian," presents the Gallic conception of the actor's struggle between the conflicting claims of love and art. The Comedian takes his art seriously, as the passage quoted above reveals, and his sensitive soul revolts at the suggestion of his old friend the soap-maker that he disillusion his niece as to his age and character. Instead he charms her away, and then comes the tragedy of the waning of her infatuation and the birth of his love, set against the background of one of the most amusing stage rehearsals I have ever seen. When he has refused to allow her to proceed in the part she is incapable of playing, she leaves him, and he turns to his mirror, though his heart is breaking, with the words: "Yes, but to-morrow night—I have a rendezvous with twelve hundred people." In that situation, upon which the curtain fell, the playwright put not only the sense of the theatric but also the gallant attitude which the Latin-Celtic races know best how to assume.

"The Comedian" was formed on the established lines of dramatic construction, though the device of including the body of the house within the scope of the stage, in both the Guitry plays, gave an impression of novelty. But the contribution from Italy, Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," brought a new dramatic idea into being. Disregarding divisions into acts and scenes, the logic of the Latin playwright presented us with an absolute unity of scene, again the stage of a theatre during a rehearsal. He began by making use of comedy elements in the stage-manager and the actors, but into this situation he introduces six characters: a father, a mother, their son, her daughter, and her two children. They are the characters in a play that has never been written, the figments of an author's brain that he declined to clothe in flesh and blood, but which demand their right to creation. The puzzled stage-manager finally grants them the privilege of revealing themselves to the actors who are to play their parts. With the Latin's confident assumption of passion, Pirandello plunges us into a tragedy of horror, but one which affords great scope for acting. Between the father, who is the leader of the band, and the stage-manager there flash constantly significant side-lights upon the relation of a character to an actor and to life itself. The father shocks the manager by declaring that he, the creation of an artist, is more real than a mere human being whose nature is so changeable and who may die. When the manager objects that the character may change also, the father bursts out: "But our reality doesn't change; it can't

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change! It can't be other than it is; because it is fixed forever." After all, Pirandello is right. Who among us will ever be as old as Hamlet or as real as Romeo?

This ideal of the reality of dramatic conceptions is not, of course, exclusively Italian. Pirandello, however, has struck a note not only in this play but also in his "Henry IV," and his "Right You Are, If You Think So," which demands a searching and healthful consideration of the relative importance of actual things and of those products of art which may become greater than the human race from which they sprang. With a true Latin spirit he rails at nothing, and he is not a pessimist. For pessimism and for the scientific scrutiny of the human race, we must go eastward in Europe, to Czecho-Slavic and to Russian drama. Karel Kapek, who wrote "R. U. R.," and, together with his brother Joseph, wrote "The World We Live In," is an exponent of a new national and racial ideal. Up to a few years ago the native plays of Prague represented something like the national glorification of which "Will Shakespeare" is an example. It seemed necessary during the period of Germanic rule to insist upon the integrity of Slavic historic life by perpetuating upon the stage the deeds of their national heroes. But the Kapeks have passed on to a symbolic form of drama in which human life is satirized by comparison with automata or insects. In "R. U. R." human science has created a set of mechanical machines to do the work of the world. These machines in human shape are called "Rossom's Universal Robots," and they finally rise in overwhelming numbers and destroy their creators. The idea is not new: there is a stirring story of Fitz-James O'Brien, written in the fifties, "The Wonder Smith," which has something of the same theme; but the play has strong situations, especially the scene in which the last of the human race, as their boasted scientific devices fail one by one, wait for their inevitable destruction.

In "The World We Live In" a symbolic picture of life is drawn in the mating of amorous butterflies, in the wars of flies and crickets, and the survival of the unfittest in the slimy parasite. The picture of the ants too, fighting for their inch or two of ground till destruction comes upon the tribe, is a powerful satire on "civilized war." The Slavic conclusion in each case is to suggest the beginning of a new life through the inevitable love of the sexes. But their conclusions are not so important to us as their methods. Has satiric pessimism an artistic lesson for our playwrights? Before we reply, let us look at Russia.

The Moscow Art Theatre has been the subject of so much comment that it is hardly necessary to dwell upon the excellence of the acting, the perfection of the stage pictures, or the mediocrity of the scenery. On the night I saw "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch," my companion, who is an expert in the theatre, was sure that the last set had been painted in America! Any national art has its message, and to me "Tsar Fyodor" seemed to be trying to convey to an alien audience (much of which was not alien) a message akin to that of "Will Shakespeare"—the glory of the nation. As a background to the marvellous acting of Katchaloff in the part of the weak Tsar, buffeted by Tories and Liberals alike, there was the spirit of Holy Russia of the past, breathing in and between the lines. Perhaps it rose to its height when the Tsarina begs him to become the real ruler of his people, a scene which the genius of Madame Knipper-Tchekhova made memorable. The age of Tsar Fyodor was the age of Queen Elizabeth, and its ideals may not have been far different. As I watched this, in some ways the most typical of their plays, the thought came to me that what Russia of to-day needed was a great faith in something, to rouse the national spirit which must underlie the surface of Bolshevism. In other plays of the Moscow Theatre, such as "The Cherry Orchard," a more modern note of disillusion and decay is struck. And this brings us back to the Slavic pessimism of the stage. Has it any message for us? I think not. The Russian, crushed by a native tyranny, and the Bohemian by a foreign rule, were born to despair. The vast mass simply suffered; the more active either rebelled and were exiled or else became dreamers of dreams, remote from hope or effort.

The American nature is not so constituted. Born in a freer atmosphere, he is

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not satisfied to "do nothing about it"; and when he rebels he carries his programme through—sometimes! In his drama he may learn from playwrights like the Kapeks new methods by which beauty may be secured, and he may certainly relearn from the Moscow Art Theatre the old lesson of careful training. But from the Russian philosophy of life he has little to take, for that way lies despair and madness.

There is little to be gained, either, from such Hungarian ideals as are revealed in "Fashions for Men," Molnar's clever comedy, in which the weaknesses of mankind are amiably reflected. Perhaps it is a sign of greatness in Molnar that his play might really have been laid anywhere. Much more redolent of the soil from which it sprang was Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd," in which Miss Ethel Barrymore personally triumphed over a sordid and futile attempt by a dramatist who has done much better things. I was in Munich in 1897–98 when Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Sudermann were the dramatic gods of the German nation, and especially of the student bodies of the universities. How I haunted the Schauspielhaus, in which their newest plays were performed! When I watched "Rose Bernd" this year, how much less important the play seemed than its predecessors of 1898! For none of the characters on the stage was worth while making much fuss about.

It comes back, therefore, to England, France, and Italy. From Pirandello our playwrights might learn the reality, the permanence of character; from "The Comedian" the appreciation of the responsibility of the playwright. But perhaps the most salient lesson would come from "Pasteur" and from "Will Shakespeare." As material for drama, why need we be afraid to stress a little the glory of America? Our playwrights did it long ago. Between 1825 and 1860 there were one hundred and fifty plays written with a national background. And if it were well done, as in "The Copperhead," it must appeal.

It might be argued that Shakespeare, whose revival has been one of the outstanding features of this season, did not score his greatest successes by depicting English history, and that he reserved the right to visit even the "seacoast of Bohemia" if it suited him. Surely the plays selected this year for production in New York—"Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," and "As You Like It"—are not national in their themes. But as Boker truly said:

> "England seems no alien land
> To those great citizens of Earth."

And they were selected, of course, because they are essentially "star plays." With the acrid arguments concerning the staging of Shakespeare, I am not concerned. It was a privilege to see all of the productions. As individual pieces of acting, Mr. Barrymore's Hamlet and Miss Jane Cowl's Juliet were probably the most satisfying, but as a production Mr. Belasco's presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" was most impressive. For some reason (or none) the dramatic critics fell on "The Merchant of Venice." But they seemed to forget that even if we were able to reproduce exactly the conditions of the theatre of Shakespeare, that does not mean that we should reproduce the effect upon the Elizabethan audience. The playgoers who saw "The Merchant of Venice" in 1594 were trained to supply with their imagination background and properties which the flabbier fancies of the present day cannot reproduce. Mr. Belasco translates to a modern audience the splendor and beauty with which the Elizabethan imagination endowed the performances of Shakespeare, and I, for one, am grateful to him, just as I am grateful for the spectacle of Miss Cowl's Juliet and Miss Rambeau's Rosalind, because they add to the sum total of beauty in the world.

Perhaps it was the exquisite color scheme of "As You Like It" which remained the most satisfying impression of the first and ill-fated production of the American National Theatre. The cast was a fine one, Mr. Anson repeating as Jaques the success he had made as the duke in "The Merchant of Venice," and Miss Gillmore making a charming Celia. Notwithstanding the failure of this initial performance from the popular point of view, Mr. Thomas must go on courageously to the next and most important phase of the American National Theatre,

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the production of significant American plays. Those of us who have been even slightly in the confidence of Augustus Thomas, know the vision he has of its ultimate service, and I for one feel sure that with its scope widened, both as to personnel and project, the American National Theatre has a real future. But its great function must be the establishment of high standards.

That, after all, is what the Shakespearean revivals may do for the American playwright, the American actor, and the American audience. To the observant playwright they can still teach many things, for the prodigal mind that flung Mercutio into "Romeo and Juliet" still mocks at the parsimony of character creation which dulls so many moments on the modern stage. To the actor they provide opportunities that inspire, even if they sometimes only indicate the limits of wise experiment. To the audiences Shakespeare provides a perennial standard by which they may test not only what is new and what is old, but, more important, what is permanent and what is passing.

The American playwright during the past season has sounded no trump of national glory, has created no figures of heroic size like Queen Elizabeth or Pasteur. When he has dabbled in symbolic pessimism as in "The Adding Machine," he has failed to help in any way the development of native drama. What he has done most successfully is to scrutinize certain of our social institutions, such as marriage and the family, and to establish through them motives that lead either into inevitable tragedy or into true comedy. He has touched the primary emotions such as love and loyalty with reticence and distinction. He has also satirized at times with real cleverness the institutions of the theatre itself and its enemy, the moving picture. So far as exterior form is concerned, he has made little successful deviation from established tradition, being content with the originality of situation and phrase rather than that of scenic division.

Marriage continues to be the subject of the American playwright, and it is interesting that the dramatist who won the first Pulitzer prize in 1917 with his brilliant comedy "Why Marry?" should return to the stage in 1922 with "Why Not?" his subtle study of divorce. Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams works slowly and carefully. The result is an artistic presentation of a group of real human beings, two sets of husbands and wives, who are presented with a situation that tests at once their emotional peace, their devotion to their children, and their sense of decency. But Mr. Williams describes them so well in his stage directions that I must quote:

> The two married couples in this play, although there is a touch of phantasy in their behavior, are of a sort often met in life, though seldom on the stage. Intellectually, they are neither "low-brow" nor "high-brow"; socially, neither "low-life" nor "high-life"—that is, they are not in the least smart, though they doubtless would be classified as "Society people," if they got into the newspapers. They are simple, gracious gentlefolk; too well-born, well-bred and well-disposed toward one another and the world to think much about intellectual or social "position." Nor do they talk about "My Sense of Humor"—and thus demonstrate how little they possess. Indeed, they are rather old-fashioned. They even go to Church. Nevertheless they are all good.
>
> The incongruity of this atmosphere helps to make the fun of their fantastic predicament. For this is a comedy of Human Nature versus Human Institutions.

If this had been a French or an Italian play, passion would have been taken for granted as the first great necessity to be satisfied. In this American comedy the prime essential in life to be preserved is the individual's self-respect, and the difficulties this fact creates are many. Mr. Williams's solution one recognizes as temporary. He is an artist, not a sociologist. It is not his business to provide solutions; he treats the situation from the standpoint of true comedy. Here is life—what are you going to do about it? Decide for yourself, but meanwhile, he says, I am going to entertain you. Mr. Williams strips life of its pretenses, and yet in some magical way preserves its most precious asset, its illusions. And the epigrams fly so fast that I saw several lost in the growing expectation of the audience.

We have not been overburdened in the last few years with American plays in which the characters represent gentlemen and gentlewomen, and that is another rea-

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son we are grateful to Mr. Williams and to the other writers of real social comedy who have enriched the stage this year. Mr. Philip Barry, author of the Harvard prize play, "You and I," seems to be quite aware of social values. He has given us a charming pair of lovers in his play, but the chief interest lies in the boy's parents, who are faced with the question of love versus an artistic career, both for father and son. Years before, the father had given up his dream of becoming a painter on account of his early marriage, and his wife had accepted the sacrifice unquestioningly. When the newer generation brings the problem up again, she tries to turn back the hands of time and restore her husband's lost chance, but it is too late. Under the clever surface of this play, sometimes just a little too clever, there glows the spirit of cultivated American life where great decisions are made without display, and when Maitland White recognizes that he cannot escape his responsibilities even at the call of art, there was no question of the sympathetic response from the audience.

We are gradually building up a standard of high comedy in this country, but it is slow work. Mr. Barry's play shows in the beginning, for example, the influence of "Why Marry?" and Mr. Richman's clever comedy "The Awful Truth" more clearly reflects "The New York Idea." In fact, when I watched the divorced wife trying to recover her lost husband in "The Awful Truth," it was not only because I had seen Mr. Bruce McRae recaptured before as John Karslake that I noticed the resemblance. "The Awful Truth" was very light, but it was at times delightful fooling. Any dramatist who can do such different kinds of work as the author of "Not So Long Ago," "Ambush," "The Awful Truth," and "The Serpent's Tooth" should go far. I suspect that the last play was headed for tragedy, for it was a tense situation which Miss Marie Tempest interpreted finely at the end of the second act, and then something happened!

Less charming and less of a social comedy than "Why Marry?" and "You and I," but more searching and more disquieting, is Miss Crothers's study of the modern young woman in "Mary the Third." Miss Crothers is really not so much concerned with the social aspects of her problem as she is with the moral and the personal ones. She shows us Mary the First in 1870 taking her mate by the lure of physical attraction; then she pictures Mary the Second in 1897 being taken by a man who among her lovers is the most insistent. And then, bringing these two women into the play as grandmother and mother, she reveals Mary the Third in 1923 with a vocabulary that conceals nothing and with a determination to know the theory and practice of marriage, before which conventions fly. These periodic scenes are not mere preludes; every appeal to propriety from the horrified grandmother's lips sends the audience back to the memory of what she did in 1870! And the despair of the children when they overhear their father and mother strip their married life of its illusions is a really dramatic theme. When the curtain falls on the second act it seems impossible for the family life to go on, but Miss Crothers shows that the irresistible pressure of habit will bring the parents together again, and that Mary the Third will choose her mate just as her mother did, because he needs her most—or she thinks he does. Human nature makes the ending of "Mary the Third" probable, just as it made the ending of "The Serpent's Tooth" improbable; but to call it a happy ending is to misunderstand a few essentials.

In real marriage there is no ending; in false marriage there was no beginning. These apparent truisms are the basis of a study of the marriage relation in "The Changelings," Mr. Lee Dodd's comedy, which started auspiciously in Philadelphia in April. Its success must be attributed partially to the remarkable cast, headed by Mr. Henry Miller and including Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Laura Hope Crews, and Miss Ruth Chatterton. After three married couples, parents and children, have skirted the very edge of destruction, the powerful clutch of decency draws them back. It is refreshing to see an American play in which the four male characters represent an editor, a novelist, a publisher, and a college instructor as human beings. But the most important event connected with "The Changelings"

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was the announcement made by Miss Blanche Bates in her curtain speech that this venture of Mr. Miller is to be the beginning of an American stock company, which will produce American plays. The eloquent plea of Miss Bates for public support of a native theatre, and her delicate yet determined reference to the artificial preference for exotic products swept the audience, already enthusiastic over the cast and the comedy.

Tragedy is not necessarily more sincere than comedy. In such studies of rather drab life in Michigan as Mr. Beach's "The Square Peg" and Mr. Cunningham's "Hospitality," the tragedy is inevitable, and the authors have resolutely carried the motive through. The two dominating mothers who are too busy to love or to show their love for their families are drawn with skill in both instances, but with this essential difference. In "The Square Peg" Mrs. Huckins rules her family primarily for her own self-satisfaction, and the play leaves her among the ruins of her family life without hope and with no compensation to the audience for having assisted in the tragedy. Now an audience has a right to demand that if they have been made to suffer through their sympathy, the suffering must be worth while, and there must be an aftermath of exaltation. But nobody really cares about Mrs. Huckins or her family. In "Hospitality," on the other hand, the death scene of Mrs. Wells is lighted with the glory which comes from the completeness of her inarticulate sacrifice. Perhaps it was the remarkable acting of Mrs. Hale, but I left the theatre feeling that every bit of trouble in that play had been worth while, and that it had introduced its hearers to the realities of life, where even in the moment of its apparent defeat a great love had conquered.

The theme of a mother's love is hard to deal with on the stage, for obvious reasons. Perhaps that is why Mr. Owen Davis chose to present in his domestic play, "Ice Bound," the influence of a dead mother controlling the lot of those she loved and those she despised. The scene in which "the Jordans," waiting for their mother's death, reveal the hard, mean natures of a certain type of New England character is as good in its way as a somewhat similar scene in Mr. O'Neill's "The First Man." But the second act of "Ice Bound" is even better. Jane Crosby, the young cousin the rest hated, has been left the property, and she dominates them all, including Ben Jordan, the returned and unrepentant prodigal, who alone among her children Mrs. Jordan had loved. It has been a long time since a more dramatic moment has been granted to our stage than that in which Miss Phyllis Povah, as Jane Crosby, reads to Judge Bradford Mrs. Jordan's letter to her. It is unfair to Mr. Davis to quote a few sentences from the letter, but here they are:

> I'm doing this, the meanest thing, I think, I've ever done to you. . . . Ben's a bad son and a bad man. I can't leave him the money. He'd squander it and the Jordan money came hard. . . . If squandering the money would bring him happiness, I'd face all the Jordans in the other world and laugh at them, but I know there's only just one chance to save my boy, through a woman who will hold out her heart to him and let him trample on it, as he has on mine. Who'd work and pray and live for him until as age comes on and maybe he gets a little tired, he'll turn to her. . . . It takes a long time to make a Jordan.

There is little reformation of Ben; Jane marries him under no illusions as to her permanent happiness, but simply because she loves him. After all, no one ever loves any one else for a reason! What if there are echoes of "The Hero" in "Ice Bound," which Mr. Ames's fine acting made more reminiscent? Mr. Davis has to his credit a significant American play, with distinct characters, with a real motive, and with splendid workmanship.

It is not the custom of our playwrights to deal frequently with moral or economic conditions. When they do they are likely to reveal the lesson or the satire by as concrete a treatment as possible. When Mr. Channing Pollock wrote "The Fool," he evidently wished to hold up a mirror to unfortunate conditions of life through the figure of a man who attempted to live the life of Christ, and who had things happen to him in consequence. There is symbolism in "The Fool" but it is not the symbolism of "R. U. R." or "The World We Live In"; it is a return rather to the methods of the mystery-play, and we have the Magdalen and the crippled child concretely represented. "The Fool" is too much of a sermon to be a great play, but

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it has moments of inspiration, especially the one in which Mr. Pollock took his hero out of clergyman's garb, and it has the great artistic virtue of sincerity. Better constructed as a play, but with less original a conception, Mr. Don Marquis's "The Old Soak" is a successor of "Rip Van Winkle," "A Temperance Town," "Lightnin'," and other plays which protest against the tyranny of law-made morality and present the genial drunkard for our observation and sympathy. Such an appeal hardly ever fails, for the drunkard on the stage has qualities in which drunkards in real life are unfortunately lacking.

"The Fool" and "The Old Soak" have been popular successes. So has Mr. Austin Strong's melodrama of French life, "Seventh Heaven," interesting because of the attempt of an American playwright to lay the scene of his work abroad and because he has caught the French note, especially in some of the minor characters. But the reason the audience is shaken to its emotional depths at the climax of the second act is simply because a great actress has been provided by a dramatist with a situation based on one of the fundamental facts of life. To read about a young girl who has been brought up in misery suddenly coming to life under the inspiration of a young man's love is one thing—to see Miss Helen Menken come to life on the stage is quite another thing, and it is unforgetable.

With the theory of dramatic criticism that looks with suspicion upon any play that pleases thousands of people, I have little sympathy. Many a fine play fails for lack of discrimination, but I agree with Doctor Johnson that any sincere artistic product which delights many people has its place. The two plays in which the American playwright satirized his dearest foes, the amateur actor and the moving pictures, have under their surface of froth the solid substance of ideas. "Merton of the Movies," by the heavenly twins of comedy, Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly, and "The Torch Bearers," by Mr. George Kelly, have outlined two distinct characters: the adolescent youth, with a passion to be a great "movie star," and the managing directress who makes a social playground of the stage. These types are redolent of reality. It would be idle to demand of these plays the philosophy of Pirandello or the strong *amour propre* of "The Comedian." They are farces, not serious drama, and it accords with our national ideals of the theatre to treat it lightly rather than as a social institution as they do in Italy or France. And how could we treat the moving picture seriously—for if we do there comes despair! It is different with the theatre, and it was a pity that a more serious study of the artistic temperament in contrast with domestic responsibilities, Miss Akins's "A Texas Nightingale" should have been so poorly cast as to invite failure.

Thirty years ago Dion Boucicault prophesied that "the grandeur of the future American drama will be its truth, its purity, its delicacy and tenderness," and that our dramatists would write about what they knew. How we have justified this expectation, let our artistic conscience speak. But when we consider among our recent plays only those that have a right to consideration, the national ideals shine through. In the constant peril of being called "parochial" we have steadfastly continued to look upon life in its broadest aspects and in its proper proportions, relegating murder, illicit love, and kindred themes to that small percentage of attention which the experience of the average American actually justifies. That decent people, living our sufficiently complicated lives, may give occasion to situations that are essentially dramatic, the experience of the present season has proved. That there are actors competent to interpret the playwright's work is also clear. Our playwrights are not unaware either of what is going on elsewhere, for was not the author of "Ice Bound" the adapter of "The World We Live In"?

Our greatest dramatic genius is at present carrying to Paris, London, and Berlin the products of American originality and power. Meanwhile a band of expert craftsmen, unabashed by "expressionism," "impressionism," "presentationalism," or what-not, are skilfully depicting on the stage significant types of American character. All they need from us, and they need it as vitally as we need the sunlight, is the encouragement any race owes to the artists who interpret with sincerity the ideals of its national life.

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Vanilla Wafers

BY MYRA MASON LINDSEY

Illustrations by Reginald Birch

ELIZABETH CHATTERTON sat on the end of the last Pullman and stared backward into the flying dusk.

"I am like those cotton-fields," she thought, "dimmer and more monotonous the farther I go. Sandy land in a drought."

She was sorry when the woman with the six-year-old twins, the fat man with green goggles, the two travelling salesmen, and the tall Westerner who had got on the train at Memphis, answered the last call to dinner. She hated to be alone with the voices of the clacking wheels.

"You're a fool to run away," they shrieked with merciless rhythm, as telephone-poles whirled dizzily by. "You're a fool, you're a fool, you're a fool. No escape, no escape, no escape."

"I am a sentimental fool to dream of escaping," she concluded half aloud as a flagman staggered through the heavy door and hung out two red lanterns.

Elizabeth was thirty-seven, and had never been kissed by any man except her father and her father's friend, the old English bishop, both dead since her childhood. She was still pretty, too, but nobody seemed to notice it, least of all Elizabeth herself.

For twenty years she had taught the seventh grade in a little Mississippi hill town whose proudest boast was that it contained no citizens but deep-water, close-communion Baptists, and old-time-religion Methodists who could tell you to an eighth of an inch the waist measure of the whale both before it had gobbled Jonah and afterward.

Now she was keeping in the "second generation" and cramming dusty infinitives, partial payments, and pink maps of South America down their unwilling throats. She knew, therefore, what was meant by the sins of the fathers' being *visited*. They were visited on the teacher.

Lately former students had been introducing their infant offspring to her and speaking of the day when she would teach them also. She had become as inevitable as the Solid White South or the Democratic party, and as necessary to community education as yearly "tent meetings" were to "salvation." The men, women, and children of the town seemed to think that she not only taught school but thought school, ate school, slept school.

When Brother Bowling spoke to her of the life to come, his terms were pedagogical. His parochial visits always left her heavy with the dread that, in heaven, her portion would be to expound celestial sentences to St. Peter and to deliver moral lectures to Judas Iscariot. If a parent met her in a teeming rain, he did not offer her the comfort of his umbrella. Instead he reminded her of Mack's cleverness in solving a knotty problem about the per cent of rainfall in the Gulf States.

Did she enjoy the vivid slang of a boy near her at a field-day contest, some consciously cultured mother stage-whispered: "Sh-h-h, Miss Lizzie'll hear you!" She was never invited to rook parties given by her own chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It was taken for granted that Miss Lizzie, being an educational and corrective institution, disapproved of such casual, if not downright carnal, indulgence.

Christian cards like rook and flinch were harmless for wives and daughters of trustees, for students themselves and their mothers, but for teachers—heavens! Teachers were fattening their purses on from forty to sixty-five dollars a month during the eight-and-a-half-months' school term. The very least they could do in return was to set a moral example

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the whole year through. If the townfolk refused to profit, the fault was theirs.

Trustee Baxter, boss of the school board, furnished the one blessed uncertainty in Elizabeth's life, her only hope of

He hurled this at Elizabeth accusingly.—Page 74.

change. To him alone she did not stretch from everlasting to everlasting. He was a swollen, fishlike man with weepy eyes and puffy hands that constantly caressed each other except when they figured his profits on coal and ice or passed the collection plate twice every Sunday at Calvary Church.

When, each spring, he announced to Elizabeth her re-election, he might have been a field-marshal conferring upon a conscripted private the Croix de Guerre, not because the private had fought bravely or usefully, but because the field-marshal had so much glory that he could afford to scatter a little of it among the humble. He made Elizabeth feel, too, that a man so overwhelmingly married as himself—he had two wives dead and one almost dead—could not but condescend to her celibate state.

About him there was always a threat to her, an attitude of "you-wouldn't-be-tolerated-here-but-for-me." He didn't see how the town could afford to continue

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Miss Lizzie's five-hundred-fifty-two-dollar salary. Just because a woman has taught twenty years in one school, she has no right to demand favors, he hinted. He could get a high-school girl for three hundred a year, a home girl who could afford to take less. Besides, anybody could teach the seventh grade.

The boll-weevil, he continued, was stripping the cotton patches as clean as Old Ben Butler had once stripped New Orleans of her silver spoons. If the Big Black overflowed the corn lands in the bottom again, he would be compelled to fire some of the faculty. In all probability the school would run quite as well with seven teachers as with ten, anyway. Why, when he went to school, one teacher taught eighty pupils and didn't get off at four o'clock either, and *he* was not an utter failure. He hurled this at Elizabeth accusingly, his thumbs in the armholes of his vest.

Elizabeth's younger associates feared Trustee Baxter while they berated him in secret. But Elizabeth thanked God for him. He at least did not regard her as an immovable piece of school furniture. She dreamed sometimes that he might oust her and refuse to recommend her for the seventh grade anywhere else. But, though his bark gained in profundity as well as in momentum as the years went on, he seemed to have as little determination to dismiss her as she had to resign.

"I'm really running away from those Sunday-night suppers, too," murmured Elizabeth to the darkness as she propped her slender feet up on the rail of the observation. "Vanilla wafers, gritty evaporated peaches, and tepid boarding-house tea, served dismally in a dingy, cracked green-plastered dining-room. Mrs. Nelson's sharp questions about the fine points of Brother Bowling's sermon to discover if anybody were backsliding through inattention, Miss Effie's good-natured banter dashed with denominational vinegar on the rival righteousness of baptism by sprinkling and by immersion, and Miss Kate, the primary teacher's unending complaint about the spitballs that Freddie Baxter blew in the direction of her desk. Ugh!

"Nothing to look forward to but indigo Monday and a written lesson on "Lee's Valley Campaign," throbbed Elizabeth's memory. "Keeping in after school. Correcting stacks of badly spelled papers at night. Coaching failures in the summer at a dollar a month each. Washing shirtwaists and handkerchiefs on Saturday. Turning that old blue dress again. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday night. Helping Mrs. Nelson to entertain the presiding elder and other visiting brethren during quarterly conference. Chaperoning the seventh-grade picnic to Willow Springs. The same old things day after day, month after month, year after year, yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

Elizabeth had often wondered during revivals while Brother Brimstone Sullivan, conference evangelist, smacked his vitriolic lips unctuously over a hell of his own elaborate painting, whether she would be denied the glorious blaze of eternal fire, all blue and gold and crackling, and be forced to teach fractions to the fallen in some drab corner and to eat satanic vanilla wafers on Sunday nights.

"Anything but vanilla wafers," she shuddered. "I believe she bought them by the gross just so they'd be musty. God! how I hate the smell of them!"

Elizabeth sat up straight. For the first time in her life she had said God not in prayer. Mrs. Nelson and Trustee Baxter were right; just the thought of New York made one wicked. What would she be after she got there?

Since her mother's death fifteen years ago Elizabeth had boarded with old Lady Nelson, Presiding Elder Nelson's garrulous widow, who "took" the teachers, all of them old maids, sentenced as such by the town and bearing its sign and seal. The school children had done their innocent best to make the epithet true in Elizabeth's case.

She had begun her career as Miss Chatterton. But gradually she had flattened out to Miss Lizzie. A woman has a chance of youth as long as she is either Jane or Elizabeth, Miss Taylor or Miss Chatterton. But let her become Miss Jane or Miss Lizzie and she is damned, matrimonially, at least. Elizabeth knew this and she met it defiantly with rusty-black coat suits, white wash shirtwaists, generally at outs with her skirt bands, and

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a most immodest exposure of her small ears when ears were out of style.

Last Hallowe'en she had dressed like a gypsy and told fortunes at a school party because one of the girls had fallen ill. The hastily daubed talcum powder over the lines around her mouth and eyes and counted twenty-two gray strands above her temples.

"God!" said Elizabeth again and felt

"Why, Miss Lizzie, you don't favor yourself."

bright red of her dress reflected itself in her swarthy cheeks and deepened her brown eyes to match her night-colored hair hanging in strong, loose braids from under her fantastic head-dress.

"Why, Miss Lizzie, you don't favor yourself; you look so young and pretty!" thrilled a group of "her girls" in honest surprise. She didn't favor herself, she acknowledged next morning when she better. A grim exultation in her own madness pricked her spine. What a furor her trip had created among the townfolk!

"Elizabeth Chatterton, you're crazy to squander what you've skimped twenty years to save," exclaimed a chorus. "Four hundred dollars for six weeks in New York! It's enough to embarrass you to death to have to go to school again even at Columbia University after you've

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taught so long yourself. You know enough, anyway. Besides, what'll you live on when you're old?"

Her critics, she had noticed, had been shocked out of calling her Miss Lizzie. She had become Elizabeth once more. Her blood flowed in quick tide to the thought.

"I've spent my youth planning for senility," she had retorted. "Now I'm going to be young in my old age. I'll have something to think about in the Old Ladies' Home, anyhow."

And she laughed in a way that made Trustee Baxter look at her longer than he had ever done before.

And here she was whirling through the night on her first, perhaps her last, adventure, her courage fast trickling away.

"If I had gone in to eat, I could have ordered vanilla wafers. Just looking at them would have fortified me," ran Elizabeth's thoughts as her fellow travellers, returning noisily, again took possession of their chairs.

The six-year-old twins, mouths greasy, hands greasier, leaned against her lap. Like all children, they made free with her.

"I don't mind," she said to their inefficient young mother. "Let them alone," and she wiped their hands on her handkerchief.

"It's easy to see that you have children of your own," ventured a barytone voice from the shadowy doorway. It was the tall Westerner. He had lent her a magazine during the afternoon and had discussed the League of Nations with her when she had returned it two hours later.

"Is it?" laughed Elizabeth. "I have three."

If a nest full of mice or a Bolshevik bomb had tumbled into her lap, Elizabeth could not have been more shocked. The words had issued from her lips but they had been spoken by another woman. Thank Heaven, there was one person in the world who had not appraised her as a perennial pedagogue. Maybe she looked a little human after all. She had never lied before, but, if this was lying, there was an electric thrill in it.

"Would you mind telling me about them?" The Westerner fell into the nearest chair and lighted a cigar.

The new woman crawled entirely out of the chrysalis that had been Elizabeth. She saw that hills and little mountains and quiet streams were springing out of the darkness. The flat cotton lands had disappeared.

"Don't let me talk too much," she answered, trying to sound apologetic. "A mother never tires of the perfections of her own offspring. Bettie and La Una are just pink-faced third graders with bobbed hair, millions of questions, and dirty hands except to me.

"And, Jack—well, Jack always makes me incoherent. People say he's like me. Maybe that's why I can't wait till August to see him."

Jack, it developed, was going from his prep school on the Hudson to a summer camp in Canada before he returned home for four weeks in August. (Elizabeth had once had a pupil who did this.) His exploits grew like the bean-stalk, as did Jack, being nearly six feet tall and a wonderful athlete, according to his mother.

"Impossible that you should have a son sixteen! You must have married in swaddling-clothes." The man was genuinely amazed.

So was Elizabeth. "I was young," she gasped, pinching herself.

"I like to hear a Southern woman talk," he complimented. "My mother came from South Carolina, and all her years in the West didn't give her a single *r*. You remind me of her."

"Thank you." Elizabeth felt like a brindle "nigger" dog caught yellow-mouthed in the act of sucking eggs.

"It's partly that, perhaps, that makes me like to talk to you. I'm generally afraid of women. The only ones in miles of the ranch are fat Mexicans and cranky school-teachers. I can't jabber Mex and I'd run like a cyclone from one of those female spanking-machines. Dried-up prunes and prisms. I prefer my horses and cattle."

"Now, don't be too hard on the poor creatures; we're all sisters under the skin." Elizabeth's tone was as tolerantly patronizing as she conceived it proper for a snug, smug matron's to be. Rather like Mrs. Marsden Doolittle's when she addressed the teacher part of the Parent-Teachers' Association.

"What do you know about them?"

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The question was amused. "You Southern women of family are so sheltered from disagreeable facts."

"I—I—have a kinswoman who once taught the seventh grade. And, oh, how she hated vanilla wafers!"

The woman in the mirror . . . smiled wickedly.—Page 78.

"Vanilla wafers?" puzzled the Westerner. A long, shrill whistle had drowned all but those words. "I'll see what I can do for you at the junction. We're blowing for it now, I think."

Elizabeth realized that she was hungry, that the diner was closed, and that vanilla wafers, much as she loathed them, were a safer topic than a brand-new husband and three new-born children.

There was a little eating joint at the junction where section hands and straglers from local trains and occasional adventurers from the Eastern Limited, which sometimes stopped there for water, sat on high stools and consumed strong coffee and ham sandwiches over a fly-specked counter. Elizabeth and the Westerner bought a bagful of sandwiches. And they were very gay as they ran to catch their train.

"I'll lay you my best Hereford that you race with that boy of yours," panted the man, while Elizabeth was catching her breath and the train was getting under speed again. "You run like a kid."

"My—husband—says I am."

"What's he like?" The words were clipped.

"Who?"

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"Your husband."

Elizabeth couldn't think to save her life.

"He—he—lets me do as I please, hats and everything." Elizabeth had read those very words in a recent novel. Besides, she had worn the same hat five years.

"I imagine he's much older than you."

Elizabeth felt almost juvenile when she agreed that he was, then changed the subject abruptly.

"You miserable liar!" flamed Elizabeth with what she tried to think was reproach to the woman in the dressing-room mirror, while the porter made down her berth two hours later.

Where, oh where, was Miss Lizzie? The woman in the mirror, hair loosened over her ears, face flushed, eyes dancing bright, smiled wickedly. She was not an old maid. She was a young matron with a stylish new coat suit and a big boy and two little girls and an adoring husband and, perhaps, another man in the case. She could not explain the transformation; she just accepted it. The coat suit, at least, was real. She stroked it lovingly and blew a shy kiss along its folds as it hung swaying beside her.

Next morning she overslept, the first time in years. She dreamed that she was rocking in her little red cradle with her mother smiling over her and chanting, "Baa, baa, black sheep!"

"I waited to go to breakfast with you," said the Westerner, who was standing in the vestibule of the diner. "I hope you won't think I'm fresh. I like to talk to you and I don't take a shine to talking to many women, either."

Elizabeth's momentary embarrassment and awkwardness fled when, in the diner, she began pouring coffee for them both. Mingled with her half-guest deference, she wore a half-hostess authority born naturally to all women who sit behind coffee-urns and teapots and dispense hospitality, as queens once dispensed gracious favors from thrones. Elizabeth had not poured anything for anybody in years except lemonade from a tin dipper for her pupils during their annual spring picnic.

Somehow, as the smoking brown liquid curled into the cup that she handed across to her neighbor, she saw not him but a husband whose features were not at all clear and three rosy child faces that smiled at her encouragingly. She felt like a householder.

The woman who had spoken from her throat last night spoke again.

"No, I don't think you fresh! Of course not. I'm glad to have company on the journey. Besides, why should a man be fresh with a woman who has a young giant for a son?"

"Is he going to meet you in New York?" inquired the man across the table.

"He? Yes—why, I mean, no—I don't know," she faltered. "Gracious! that's the hottest coffee I ever tasted." She recovered herself and wondered if Jack would have met her had there been a Jack. "It might be pretty hard for him to get away, with exams and everything," she hazarded finally.

"I was about to suggest that, if you were going to be in New York a few hours, we might run around a bit together."

"Oh, I'd love it!" replied Elizabeth with the same look that leaps into a schoolboy's eyes when he expects to stay in and doesn't have to, after all.

"Anything you care for especially?"

"Oh, everything, everything!" Elizabeth was glowing. "I want to see every street at every hour of the day and night, all the goodness and all the badness, ships that smell of far seas, brave, graceful towers that venture their dizzy heads into heaven, lights and shadows, joys and sorrows, theatres and museums, cathedrals and cabarets, and people by millions and trillions, foreigners with quaint customs and queer tongues, princes and pick-pockets—everything, everybody! I must see them all. For I'm never coming again."

"Never coming again? Why, how sad, how final you sound. Yes, yes, you will. When you come to New York once, you've got to come again. You can't help yourself. It's like a thirst after salt. New York is the Lady-Mother of all Magic and she won't let you rest till you come back to her for more bewitching. Some folk she takes by the hand like comrades; thousands she tramples under her careless, cruel feet; the reckless who dare to kiss her lips go mad or die of heartbreak; but many lives starved and broken she has warmed at her breast. You'll kiss

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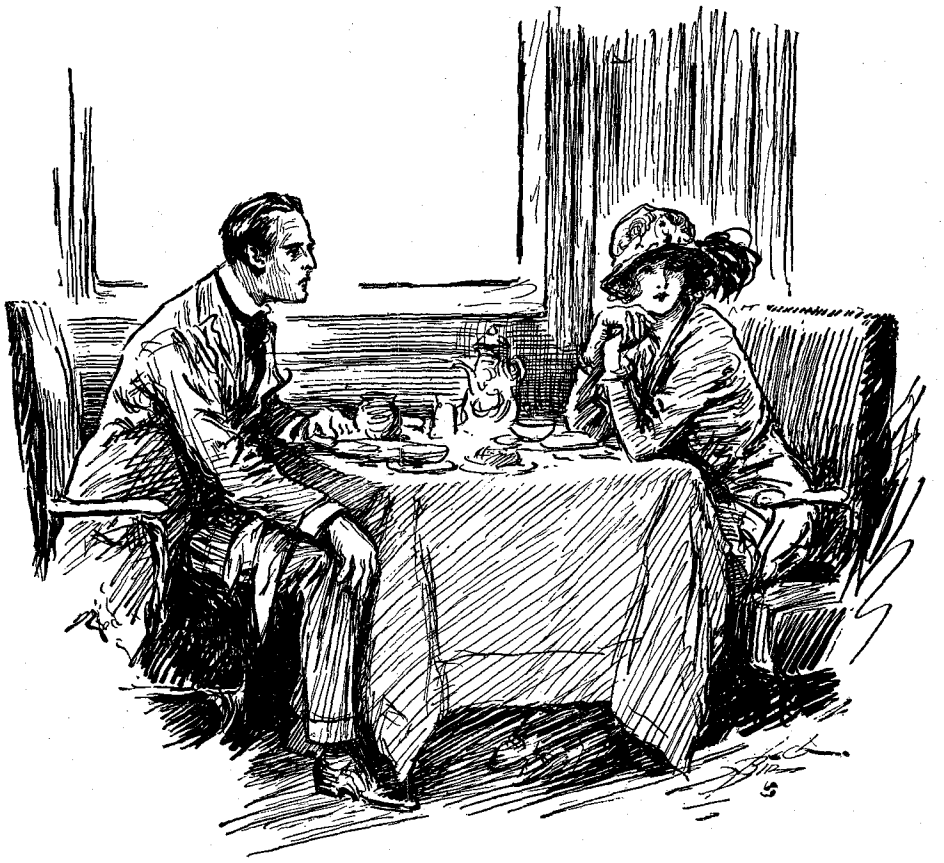
the hem of her garment and she'll take you for her own. I know. One of her children can always recognize another."

The Westerner stopped abruptly, evidently embarrassed by his own vehement eloquence. Elizabeth's cheeks and ears felt hot, and she dropped her spoon on purpose.



"No," denied Elizabeth, "he's a doctor."—Page 80.

"I'd love to show you Fifth Avenue on New Year's eve," the man continued in a more practical voice. "We'd fight our way on foot all the merry miles from Central Park to Washington Square, then ride down to Wall Street to hear the bells of Trinity chime in the New Year."

"What's it like?"

"I can't tell you; you've got to see it, hear it, feel it. And *you* could."

The Westerner spoke with a gentle gaiety as if to a child who was being let into the secrets of the fairies. Elizabeth could not remember when she had felt so happy. A man had not spoken to her either gently or gaily since her father died. The trustees were anything but gentle, and Parson Bowling was anything but gay, and she seldom talked to any other man.

She had to steady herself to appear natural when her neighbor suddenly fell silent, clearing his throat.

"This is the most marvellous old Virginny bacon. Do give me another piece," she entreated. "You see," she said when she had taken a bite, "I can't just pack up and leave my children, no matter how much I adore New York." Her tone was meant to sound extenuating.

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"Who'd you leave 'em with?" asked the Westerner bluntly but with a returning embarrassment that somehow pleased Elizabeth.

"Why—their—f-father, when he's there." Elizabeth's laugh was artificial and she took two pieces of toast, though there was a piece untouched on her plate.

"You didn't tell me what he did," questioned the man rather hesitantly. "I imagine he's a cotton-planter."

"No," denied Elizabeth, "he's a doctor." She had never been sick a day in her life and had always thought that doctors were romantic. "But the Widow Nelson directs the housekeeping while I'm away."

Elizabeth whispered to her inner self: "She'd have you turned out of the church for this if she knew. But then you, at least, wouldn't have to act as century-plant to the Susanna Wesley Bible Class for Young Ladies."

As they finished breakfast, the train pulled into Washington and slowly out again. Elizabeth looked from the window and asked questions eagerly while her companion pointed out the white of distant Arlington across the shining Potomac, the lift of the Capitol dome, and the peak of the Washington Monument.

"You are dreadfully young, do you know it?" he resumed suddenly when they were steaming through the beauty of a Maryland June. "You enjoy everything as if it were brand-new."

"Everything is brand-new," answered Elizabeth. And she was startled to find what a deep truth she had proclaimed.

The world indeed was as new as if washed with a tropical torrent, all the dust of monotony and school-teaching flowing away in some kindly underground ditch out of sight forever.

"I'll bet you live in a big white house like yonder one among the apple-trees," ventured her fellow traveller.

"No, it's a rambling brick affair with huge rooms and heavy colonial furniture," lied Elizabeth. As a matter of fact, the outside of the Widow Nelson's house was in strict accord with the green-plastered dining-room.

"I can see your frail blue china and dull old monogrammed silver."

"How did you know?"

"I told you that you were like my mother. Those things seem to belong with you somehow."

Farther on the Westerner pointed to another country estate on a hill. "And has it a brick chimney like that one?"

"Yes, with a fireplace that cradles a pine-knot blaze big as a bonfire," agreed Elizabeth, her imagination warming as she heaped on more verbal kindling.

"I can hear you tell Uncle Remus to those lucky kids." The man leaned forward, elbows on knees, eyes eager, as if to share with those same "lucky kids" the excitements of Bre'r Rabbit's venturesome career.

"Especially on Sunday nights," acquiesced Elizabeth. "That's our big time, the hour when we're all together. That's the one night in the week that I relax all rules, even those of the table. I refuse to have cold supper, no matter if the cook doesn't come back and I have to fuss around myself. We have regular feasts, hot waffles and Louisiana molasses a specialty.

"We laugh and sing and play jokes on each other and pile the fire higher," flamed Elizabeth with an ardor that would have made Baron Munchausen glad to claim her as his godchild. "Why, I even let my children dance a jig if their spirits move them to it. I want every Sunday night of their youth to glow so brightly that the reflection will make rose-pink Mondays all the rest of their lives, no matter what the world may offer them later in the way of horrid blue ones. And I'll fight to shield them from one theme and one vanilla wafer!"

Tears trembled in Elizabeth's voice, and her eyes were blazing eloquence.

"You're a funny little person to get so agitated over trifles like themes and vanilla wafers. Besides, what earthly connection have they, anyhow?"

"I was thinking—of—my kinswoman who taught the seventh grade and was fed vanilla wafers at her green-plastered boarding-house kept by a presiding elder's widow."

"You are too sympathetic. Don't worry over school-teachers. They are generally pretty callous."

Stifling a retort that would have murdered her husband, buried her children,

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demolished her beautiful brick house, slivered her egg-shell china, and quenched her Sunday-night hearth-fires, Elizabeth hurriedly turned to the porter who was passing and paid him to bring her two packages of chewing-gum. It had been part of her pedagogical duty to be a total abstainer in this respect. She had not touched a piece of gum in years except to take it away from some Epicurean seventh grader who could not resist the urge of the flesh till after school. She was an iconoclast now and she might as well smash everything.

"I'm going to dissipate," giggled Elizabeth. "I can't let my children see me chewing, and yet I adore it. I feel like a football-player breaking training before the big game. Have some?"

"There's no objection to my chewing any time. Chewing is the most fashionable of social diversions on my ranch, where there are no ladies but Hereford ladies."

"Oh, tell me about it," invited Elizabeth. "I adore ranches, the wilder and woolier, the better."

"Have you been West, then?"

"No, I've never been anywhere except in books. It's my duty to take Wild West thrillers away from my—I mean, my kinswoman seizes them as contraband from her seventh graders and I read them. Tell me about your ranch. Do you ride miles and miles?"

"Oh, yes, not romantically, though, as you think, but mostly by flivver. Even on a horse, I don't wear chaps and a six-shooter. Just plain knickers that I golf in, too."

"And do you have links all your own?"

"You could hardly call 'em that. Just a three-hole course."

"Do you climb the mountains?"

"Not except when I spree at Estes Park. We're in the plains, elevation almost a mile, not far from Denver."

"Do you come East often?"

"Once every year, sometimes twice. Ship my cattle to Chicago. Then I rolic around New York a week or two and finish up in Chicago at the stock show. Gee! I'm glad you're going to see some plays with me. I hate them by myself all the time."

"Plays? Oh, maybe I oughtn't."

Elizabeth gripped her purse. She was thinking of her savings and wondering how far they would stretch along Broadway. She was willing enough to go with the Westerner. She could tell a nice man when she saw one, but she could not let a casual stranger pay for theatre tickets.

He evidently misinterpreted her hesitation. His long, rather sallow, face flushed. "I don't think your husband would care. He wouldn't if he knew how empty a theatre can be when you are skylarking alone."

Elizabeth looked out of the window. Her glib tongue could find nothing to say.

She finally took refuge in flippancy such as she had heard privileged young matrons use to men. "I'll bet you've got a girl back in Colorado who wouldn't want you skylarking with an old married woman any more than you seem to think my husband would want me to run around with you too much."

"Well, I did have a girl once, but she isn't in Colorado." He hesitated with a color that made him appear ten years younger than he probably was.

"Where is she now?"

"I'm going to find out," replied the man. "She was in New York, but I can get her address from her sister."

"What was the matter?" asked Elizabeth rather faintly.

The Westerner was silent a moment, then blurted on: "Oh, we were temperamental young fools, as they say in the story-books. But I'm going back. Your crackling fires, your Sunday-night waffles, and your children's rose-pink Mondays—why, I never knew how lonesome I was. Maybe *I* can have a brick house with blue china, too, and somebody to care whether I stay out in the rain or eat vanilla wafers or live or die.

"Do you wish me luck?"

"Yes, I do—oh, I do," hastened Elizabeth, trying to swallow her tonsils.

"Will you dance at my wedding?"

"I don't dance." The lilt was gone from Elizabeth's voice. The world outside, washed before with an after-rain newness, was as old and dusty and monotonous as if it had been a chalky blackboard stacked with unending sums in partial payments.

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"What are those dirty red-brick things?" Elizabeth asked with a matter-of-fact asperity that would have done credit to Miss Lizzie's tone on a delft-blue Monday to a seventh grade that had played hooky the entire week before.

"Factories." The Westerner gave her a straight look and drew himself up to his utmost tallness, which was very tall indeed. "New Jersey at her ugliest and wealthiest. She is a modest lady who saves her loveliness till you know her well. Want to see from the observation?"

"How much farther to New York?" asked Elizabeth.

"About an hour and a half. You can hardly wait to glimpse it, can you? I always feel that thrill, too, when I'm getting into New York, often as I've been there."

Elizabeth discovered that she didn't feel any such thrill. She was about as happy as if she had been grading examination papers on Christmas eve.

She was rather terrified at the bigness of the unknown. She had been in Memphis only once before she had changed trains there the day before yesterday, and to Jackson twice, during the State fair. She wondered if she would find her way safely to Columbia University, who would be her roommate in Whittier Hall, and if she could get into Professor Erskine's poetry class without any college training except what she had crammed during one six-weeks' normal course at the state university back home when she was twenty-one. And she was acutely aware that three hundred dollars in travellers' checks with twelve dollars and fifty-eight cents in bills and small change was all that stood between her and the Old Ladies' Home—

"I'm a liar!" she almost shouted, "and I want you to know it."—Page 83.

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and vanilla wafers for Sunday-night suppers till then.

"How do you get to Columbia University?" she asked suddenly.

"From the Penn Station? Oh, several ways—subway, trolley, bus, taxi. You going up there?"

"Yes, that is, I know somebody who's going to be there."

"Oh, I thought you said you knew nobody in New York."

"I—have a—kinswoman who's going to study there this summer."

"You mean the tiresome spinster who teaches the seventh grade?"

"Yes. I fear she is tiresome and old, too," faltered Elizabeth, who was feeling rather sorry for herself.

"I beg your pardon. I was rude. I know you Southerners are intensely loyal to your relatives."

"I was thinking I'd better go right on out there. She'll be expecting me to supper—dinner, I believe you say up here."

"But you promised to have dinner with me."

"Maybe I'd better not. Your own friends will want you. You mustn't think I make engagements with any man I happen to meet on the train."

"Why, I don't. Why, what's the matter?"

Before Elizabeth could reply, one of the six-year-old twins whose hands she had wiped the night before came through the door and sidled up to her.

"I want to sit in your lap. You have a nice lap."

Elizabeth lifted her up.

"About the size of your little Bettie, isn't she?"

"Bettie?" Elizabeth had forgotten that she had a daughter. "Yes. No, no, *no!* Jump down, child, and run to your mother." And Elizabeth stumbled to her feet.

"I'm a liar!" she almost shouted, "and I want you to know it."

The Westerner stared hard at her, then took her gently by the shoulders and pushed her backward into the chair.

"Wait till I bring you some water."

"I don't want any water. I'm not sick," answered Elizabeth. "I've made a fool of myself and I've lied to you. Everything I've told you has been a lie, one stacked on top of the other. But somehow I must tell you the truth before I go. I'll never see you again and I want you to forget every syllable of this. But I must tell you. I've never lied before and I never will again. I don't know what made me do it.

"*You* helped me do it," she stormed with a sob. "You did, you did!"

"I!" gasped the accused.

"You said it was plain that I had children of my own, and I said I had and added a husband, a house, and china and happy Sunday nights. And I haven't any of them. I never have had any of them. I never shall have. I want you to understand this; for twenty years I've had nothing, absolutely nothing but stale vanilla wafers and cracked green dining-rooms and broken-mouthed wash-pitchers and shiny blue coat suits and school, school, *school!* I've never had a proposal in my life and everybody calls me Miss Lizzie—and, now, you've m-made me l-l-lie. I never lied before. But when you took me for a woman and not a grade book, when you actually seemed to think I was like other people, it just went to my head, I reckon. But I am only the kinswoman who taught the seventh grade, the cranky old prune and prism that you thought so t-t-tiresome—and—and——"

"This is Manhattan Transfer," the man broke in quietly and irrelevantly. "We take on the electric engine here."

"Oh, I knew you'd be disgusted and everything else, but I had to tell you. Please don't stare at my eyes. I can't h-help c-crying."

"Better get your things together and put on your hat," soothed the Westerner in a handkerchief-on-the-troubled-tears voice. "Run along."

Instead of running, Elizabeth stood stiller than ever and, urged by a flicker in his eyes, asked him when he meant to look up his old sweetheart.

The man laughed and waved away an approaching Pullman porter.

"Do you want the humiliating truth? I've never had a sweetheart in my life till I got on this train. I can't explain at all what has happened to me on the journey; but I know very surely that it has happened. I lied as well as you did, if you want to call it that. My only excuse is

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that I was trying not to make love to a woman who said she was another man's wife."

"But wasn't my Jack lovely?" asked Elizabeth, gazing with magnifying-glass intensity at the stubby toes of her brogues. "I'm half sorry he won't be there to meet me, after all."

"Your Jack doesn't have to meet you. He's with you now. My checks are signed John Tallcott but I'm Jack to all who love me. Won't you call me that, too? Say you will. Say it now."

Just then the big train crashed into the blackness of the Hudson Tunnel, and her answer was neither seen nor heard.

From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN
Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

XI.—THE RISE OF IDEALISM IN AMERICAN SCIENCE

I MUST make a digression now, in order to arrange suitable contacts between the preceding parts of my narrative and its concluding chapters. The main object of my narrative was, and still is, to describe the rise of idealism in American science, and particularly in physical sciences and the related industries. I was a witness to this gradual development; everything that I have described so far was an attempt to qualify as a witness whose testimony has competence and weight. But there are many other American scientists whose opinions in this matter have more competence and weight than my opinion has. Why, then, should a scientist who started his career as a Serbian immigrant speak of the idealism in American science when there are so many native-born American scientists who know more about this subject than I do? Those who have read my narrative so far can answer this question. I shall only point out now that there are certain psychological elements in this question which justify me in the belief that occasionally an immigrant can see things which escape the attention of the native. Seeing is believing; let him speak who has the faith, provided that he has a message to deliver.

A foreign-born citizen of the United States has many occasions to sing praises to the virtues of this country which the native-born citizen has not. Such occasions arise whenever the foreign-born citizen revisits his native land and hears opinions about America which are based upon European prejudice born of ignorance. On these occasions he can, if the spirit moves him, say many things with much more grace than a native American could do it. The spirit will move him if his naturalization means that he knows America's traditions and embraces their precepts with sincere enthusiasm. Statements which, coming from a native American, might sound as boasts and bragging, may and often do sound different when they are made by a naturalized American citizen. I have had quite a number of experiences of this kind; one of them deserves mention here.

Four years ago while visiting my native land I was invited to attend a festive public meeting in a town not far from my native village. It was the town of Panchevo, where in my boyhood days I went to school, and where from my Slovenian teacher, Kos, I had heard for the first time of Benjamin Franklin and of his kite. The earliest parts of this narrative show that many memories of my boyhood days had nourished in my heart an affectionate regard for this historic town. Panchevo reciprocated and hence the invitation. There was another reason. In March of 1919 the chairman of the Yugoslav delegation at the Paris peace conference invited me to go to Paris, ex-

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pecting that with my knowledge of the English language and of the Anglo-Saxon mentality I could probably assist the delegation in its work at the peace conference. I went and spent seven weeks in Paris. The result, I was assured by Premier Pashitch of Serbia, was very satisfactory; and he invited me to go to Belgrade as guest of the government, for the purpose of studying the condition of the war orphans in Serbia. This study resulted in the organization of the Serbian Child Welfare Association of America, whose splendid work is known and appreciated in every part of the Serbian nation. When Panchevo heard that I was in Belgrade it sent me the invitation.

The literary society of Panchevo, called the Academy, had arranged a gala public session, and the occasion was the "Wilson Day," which the town was celebrating. The orator of the day was a young Slovene, a learned lawyer and man of letters. The subject of his oration was: "President Wilson and his fourteen points." He wound up his splendid eulogy of President Wilson by exclaiming: "*President Wilson is an oasis of idealism in the endless desert of materialism.*" The image of my old friend Bilharz, the hermit of Cortlandt Street, suddenly appeared before me, and his favorite phrase, "American materialism" rang violently in my ears. I was afraid that the United States of America would be understood to be a part of the endless desert mentioned by the speaker, and the possibility of such an inference I did not like. A most enthusiastic and long-continued applause greeted this oratorical climax, and before the applause was over the chairman, who was the mayor of the town, approached me and asked whether I would like to address a few words to the great assembly of the intellectuals of the town. "I not only like to do it," said I, "but I insist upon it." The chairman looked pleased, because he could not help observing that the orator's concluding figure of speech had stirred me up considerably, and that my response to it might add a few lively notes to the rather monotonous programme of the Academy session.

I repeat here some of the sentiments which I expressed on that occasion.

"President Wilson is an idealist and his idealism commands my deepest respect and admiration. I deny, however, that he represents an 'oasis of idealism in an endless desert of materialism,' that is, if the United States of America are understood to be a part of this endless desert. I am sure that in this town, liberated only a few months ago from the Austrian yoke, the expression 'materialism' cannot refer to the United States of America. Two million American soldiers were fighting on the Western front when, a few months ago, the armistice was signed; several million more were waiting in America for their turn to join the ranks of the allied armies in France. American industries and American savings made a supreme effort to brace up the allied cause, and the war was won. Go to Paris now and watch the proceedings at the peace conference, as I have done during the last seven weeks, and you will find that America asks for no territories, for no mandates, and for no onerous compensations. It is the only great power there which preaches moderation, and demands unreservedly full justice for the little nations. Yugoslav Dalmatia, Istria, Goricia, and Fiume had been, in a period of stress, bartered away by some of our allies; America is to-day the only fearless champion of your claims to these Yugoslav lands. American men and women hastened to every front, and there, amid many perils and discomforts, they nursed the sick and the wounded. They fed the hungry and clothed the naked and the destitute. This they did even before America had entered the world war. Need I remind you that it was an American mission which, in 1915, saved Serbia from the destructive ravages of typhus, and that several Americans, victims of these very ravages, are now buried in Serbia's soil? To-day you will find Americans even in the countries of our former enemies, in Germany, Austria, and Hungary, doing the work of mercy and of charity. The name of Hoover is just as well known and beloved in Vienna and Budapest as it is in Belgium. A country of materialism cannot display that spirit which America has displayed during this war. Let the idealism of President Wilson remind you of American idealism.

"The phrase 'American materialism'

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is an invention of ill-informed Europe; but the European who has lived in the United States, and has had the good fortune to catch the spirit of America, revolts whenever he hears the untutored European mind utter that phrase. Read the history of the United States from its earliest beginnings, when the Pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, three hundred years ago, and you will find that idealism runs through it from beginning to end. The Pilgrim fathers themselves were idealists, who undertook the perilous voyage 'for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith.'

"A hundred and fifty years later the Continental Congress of the colonies issued, at Philadelphia, the 'Declaration of Colonial Rights,' and this declaration, as well as the documents accompanying it and addressed to the people of the United Kingdom and of British America, breathe the spirit of lofty idealism. The same Congress in 1775 issued another declaration, setting forth causes which forced the American colonies to take up arms; and in 1776 it issued the Declaration of Independence, which announced to the world the ideals for the attainment of which the colonists were ready to sacrifice their lives. No other human documents ever stated so clearly and so definitely the 'divine right of man' as these documents did. The men who composed these documents were not ordinary men; they were idealists of the highest type. Read the lives of Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Jay, Jefferson, and of other leaders of the American Revolutionary period, and you will find what a wonderful power idealism has when the destiny of a young nation hangs in the balance. But when the struggle was over, after the victory had been won, the leader of the new nation, immortal Washington, assumed the supreme executive office of the land and retired from it after two terms of service with a spirit of dignity and of humility which has no equal in human history. His Farewell Address to the American people, advocating the practice of idealism by the cultivation of religion, morality, patriotism, good faith and justice toward all nations, is an echo of the voice of idealism which was the driving power of the American Revolution.

"The idealism of the Revolutionary period was the guiding star of the American patriots of the stormy period preceding the Civil War. One of them, Daniel Webster, was a youth of seventeen when Washington died, and he knew personally some of the great leaders of the Revolutionary period, like Jefferson and Adams. He certainly caught by direct contact the idealism of this period. Read his speeches, as I have read them during my apprenticeship days in America, and you will understand what I mean by American idealism, if this war has not shown it to you better than any words of mine can do it. Webster's idealism was in the hearts of men of his generation who under the great leadership of Lincoln, one of the greatest among American idealists, conducted the Civil War and preserved the American Union. Lincoln's immortal words: 'With malice toward none, with charity for all,' will forever remind the world of the idealism which was in the hearts of the American people who fought for the preservation of the American Union. President Wilson is one of the best biographers of George Washington, and he also published a splendid study of the constitutional government of the United States. No profound student of these themes can escape becoming an exalted idealist. His speeches, which during the world war he addressed to the American people and to the whole world, are sermons on American idealism, which guided the people of the United States from the very beginning of their history; but some of you in Europe never understood it. The world war has made you eager to listen to every word which inspires your anxious hearts with new hopes. President Wilson's words and his acts at the Paris peace conference inspire you with these new hopes, and hence this Wilson Day, an honor to him and a credit to you. In honoring him you are honoring the idealism of the American people, for which act I am most grateful to you.

"It was here in Panchevo that I first heard of Benjamin Franklin, nearly fifty years ago; to-day I deliver to you, people of Panchevo, a greeting from Franklin's native land and a message that the cultivation of American idealism is the most

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powerful arm for the defense of the destiny of your young nation."

Hamilton Fish Armstrong, our military *attaché* in Belgrade at that time, was present at the meeting. He did not understand a word of my address, because it was delivered in Serbian, but he assured me that judging by appearances it must have been at least as good as my address in Princeton in the beginning of the world war in 1914; he was then a senior at Princeton College. The Princeton address was a eulogy of Serbian idealism which I imported into America when I landed at Castle Garden in 1874; the Panchevo address was a eulogy of American idealism which I brought back to Panchevo forty-five years later. I must confess, however, that, twenty-five years earlier, the above address was delivered in substance to Protoyeray Zivkovich, the poet-priest of Panchevo, when after graduating at Columbia in 1883 I returned for the first time to my native village. On that occasion the poet said, and here I quote from an earlier chapter of my narrative:

> Tell your mother that I am happy to bear the whole responsibility for your wandering away to distant America. It is no longer distant; it is now in my heart; you have brought America to us. It was a new world in my terrestrial geography; it is now a new world in my spiritual geography.

I often think of these words now, and I firmly believe that there are many millions of people in Europe to-day who think that America is a new world in their spiritual geography. The people in Panchevo, I am certain, think so. But it needed a world war to eliminate from their minds the old superstition that this is the land of "American materialism." The world pendulum has swung the other way, and I often wonder whether we can live up to the very high reputation which we now enjoy in the opinion of a large part of the world which now knows our virtues but does not know our shortcomings.

A short time after the Panchevo celebration a number of scientists of the University of Belgrade, members of the Royal Serbian Academy, invited me to an informal conference, and asked me to tell them something about American science and its National Research Council in Washington. I do not think that on that occasion my discourse on this most interesting topic impressed my Serbian friends as strongly as my Panchevo discourse did. For a long time after this conference I thought of many things that I might have said, but did not say. The more I thought about it the more I was dissatisfied. I was informed several months after this conference that one of the Serbian scientists present remarked to a mutual friend that from my Panchevo address on American idealism he was led to believe that at the Belgrade conference I would say something about idealism in American science. But I said nothing, and he inferred, therefore, that there cannot be much idealism in American science, a thing which he always suspected. Many European scientists suspected that, long before he did. That permissible inference of the Serbian scientist hurt me, and it hurt the more because I felt that the omission was unpardonable. But the psychology at the Panchevo celebration was different from that at the conference in Belgrade. In Panchevo a remark was made from which, I was afraid, one might have inferred that this is a country of materialism. Nobody at the Belgrade conference suggested the thought that American science might, perhaps, have a taint of materialism. But, of course, no Serbian scientist could have suggested such a thing when the memory of the service of American science rendered to Serbia during the typhus ravages of 1915 was still fresh in everybody's mind.

A fireplace fed by slow-burning wood has to be stirred up often to maintain a lively flame. Similarly, the flame of a slow mental combustion cannot be maintained without occasional stirring. My mental combustion at the Belgrade conference was certainly slow and needed a stirring up, similar to that which it received in Panchevo. My early studies of American history and American traditions would have proceeded much more slowly, if it had not been for my old friend Bilharz, who stirred me up with his prejudices against American democracy, and with his everlasting complaints against the imaginary spectre which he called American materialism.

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This stirring up is experienced by many American citizens of foreign birth whenever they visit their native land. Every one of these visits speeds up the Americanization process which is going on in them. I firmly believe that the amalgamation of the foreign-born would be speeded up wonderfully if we could make it obligatory that every foreign-born American citizen should revisit his native land at stated intervals of time. Had I not visited my native land so many times since my landing at Castle Garden in 1874, the memory of my early experiences in America, described in the earlier parts of this narrative, would probably have faded away completely long ago. Had I not visited Belgrade and Panchevo in 1919 I should not have been stirred up on the subject of American idealism, and particularly about the American idealism in science. It was in Belgrade and Panchevo where the stimulus was applied which revived the memory of my experiences in Columbia College, in the Universities of Cambridge and Berlin, and in my professorial work at Columbia University, and made me pass in rapid review through all my experiences which have a bearing upon American idealism, and particularly the idealism in American science. Ever since that time I have been revolving in my mind many of the things relating to American science, that I might have mentioned at the Belgrade conference, but did not mention. The painting, "Men of Progress," which I first saw at Cooper Union in 1876, came back to my mind. The men represented in it, like Peter Cooper, McCormick, Goodyear, Morse, and others, did not represent the idealism in science which the Belgrade scientist had in mind; they were practical inventors. They were the scientific idols of the American people, but they were not idealists in science. The time for idealism in American science had not yet arrived. The Union Pacific Railroad had not yet been built when that picture was painted; the Western plains had not yet been compelled to yield their potential treasures of golden grain; and the vast quantities of coal and mineral ore were waiting anxiously to be raised to the surface of the earth to serve in the development of our vast territory between the Atlantic and the Pacific. He who could aid the people in this gigantic development became the idol of the people. The names of the inventors, like McCormick, Goodyear, and Morse, were household words with the people of the United States, just as the names of Edison and of Bell are to-day. Joseph Henry, the famous scientist, was also in that historic painting, but he was in the background of it. His expression seemed to indicate that he did not feel quite at home in a group of men who were practical inventors. He was a friend of Lincoln, and his idealism in science was just as exalted as Lincoln's idealism in political philosophy. But in those days an idealist in science attracted little attention among the people of the United States, who were busily engaged in solving their numerous economic problems. Hence Joseph Henry, the idealist in science, was practically unknown. This was the mental attitude which Europe called "American materialism" in science. De Tocqueville, the famous French traveller and keen observer, said this about us in a book which he published about seventy years ago:

> It must be confessed that, among the civilized peoples of our age, there are few in which the highest sciences have made so little progress as in the United States. . . . The future will prove whether the passion for profound knowledge, so rare and so fruitful, can be born and developed so readily in democratic societies as in aristocracies. . . . The man of the North . . . does not care for science as a pleasure, and only embraces it with avidity when it leads to useful applications.

To-day this criticism sounds like a national libel, but fifty years ago it was swallowed like a bitter pill which, in the opinion of many patriotic thinkers, we needed if we were to be cured of a malady which threatened to become a national calamity. The greatest leaders of scientific thought in this country pointed to our educational system, in order to prove that de Tocqueville was right and that science was neglected in our schools and colleges. Foremost amongst them were, as I have already pointed out in this narrative, Joseph Henry, President Barnard, of Columbia, President White, of Cornell, Draper, Youmans, and others. They were all idealists in science, and when they invited Tyndall to this coun-

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try, fifty years ago, they invited the most eloquent apostle of scientific idealism. The great movement for higher scientific research inaugurated in England by the immortal Maxwell and his supporters, and in this country by the great Joseph Henry and his followers, was a movement for idealism in science, or, as Andrew White called it, "hope for higher endeavors."

When the European speaks of materialism in American science, he is resurrecting notions which de Tocqueville had in his mind when he wrote the lines quoted above. These notions were correct, but wonderful changes have taken place in this country since de Tocqueville wrote his book. If he were living now and published another edition of his famous book, I am sure that he would insert a chapter which would speak of idealism and not of materialism in American science.

What is the mental attitude which I call "idealism in science"? Before answering this question it is well to quote here from an earlier part of my narrative:

> The *eternal truth* was, according to my understanding at that time, the sacred background of Tyndall's scientific faith, and the works of the great scientific discoverers, their lives, and their methods of inquiry into physical phenomena were the only sources from which the human mind can draw the light which will illuminate that sacred background. He nourished that faith with a religious devotion, and his appeals in the name of that faith were irresistible. His friends in America and in England, who were glad to have him as their advocate of the cause of scientific research, had the same faith that he had, and they nourished it with the same devotion. I know to-day . . . that this faith was kindled and kept alive . . . by the light of the life and of the wonderful discoveries of Michael Faraday. . . . He was their contemporary and his achievements, like a great search-light, showed them the true path of scientific progress.

The worship of the eternal truth and the burning desire to seek an ever-broadening revelation of it constitute the mental attitude which I call "idealism in science." Its growth in the British Empire, and particularly at the University of Cambridge, has been most remarkable since the great movement started under the leadership of Maxwell a little over fifty years ago. What progress have we made since Tyndall's visit to this country in 1872? If in my narrative I succeed in answering this question I shall be more than satisfied, and I shall certainly send a translation of it in part to my scientific friends in Belgrade. It will tell them what I ought to have told them four years ago.

Florence

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

"Forse vedrai Fiorenza la mia terra
"che fuor di se mi serra,
"vota d'amore, e nuda di pietate."

Look now on Florence where she lieth dead.
What life was hers! The emptied cup of shame
Has dropped from her cold hand, and round her head
The immortal laurel glows like emerald flame.
Death cannot alter her. She was the same
When her marred beauty cast its spell on them
Whose blood is brown upon her garment's hem,
As now, when little babblers of an hour
Peer at her in amazement where she lies.
Look not too long—her dead face keeps its power.
This is the magic that held Dante fast,
Through weary years of treading alien ways—
This is the face that swam before his eyes
In pitiless splendor, till they closed at last
To open on the luminous green gaze
Where Bice's lover found his Paradise.

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Adventures in a Fiction Factory

BY REBECCA N. PORTER
Author of "The Wives of Xerxes," etc.

THE customary public attitude toward those who yearn, without apparent justification, to write, is one of derision. The amateur poet with his rhapsodies on moonlight and unrequited love, the story-writer with his stilted dialogues and melodramatic passions, have long served as the legitimate prey of our national joke-smiths. But to me there is something deeply significant in the almost universal groping of our American people after a means of creative expression. Why do men and women, ever increasing numbers of them, in all walks of life, with widely different temperamental and academic equipment, want to write?

It was chiefly with the desire to find an answer to this question that two years ago I opened in conjunction with my university a fiction factory. The craving to *make ourselves known* is a normal, not an abnormal, condition of mind, but through the enterprise of conducting a university-extension course in story-writing I wanted to get more deeply into the heart of the motive than this. Why choose writing rather than other forms of human endeavor?

The answer to this query led me, as all research inevitably leads, into deeper currents. For I discovered, mingled with the very positive desire to write, an equally positive and wide-spread industrial discontent. Any person whose daily occupation brings him in constant contact with the public must have been struck by the fact that the large majority of men and women are bitterly unhappy in their work. There is scarcely a profession or trade which does not contribute its quota of lamentation.

"If I could only get out of nursing!" "If I could only give up teaching!" "If my daily work at the office were not such a grind!" In the face of this universal dissatisfaction one is tempted to fare forth with his lantern in quest, not of the honest man, but of the happy one. Where is the contented laborer? Is there really such a person? If so, how has he managed to find and keep his treasure?

From being originally a literary problem the venture of the fiction factory thus became at core a labor problem. For it was to me obvious almost at the start that America faces to-day a situation much more serious than non-employment —and that situation is malemployment. People, larger and larger numbers of them, are engaged in work that they hate. And this in an age when vocational guidance is in full flower.

"What does labor really want?" I asked a celebrated economist. His reply was given in the two cryptic words, "More money."

"Why do people want to learn to write?" I put this question to a successful professor of journalism. "Because," he explained, "they think there is much money in the writing game."

The key to the thing remained still undiscovered. It was the workers in the fiction factory who revealed its hiding-place. And the fiction factory was neither reluctant nor aggressive in yielding up the secret. The process of disclosure was completely unconscious. But first a word as to the factory itself.

Modern economic research decrees that he who would study labor conditions must go and work with disgruntled labor. But the results of such adventures as exploited in our magazines by reporters in disguise are not wholly satisfying. And the reason for this is that they invariably show the worker at his worst. The man who is performing a perfunctory task in which he feels uninterested and unappreciated cannot furnish reliable material for psychological research. He colors his whole environment with prejudice and self-pity.

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The proper study of mankind is man engaged in congenial work.

To find the common denominator of modern industry may seem an incredibly difficult task. In reality it is quite simple. The chief requirement is that we shall interpret the universal groping after "something different" in spiritual rather than material terms. Find some task which shall offer to men and women of whatever age or class a means of expressing what is within them. Music will do this. Landscape gardening will do it. There are other forms of endeavor that will do it. But because authorship uses the easily accessible medium of every-day language more people turn to it and so it furnishes the ideal basis for experiment.

In this university workroom, composed entirely of fully mature students most of whom were employed somewhere throughout the day, I resolved to test some of the practices of modern labor by the drastic method of reversing them. The technique of extension classes, as prearranged by higher authority, aided in this. Instead of paying workers for their time, extension students are required to pay a nominal sum on registration. This I regarded as an earnest of good intention and a public confession of faith in that sanest of all creeds, which ranks the opportunity to work at a congenial task as a privilege. And the laborers in the fiction factory were held responsible not alone for their own output but, in a measure, that of their neighbors. Constructive criticism of each other's work was required of every one.

To my memory, as I write this, comes the voice of Nevin. He was a sinewy blond giant whose academic education had been acquired largely at night-school. Opposite the word *Occupation* on his registration card was the laconic information, *Drayman*. Late one Saturday evening Nevin's voice came to me over the long-distance telephone.

"Say, I've been thinkin' about that lumber-camp story that Mrs. V—— read at the last meetin'. She's got a bully plot there, but—well, you see, I used to work in a lumber camp, and there's some things in that story that wouldn't go down with people that *know*. So I rang you up to ask— Do you think she'd mind if I wrote her a line and pointed out the weak spots?"

I doubt if Mrs. V——, a world-weary society woman, had ever received a letter from a drayman before. But I knew, as I watched them in earnest conversation at the next meeting, that she had never had a letter that she appreciated more. For she was one of those very rare persons who realize that when the work-ridden offer us a moment from their business they do us a favor, but when they proffer us that moment from their leisure their gift is the very gold and myrrh of sacrifice.

Why did Nevin want to write stories? Why did Mrs. V—— want to write? I didn't find the answer just then, but I did know even then that it was not a desire to sell their wares which impelled them. To them, and to most of the others in the class, a literary market was a far distant and only dimly discernible goal. Perhaps this was due in some measure to the fact that we rarely talked of markets in the fiction factory and that never for a moment were the difficulties of literary success minimized. And even when the marketing of stories *was* the ultimate hope this ambition was, I discovered, usually rooted in some deep heart need.

There was, for instance, the case of Barton. He had another name in the fiction factory, but he shall be Barton here even though there is no possibility now that he may recognize this story of his achievement. He came up at the end of one of the courses, explained that he couldn't register for another, but asked if he could take a course by correspondence while he was away in the mountains rest-curing.

"You are going to drop your work in the printing office for a while?" I asked.

He nodded. "The doctor says I've got to get away and—live outside. I stayed with job-printing too long."

I looked at his sunken cheeks with their telltale flush, the red-lidded eyes that betrayed insomnia, and I wished that the doctor had told him this before. "Why not take a complete rest?" I suggested. "Why burden yourself with any work at all—until you recover your health?"

He dropped the wire paper clip that he had been turning between nervous fingers. "I couldn't get away with that," he explained. "You see, it's this way. I had a straight-from-the-shoulder talk with the doctor. He's a mighty good chap and I

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think he's done everything for me that can be done. But we both know that it's only a question of a few months. Now my little wife" (his tone craved indulgence for affection's follies), "she has always had the idea that I could be a writer—a real professional. She thinks the only thing that has stood in the way of my writing the great American novel is lack of time. Now, you see, I've got the time at last. So the Doc and I have cooked up a little scheme. I can't tell her the truth, but between us we've fixed up this: He orders me up to a little shack of his in the mountains; but the idea is that I'm just going to rest and devote my time to writing. I took out a three-months' leave from the shop, and if I take a university correspondence course— Why, don't you see? My wife's tickled to death. She's telling all our friends that I'm going away to write stories. Of course, my writing may never come to anything even with all that time, but I thought— Well, if I could just get one thing into print somewhere, it would mean a lot to her—afterward."

It did mean "a lot to her afterward," and I shall treasure always that copy of the obscure little agricultural magazine which she sent to me containing Barton's single contribution to the profession of authorship.

The case of Martinet was different. For Martinet suffered from that malady common to all of the potentially illustrious. He was misunderstood.

"I'd like to join this class," he announced one night, "but I'm afraid I can't."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, I've just been cinched out of college and I don't think they'll let me take an extension course."

A lithe athletic fellow was Martinet, with corduroys, a fraternity pin and other evidences of affiliation with culture. His quest, I learned, was not for a vehicle of self-expression, but for an audience.

I was reminded, as he talked, of that little story told recently in one of our literary weeklies. "Did you ever read, 'To a Field Mouse'?" an enthusiastic lover of Burns inquired of a young lady who was trying not very successfully to discuss verse. "No," she answered breathlessly, "How do you get them to listen?" That was Martinet's trouble; he couldn't get anybody to listen. He had covered reams of paper with his ideas upon political, social, and religious reform. But because he was supposed to be concerned with law problems during his undergraduate days, no one would take his essays and stories seriously.

I told him that I was sure there would be no difficulty in his entering an extension class if he didn't demand credit for it, but he shook his head. "You don't seem to quite understand my case," he patiently explained. "You see, I was so badly cinched out that they as good as told me that they didn't want me even to come on the campus any more."

Catastrophe dealt with so lavish a hand cannot fail to be impressive. The omnipotent *They* from whose ukase there is no appeal had evidently been unwilling to "listen," but I was eager for explanations. "How did you manage it," I asked, "in that wholesale fashion?"

"Part of it was my fault, but a good deal wasn't," he answered darkly. "There are a lot of other people mixed up in it. One of them is my Dad. He sent me to college to learn law. There has always been a lawyer in my family and I was picked to carry on the tradition. I don't mind the law either when I'm not busy with my writing. But I got stuck with a professor who hasn't got any sense of justice. I did some good, hard studying on his course, but I forgot just which day the final was going to be held. I was writing a big serial story and I forgot the day. I went and explained that to him as man to man—and what do you think? He wouldn't accept my apology. He cinched me cold—and he's only one of a whole group."

I was certain that Martinet had the temperament of a writer. And he has not disappointed me. In a very small town not far away he has a very small room which he calls an office. Its equipment, as he has described it to me in letters, appears to consist chiefly of a typewriter, a waste-basket, and an eraser. There, pending the time when the autocratic They will reinstate him in college, he is going his glorious, unhampered way. And in a very large town very far away Martinet's breezy romances are beginning to be known. Very slowly, but with in-

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finite satisfaction, he is solving the problem of "getting them to listen."

It was apparent from the first why he had wanted to come to the fiction factory. With some of the others the motives were for a long time inexplicable. There was, for instance, Mrs. Dean, a wiry, life-beaten little woman who sat always in the front row, committed to a note-book every word of the informal lectures, and never missed a meeting. Mrs. Dean never wrote anything, rarely asked a question and only with very tactful urging could be induced to enter the general discussion of class stories. "Oh, I've never tried to write!" she hastily assured me when I reminded her once that she was entitled to submit some work. But as soon as the course ended she rescheduled for another. She had almost finished this second set of lessons when one evening she brought me a manuscript. "I don't know whether it's against the rules or not to ask you to read this," she demurred. "Because, you see, I didn't write it myself. My daughter wrote it."

"Your daughter is interested in writing, too?"

"Oh, yes!" Her voice was fervent. "You ought to see how interested she is! I'm buying her one of those little typewriters that she can use in bed, and since she got that— Why, besides her stories she writes out all the notes I bring home and the references for reading and——"

Then it was that I got my first glimpse of the impelling force back of Mrs. Dean's patient attention to lectures, her unbroken record of attendance. Tired out with her day's work of assistant fitter in a large department store, she came every week to the fiction factory as an ambassador extraordinary to the bed-ridden daughter at home.

I had been in the fiction factory a year when I decided to discover motives by the simple process of asking for them. There were other vital things that I wanted to know, too, and so I issued at the end of one course a questionnaire. One of the questions was, "Why did you take this course?" Many times I have wished that some of those persons who like to believe that we are a nation of crass materialists whose only real concern is for money and more of it, might have read some of those replies. Out of a class of sixty only twenty per cent confessed to an ambition to become professional authors. Many were amused at the very idea of entering upon such a difficult and precarious means of livelihood. I had asked them to be brief in their answers. They were both brief and decisive. Here are some of the data:

"Because I want to have a better appreciation of what I read."

"To spice up the days."

"So that I can have something new to talk about to my friends." And (most illuminating of all) "to give me something interesting to think about *while I work*."

Even more elucidating were the responses to the query, "Do you consider your present occupation a help or a hindrance to creative work?" From workshop, office, schoolroom, and home came the veritable avalanche of embittered testimony which crystallized my conviction that the large majority of people belong to the class of malemployed.

Well, where does it all lead? To what signs of the times does it point?

It points first, I think, back along the trail of early education. The members of the fiction factory differed widely in the *amount* of academic training, but not at all in the *method*. They were, almost without exception, the products of our present public-school system. I feel justified in drawing conclusions concerning education from my work with them because they were the typical finished products of this system. Fiction-writing, that most self-revealing of all the arts, brought me nearer to them than I could possibly have come in any other way, and what I learned from them about the present wave of industrial discontent that is sweeping our country reveals stretches of quicksand along the path of our training of citizenship. Our present method of highly specialized education is a prolonged and persistent assault upon the human soul.

In the years when we should be putting into the hands of our young people the keys which will open for them the rich treasuries of art and literature and history and the other means to culture, we say instead (and we say it way down in the grades now): "Tell us what you want to do

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for a living and we will eliminate from your training everything that does not lead directly to that profession or trade." That there shall be anything in the kit of the traveller to help him across the deserts and bogs of life that lie before us all, regardless of what we may be doing for a livelihood, does not enter into the plan at all. If you are going to be a stenographer all you need is a commercial education. It would be obviously a waste of time for an office worker to have any kinship with the great, the heroic, the inspiring forces of life.

Most of the members of the fiction factory would have admitted that in literature they would find adventure, entertainment, and beautiful phrasing. That it held for them also comfort, courage, and the quality of inspiration that may be used in every-day life, was to many of them an almost incredible revelation. In an age which likes to boast vociferously of its "rights" and the right of everybody to those rights, it is an unbelievable thing that we should permit any person or board of persons to so deprive us and our children of our share in the kingdom of heaven.

And who are these autocrats who decide what we shall carry with us on our life voyage? An acquaintance of mine, who is himself a well-known educator, sat next to one of them not long ago at a chamber of commerce banquet. Eager for the ideas of this president of the board of education in whose city he was visiting he put to him this question: "In your opinion what is the greatest problem which our modern public schools have to meet?" After a moment's reflection the president answered earnestly: "Well, I should say that the greatest problem that we have to meet here is economy of floor space."

If the golden years of our youth have been spent under the tutelage of officials whose greatest concern for us is economy of floor space is it any wonder that we come to the arid stretches of middle age with restless and resentful spirits? Is it any wonder that we strike out wildly for something that will "give me something interesting to think about while I work"?

No, the laundryman with his trunkful of unmarketable stories and poems is not a joke, unless the shipwrecked man clinging to his straw in mid-ocean is a joke. The astounding thing is that under the stress and strain of modern life he should still retain his ardor for self-expression. That he still does retain it and is willing to fight for his hold upon it against ridicule and contempt is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. Not quite yet is the human soul willing to give up the struggle and submit itself to the card-catalogue system of existence. Every normal man and woman is on a perpetual quest for a means of self-expression, and the darkest obstacle which the crusader meets in his path is specialized education.

Where modern education drops its gruelling task modern industry takes it up. What are the professions and trades which offer something to the questing spirit of man?

There was a time when shoe-making was a means of self-expression. In that day a man might point with pride to the feet of a distinguished fellow citizen and say: "I make his shoes." Under the present industrial system he is doomed to turning out shoe buttons or cutting uppers. There is no possibility of stamping the day's output with his own personality.

School-teaching used to be a highly creative task, and for this reason it attracted some of the most brilliant minds of antiquity. Could any one class the fulfilment of the demands of a modern board of education as a creative task? The board members are certainly not to blame for their attitude. They were cheated, too, and they must give the public what the public apparently wants.*

And so the only recourse left to the laborer robbed of his legitimate spiritual recompense is to satisfy his pride with *numbers*. Present-day industry is dominated by a lust of numbers. "To-day I turned out four hundred shoe buttons; by the end of the week perhaps I can get it up to five hundred." Even our universities have fallen under this bondage, and the taxpayers who reluctantly foot the bills feel in some degree repaid when they read that their institution of learning is the second or third largest in the country. And in exchange for the priceless opportunity to express himself we give our

* Even motherhood has lost its creative possibilities. Whether or not we like to admit it, child-training has become largely a community enterprise and both motherhood and pedagogy have been beggared in the process.

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worker the title of specialist and the privilege of striking for higher wages.

Into the office of our university extension division there strode one day a resolute young man. He studied for a moment the announcement of courses, then confided his problem to the secretary in charge. "I've decided to enter one of your extension classes, and I want one that promises quick results. How about this class in novel and short-story writing? If I take that will I be able to get out and sell my stuff to the magazines?"

There is no reason why such an attitude of mind should either startle or amuse us. This applicant for first-aid-to-authorship merely voiced completely and succinctly our educational and industrial ideals. Says the average college freshman: "Here am I with my time and capital. Give me in exchange for it sufficient technical knowledge of something to enable me to earn as much money as possible. Serve it hot and be quick about it."

Our schools and colleges no longer serve table d'hôte refreshment carefully planned by dietetic experts with a view to nourishment and the stimulation of intellectual curiosity. What they serve is a bewilderingly varied collection of short orders. From these the student, with one eye upon the fluctuations in the labor market, makes his choice. When scientific farming demonstrates its market value the agricultural department must be enlarged to meet the sudden influx into this profession. When social service wins economic status the sociology classes are overcrowded. And the terrific pressure under which we perfect ourselves for wage-earning leaves us no time to "listen" to what any one else is trying to say. Why say anything at all except what there is a definite market for saying?

Specialized education and specialized industry are in league to standardize the human soul. One by one they have closed the doors to almost every avenue of creative achievement. It is the dim realization of this that has cluttered the modern schoolroom with manual training, bead work, folk dancing, and millinery. These are concessions to the normal craving for finished products. They are an apology to the child from a public which is trying to make of him a self-starting, self-sufficient wage-earner.

In an age not yet remote there was a source to which even the illiterate might turn for refreshment and inspiration. That source was religion. In this era of the general abandonment of religion this sustaining prop has been removed. Nothing more clearly reveals the resulting chaos than modern fiction. Again and again with a monotony almost incredible we are presented with the middle-aged man and woman who, prostrated with the hideousness of a grossly material life, endeavor to satisfy their cravings for something better by taking new mates and beginning the struggle once more. That what they really crave is an adventure of the *spirit* is unrealized by the modern school of novelists because they themselves are profoundly unacquainted with such experience. Our present-day religion is a vague admonition to the universe to be "glad." The popularity of our novels of self-conscious optimism as put up by the literary confectioners is what might be expected of a young, bewildered, and spiritually starved people on a search for something to put in the place of the abandoned religious faith of our forefathers. What we want is something that will corroborate the comfortable theory that whether or not God is in His heaven, "all's right with the world."

And yet, in spite of all that modern civilization is doing to us, we are born with a vision of the perfect, and our idealism is dying hard. The question that comes uppermost in my mind concerning my days of research in the field of the malemployed is this: Is it possible to restore to the soul-hungry people of middle life any portion of their lost heritage?

As typical of the many who want something and know not what it is I thought of Sullivan. My acquaintance with Sullivan began one evening at the opening of a new class. I was reading aloud, but the noise of two men engaged in hot dispute out in the corridor threatened to drown my voice. Then suddenly a man in the rear row stole out, closing the door behind him. His method of dealing with the disturbance was so prompt and effective that after the class I endeavored to express my gratitude.

"I'm not goin' to have any rough stuff around here," he promised, and the authority in his voice was unmistakable.

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"Yeah, I'm on the force," he confessed. "But," his pen poised reluctantly above the occupation line of the registration card, "but don't tell anybody," he entreated. "I don't want 'em to know that I'm a copper."

I doubt whether any of the other workers ever did know it. Certainly they never would have guessed it from the type of stories which Sullivan submitted for their criticism. For if you imagine that a traffic officer wants to write of automobile thefts and crime chasers your knowledge of the motives which underlie the profession of authorship is rudimentary. Why should the amateur writer be expected to depict that world in which he himself moves? It is from that very world that he seeks escape. The wife of a Methodist minister turned in the most lurid crime story that the fiction factory ever produced. The devoted mother of six grown children wrote a sex novel whose dialogue would have thrilled Mr. Robert W. Chambers. Through Sullivan's fiction college-bred men and women, faultlessly attired, magnificently unemployed, moved and talked of golf and European tours. After two months of this his activity suddenly ceased. Questioned about it he shook his head. "I'm stuck," he explained morosely. "I've got a bully fellow in this new story and a peach of a girl. They were gettin' along fine and then all at once I remembered the war. Any feller that's young and worth writin' about would go, and if he does— Darn the war! If you're doin' up-to-date stuff you've got to mention it, and if I do take out all that time —why, the plot is ruined."

And then I knew that Sullivan had indeed entered into the perplexities and difficulties of modern authorship. With what resourcefulness he could muster he, too, in company with his army of colleagues, must surmount the Great Divide.

On my way home from the fiction factory I used often to ask myself was the thing worth while? I thought of my students working hard at night after days of hard work in office and store to perfect some bit of fiction that might after all never be anything but a commonplace bit of fiction. There were many with genuine talent who would go on and carve out for themselves literary careers. But what of the others? Was there anything in this "writing game" that would "spice up the days" of ordinary living?

One evening I was engrossed with this question while I went about my Saturday errands. It was five o'clock and the streets swarmed with commuters hurrying ferryward. Driven to reckless imprudence by a glance at the ferry clock I plunged not wisely into the seething centre of Market street. When it was too late to retreat I saw a world composed entirely of wheels and noise bearing down upon me. There flashed across my mind incidents which I had read of persons caught in like predicament who had triumphantly defied death by flinging themselves flat on the asphalt or standing perfectly still. While I debated the advantages of these two measures the wrathful eyes of draymen and chauffeurs glared a fiery path to my brain. Then all at once I knew why they glared. Something had paralyzed them. They were as motionless as the inhabitants of an excavated village. The universe waited breathless as if for some stupendous event. I felt a strong hand close upon my arm. Out of the sudden hush came a voice vibrant, triumphant, tense with eagerness. "Say, how would it be to have her turn him down at first and then marry him when he comes home from the war?" And while Sullivan and I stood there deciding whether or not she ever would marry him, the universe waited.

How long will they wait? That is the question to which my Adventures have ultimately brought me. How long will any of us wait and hope and strive for a way out? How long will it be before we cease to feel any desire for the things of the spirit? On the demands of the physical being we have very definite data. Biology tells us, and proves it, that unused parts of the body gradually atrophy and we forget that we ever had them. But in the realm of the soul we move with less assurance. What is to become of the vast spiritual wealth of the nation? Education ignores it, industry stifles it, religion fails to find it. And yet it is here, a vast warehouse of unused increment, stored away in the souls of our great army of malemployed. Its voice is the universal voice and its cry is not for more wages but for more life.

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The Breaking-Point

BY LOUIS DODGE

Author of "Bonnie May," "The Runaway Woman," "Nancy: Her Life and Death," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERT N. SALG

HER neighbors said of her that for twenty years she had not smiled, and it was true. Her husband had not observed this, though he had observed another thing equally remarkable—that for twenty years she had not wept. He smiled with pride when he thought of this, because it seemed to him proof of his merit as a husband.

Only her son, Anson, coming twenty-one years of age, had observed the absence of both smiles and tears.

She was only forty-three years old, but she was already like an old woman. She spent all her time working about her house, silently, going from one thing to another as if led unerringly by habit. Her eyes were expressionless, as if she had come to demand of life nothing in the way of variety or surprise or promise. Occasionally she sat down and sank into a drooping posture and stared straight before her without seeing anything. This moment of surrender, as it might perhaps have been called, always ended in the same way: with a sudden blinking, a purposeful getting up, a passing on to the first task that came uppermost.

This too had been the manner of her life for twenty years.

And then change and relief—transformation—came on the evening of her son Anson's twenty-first birthday.

On that evening, at seven o'clock, she was in her dining-room, a room which would have seemed very pleasant if there had been a happy person in it. It was neat and wholesome, and it had an attractive bay window toward the west, where the light of day was now softening into a golden vapor. She was intent upon a simple task. She spread a newspaper, folded across once, on the table, moving the sugar-bowl and the spoon-holder back out of the way. She meant presently to place a cake here on the table. She presented a sad, appealing picture as she smoothed the paper without quite appearing to put her mind upon what she did.

The cake was still in the kitchen range, and she sat down to wait for it to bake. With the skill of a practised housewife she kept the cake in mind, but she thought of something else too. She thought of her husband.

Her husband had been sitting out on the front porch enjoying his pipe and calling out with loud good-fellowship to persons who went by on the sidewalk. Now he had left his place on the porch and was walking up the street, up the hill, in the dusk. She had not known just when he left the front porch, as he had a way of doing some things furtively; but she could see him from the bay window. She watched listlessly as he walked with a kind of swagger up the hill, and she noted the manner in which the neighbors responded to his greetings as he passed. For example, the Gwinns, working among their flower-beds up on their bit of terrace—the month was June—smiled back at him willingly enough, though with a kind of irony, an effect of innuendo. He laughed loudly as he passed the Gwinns.

She surmised that he would probably stop at the house of Mrs. Woods, who dwelt midway up the hill with her three grown daughters, including the eldest, Mrs. Crabtree, a grass-widow. Mrs. Woods was herself a grass-widow, and she and all her daughters were always spoken of lightly and vaguely.

She got up and went out to look at her cake in the oven; but the image of her husband was still in her eye and she was thinking: "What was it about him that ever fascinated me?"

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Her husband, Charley Fowler—everybody called him Charley, though he was nearly fifty years old—was a rather striking man to look at. He was very robust and ruddy, his head rising erectly from his magnificent chest and shoulders. He was so powerful a man that it would have seemed hopeless to undertake to subdue or humble him save by the use of a bludgeon in relentless hands. He held his head with the arrogance of noisy good humor, and he laughed loudly and talked in a voice like thunder. A block away you could hear his laughter, his boisterous greetings; you could catch the gleam of his lustrous teeth under his thick red mustache. He seemed always care-free and happy.

But his wife, looking carefully at the cake in the oven, and drawing back from the rush of heat, realized that there was something gross, something beastly, about him, too. This appeared particularly when he walked. There was something bearlike rather than manlike in his powerful carriage.

She was not a learned woman; yet for an instant she vaguely pictured him as a beast of burden, yoked with another of his kind, dragging heavy loads; and in her mind there was a dim consciousness of the peasant way of life, when men toiled in stony fields and were the product of tyranny and wrong. Her husband's carriage had made her think of these things.

At that moment she was, perhaps, at the threshold of a true interpretation; for a student would have seen in Fowler the headstrong impulses of a slave set free, the familiar phenomenon in our American life, of Europe and the past mingled with America and to-day. He was a pagan made jocund and singing out of key.

The cake in the oven—the several layers in their shallow pans—was not quite done yet; and she returned to the dining-room with the question still in her mind: "What was it about him that ever fascinated me?"

She thought how passionately she had loved him when she was a girl, when she first met him, when they were married. Of course, her love had been that of a young animal, overflowing with life as a cup is filled with water. It hadn't been love, really, but only the foundation upon which, sometimes, love is afterward built. Still, it had been the response of one living atom to another; and why had her response been so intense?

Only because he was strong? Was the human soul so base a thing, then, that it worshipped mere strength of body?

No, it couldn't have been just that. Other strong men had not attracted her as he had done. Reaching back in her consciousness she groped for the thing which had fascinated her.

She heard him laughing in the distance and she leaned forward, seated at the table, so that she could see him through the bay window. He had stopped to talk to Angie Killifer, the cashier in Woolfson's store down on the avenue, who had grown up in the next block. Angie, her work done for the day, was on her way home, looking incredibly fresh after her long hours at Woolfson's, and her face was now lit up amazingly in response to Charley Fowler's roaring laughter with which he ended every sentence he uttered.

Suddenly she realized two things clearly; one a little thing and one a momentous thing. The little thing was that her husband had not said anything to Angie to justify that loud laugh. Angie's pretty face betrayed bewilderment quite as much as it expressed pleasure. The momentous thing was that it had been his good humor which had won her when she had been a girl—his warm, beaming face, his actually embracing delight, his laughter which filled his chest and throat and shook him all over.

Now, looking back across the years, she knew that her husband's good humor was a perfectly meaningless thing.

For whom and when had he not laughed like that? For every man and woman and child of his acquaintance, and especially when there were others by to observe him. He loved to make a noise; he liked to be observed. His good nature was in fact selfishness, a form of egotism.

She could hear him laughing and shouting from the beginning, at every one. At every one save herself. Alone, in their home life, he had been quiet, almost stupid, seemingly dwelling in his mind upon things elsewhere. He had never discriminated when he walked abroad. Base men and evil women had evoked his

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The Gwinns, working among their flower-beds, smiled back at him.—Page 97.

good humor as easily as any others. He had not laughed and jested for the sake of others, but for his own sake. And baseness had been mingled with his good humor, too. In crowds, when babies in their mothers' arms had put out their hands to him, the mothers had sometimes smiled into his eyes—and then their smiles had faded away abruptly, giving place to an expression of uneasiness.

Almost at the beginning he had been an unfaithful husband and had made an uproarious, taunting jest of his unfaithfulness.

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She had withdrawn from him in her mind, first in pride and anguish, but in the course of time with something like indifference. She had not intended in the beginning that the breach between them should become lasting, and she had scarcely realized when it had become so.

He had fixed the breach between them by not minding it at all. He had gone on laughing and shouting and beaming rosily upon others.

She could recall how, year after year, she had heard him in the evenings and late at night as he parted from his companions before his own door, laughing with a very flood of good-will—and how, a moment later, he had come into the house with heavy features, with a sullen word, as if he had come perforce into the one place in the world which held no pleasure for him.

She had gone on tending her house dutifully, without smiling or weeping. She had learned to accept her situation in silence: she was a woman of his own class, though not of his own kind.

She got up suddenly, remembering her cake.

She went out into the kitchen with its shining nickel and steel and aluminum, its spotless floor. She opened the range door and her face expressed a certain satisfaction. The cake had turned out a perfect success, the various layers, each in its shallow pan, being delicately brown and symmetrically rounded.

She turned the heat off and removed the shallow pans from the oven. At the kitchen table she went forward with her task: removing the layers of cake from the pans, and placing the layers one on top of the other with a filling of cocoanut and icing between and on the top. All this required a degree of skill comparable to that of the average watch-maker; yet she worked without pride, because it was her idea that, since it was a woman's work she was doing, it was of little consequence.

At last she sat down before the kitchen table and drew a small parcel from behind the bread box, where it had been concealed. And now her expression became in a measure animated, so that one watching her would have followed her further movements with curiosity.

She opened the parcel with firm hands and brought to view two delicate little pasteboard boxes of an oblong shape. She removed the lid from one of these boxes and took into her hands the contents of it: twelve lovely wax candles of various delicate colors—pink and blue and red and orange and lavender and white. She regarded them with bright eyes, handling them exquisitely, as if she were caressing them. There was really something almost magic in their soft prettiness.

Thoughtfully, almost solemnly, she began placing the candles on the cake, each candle representing a year. And despite the fact that if it had been her own years she was contemplating, it would have been needful to have only candles of a uniformly gray hue, she was most watchful that a charmingly variegated effect should be wrought; and she ranged the tiny candles so that a pink one had only a lavender or a blue or an orange or a white candle to stand beside it. For this was her son Anson's birthday cake she was finishing; and perhaps in her uncommunicative mind there was the hope that her son's years had been really pleasant.

When there were only three candles left in the second box, which had also contained a dozen, she knew that her work was done. However, she counted, to make sure; and she also tried the effect of a slight readjustment here and there. There was another lavender candle in its box which she wished she might use—it was so lovely; but of course she couldn't have more than twenty-one.

She leaned back in her chair and sat with folded hands and face a little inclined, taking in the cake and its ornaments, its twenty-one softly tinted candles. No, she couldn't have more than twenty-one, even if there was that remaining lavender candle. A voice repeated the words to her sternly: "You can't have more than twenty-one!"

Suddenly she whispered abjectly: "But I didn't have twenty-one. I was married at twenty." And then she firmly drew her hands down across her face as if to readjust there the mask of immobility which it had worn so long. After all, she had nothing to do with years. This was her son Anson's cake, and they were his twenty-one years.

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She began to think of her son more curiously than she had done for a good many years. She had wronged him, perhaps, by paying so little heed to him—merely because she was discouraged, because life had treated her shabbily. She was glad she had thought to make him a birthday cake, now that he was twenty-one. Certainly it would surprise him; perhaps it would please him.

He would be home presently, at almost any moment now. He worked until seven in the evening every day in the summer, his employer being a truck gardener over near the river a mile away. He would be coming presently, ravenously hungry, spent with labor, silent—like his father.

Yet no, not like his father—that was to wrong him, to compare him with his father. But at any rate, quiet and reserved and really mysterious. Anson was always quiet, an odd youth who seemed always to analyze things and to arrive at no conclusion.

She did not know that she loved her son passionately. How should she know, since she had done with yielding to the emotions these many years? She had never been confidential with any one; and certainly a woman could not have confided to her son the sort of stories there were to tell about Charley Fowler. She had never spoken to her son of her unhappiness. At first it had not seemed worth while, and later it had not seemed possible. She had simply withdrawn from her son, because he was a figure in that world in which she no longer had the heart to live.

However, she now obeyed an impulse to get up and go into her son's room.

Undoubtedly she had felt a strange stirring because of that cake with its twenty-one beautiful candles; and when she entered the room where her son spent his nights she experienced a sudden feeling of tenderness.

She had come to think of Anson as a man, as a mature and taciturn person who no longer needed her. But the youth which he no longer manifested in any way was expressed here in his room in ways which seemed wistful and touching.

He had once wished to be a scholar, and had put aside his ambition only after his father required him, at the age of sixteen, to leave his class in high school and go to work. But the emblems of the old boyhood ambition were here in the silent room: school flags on the walls; a pile of text-books, forlorn and dilapidated, on a table; a class book filled with a sort of rapturous conglomeration of things. There was a baseball bat in one corner of the room. Anson had performed a prodigious feat with that bat long ago and had won a game for his class. And there were a pair of boxing-gloves which had once been to him as the apple of his eye, and which he had used with great skill.

Suddenly her heart ached because of a sense of guilt, of opportunities neglected.

She had permitted her son to become a stranger to her, to regard her as a dull creature who cared for nothing, to suppose that she was the thing she was through choice rather than necessity. She had made no effort to keep close to him, to hail him across the deep chasm of a husband and father who cared for neither of them.

His life—her son's life—had been a tragedy too, she realized. He, too, had been a victim of Charley Fowler's brutal egotism. Fowler, the ruddy and laughing, had never had anything but a growl, a sidelong glance, for his son. He had seemed actually to hate his son, as if in his heart he feared him. He had beaten the boy a time or two for no reason at all other than that Anson had stared at him curiously when he laughed.

She wondered if Anson felt the same passive despair, the same hopelessness, that she felt in the presence of the master of the house. It occurred to her that her son's life, too, had been ruined.

She took up the pillow from his bed and beat it with her hands; she refolded one of his ties; she took up the baseball bat and inspected it curiously. Yes, perhaps his life, too, had been ruined. It was true, he was only twenty-one, twenty-one today, and that life might be said to be just beginning for him. But no, she concluded, life didn't begin at twenty-one; it began at the beginning.

She started almost guiltily—she had heard him walking in the yard.

She slipped out of his room, fearful of being found there. It seemed to her unfair for her to loiter in his room. If she

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had always masked her very self from him, what right had she to spy out his soul, there in that room where he had spent his boyhood?

He was going around the back way, because of the soil on his shoes. She reached the kitchen before he entered it and stood between him and the cake on the table.

"Go right in and sit down, Anson," she said. "I'll bring your supper right away."

He stopped at the sink to wash his face and hands and she waited uneasily. He would wonder why she did not put the things on the table promptly. But she only stood waiting. When he went into the dining-room she hurriedly followed with the supper things. There was a dish of stew simmering on the top of the range, and a salad and strawberries in the ice-box, and bread and butter.

She went back into the kitchen while he ate and stood regarding the cake with its twenty-one candles. She looked with satisfaction at the cake, which was perfect, and at the same time she listened to the sounds in the dining-room. If Anson should wish for anything more she should want to serve him instantly, to prevent him from complaining or becoming impatient.

Her son did not speak but she knew by the sound of the dishes when he had put his plate aside and was eating his strawberries. She heard the click of the spoon in the sugar-bowl.

She waited a moment longer and then she went in, bearing the cake in her hands. There was the faintest tinge of color in her cheeks; her eyes were fixed anxiously on the cake.

She placed the cake before him and looked at him almost shyly.

He exclaimed in simple surprise—"Mother!" And then he lifted his eyes to her, wondering, a trifle abashed.

"I didn't forget that you are twenty-one to-day," she said.

He sat regarding her, taking in the fact that she was deeply moved in secret, that there was a kind of childish entreaty in her gaze, that her voice had trembled, that—most strange of all!—there was a kind of loveliness about her.

He said: "Mother—sit down, won't you?"

She sat down opposite him and regarded him with a painful stirring at her heart. Something in his tone, in his eyes, had seized hold of her.

He seemed to be contemplating the cake now. He gazed at it a long time, but at length he lifted his eyes to her. She could not bear to meet his glance. Dusk was now falling and she found relief by lighting the twenty-one candles.

He watched her thin hands; he lifted his glance again and again to her face. When the candles were all lighted she sat down again.

Suddenly he leaned his elbows on the table and said with deep intensity——

"Mother! Mother, why have you gone on living as you have all these years?"

She nervously smoothed the table-cloth with her hands and made no reply. What did he mean? What was she to say in reply?

"I mean," he went on, "why didn't you leave him long ago?"

She lifted her glance to him in alarm.

"I know," he continued, "you haven't been like this always—like a woman walking in her sleep. I can see that now. I know he is a beast, that it's been his fault. What made you give in to it?"

"Anson!" she whispered warningly.

"I've known what he was," he said; "ever since I was a little boy. Everybody knows. I don't remember how long ago it was that I knew about him and understood everything—how he'd stop at a gate in the evening and talk across to women who were rubbish, and then slip back to them after dark. Men always laughed at it, and women would pretend not to understand; but everybody knew what it meant. You had no right to put up with it."

She continued to smooth the table-cloth with her hand; she sat with her head inclined, her lips tremulously alive.

"You've allowed yourself to die. Why did you do it?"

She was confused, distressed. Her son was no longer a boy; he was revealing himself to her as a man; he was accusing her, demanding that she take him into her confidence. She had the wish to justify herself.

"You'll scarcely understand how I loved him," she said. "I was very foolish,

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perhaps. I was young, you know. And I couldn't make him over, make him different. There didn't seem anything I could do. There was nothing to do. I just gave up."

"But how," he asked, "could you have ever loved such a man?"

She met his searching, incredulous gaze above the lightly wavering candles. Their light was increasing as the darkness deepened. They gave to his expression a mysterious authority, an unwonted color, an elusive movement.

The apathy which had folded her about like a net for many years released her. She desired greatly to win the respect of her son, this man who questioned her. Her brows contracted from the effort to form a plea in defense of herself.

"How can a woman say why she loves a man?" she demanded. "There's no use trying to explain."

He sat regarding her pityingly, yet with a certain incredulous wonder too.

She tried again. "The ancients admitted that there were four mysteries in life," she said.

He broke in with vehemence, with a hint of irony—"Four!" And then patiently and with candor: "What were the four mysteries, mother?"

"One was the way of a bird in the air and one was the way of a lizard on a rock, one was the way of a ship in the sea, and one was the way of a man with a maid."

He sat in silence, turning the words over in his mind.

She went on: "I don't know as I ever saw a lizard; but when it comes to birds and women——"

He interrupted: "Let's not mind about the birds. That seems easy—their way of sailing in the sky and getting back to safety when the wind blows——"

"But I think maybe the birds and the women are a good deal alike. The mystery about the birds is something deeper than you've said. It means their coming back to where their homes are, their loving the place where they belong. You know they say even the littlest birds fly thousands of miles away in the wintertime, across mountains and seas and forests, to where it is warm. But they come back in the spring all the way to where they were born. They find their way somehow. You can see how mysterious it is."

He was moved almost beyond the power of speech by something tender and sad in her voice, by something steadfast in her eyes.

She continued: "The wonder is that they should wish to come back from the lands of summer. It—it is so dreary here. You can't think what attracts them. The happy days here are so few and short. There is just a glimpse of the sun, as if it were lost from its place—and then the bitter winter comes."

He could not look at her for a moment. "And—mother, there is the way of a man with a maid. What is the mystery about that?"

She continued to smooth the tablecloth and he perceived that her hands were trembling now. Presently she said: "Men do attract girls, of course—most of all when they are strong and happy. But I think the ancients should have said something about the way of a maid with a man. It is the girls who are mysteries, I think, wanting to make life something that it isn't, wanting to be nice, wanting to be secure, wanting to be at peace. That's the real mystery. It's the same kind of mystery there is in the birds wanting to come back to dreary places. I don't know what it is. We're driven, the birds and the women, too. We are looking for something better than life allows. We can't help ourselves. I don't know why we do it."

She lifted her perplexed glance to him. He was bending closer toward her so that the flames of the candles illuminated his face. But much more wonderful was the fact that there seemed to be a sort of illumination from within, too. She observed heedlessly a scar half hidden by an eyebrow—the mark of his father's angry hand left there years ago when her son had once rebelled against his father's authority. But the vital thing she saw was the strange expression of elation in the eyes bent upon her, the expression of recognition, of discovery.

He brought his hands together with the rapture of one who is saved.

"It isn't a mystery, mother!" he exclaimed. "It's a proof! It's proof that there is something in life that we don't

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control—something back of us, above us. You might say it's proof of God if you wanted to. Anyway, proof of goodness stronger than our logic, stronger than anything men have made or done."

He had arisen and he stood looking triumphantly down upon her, his face withdrawn now from the glow of the candles. Out of a half-shadow he talked to her.

"Mother," he said, his voice vibrant with emotion; "I want to tell you something, to confess something. I've been proud and stubborn a long time, too proud to talk to anybody about what was going on in my mind. I felt I had been wronged, even ruined, by having the kind of father I've got. You see, I've been like him in one way, thinking mostly about myself. But I'm going to be different from now on. I *am* different. My eyes have been opened—by you, mother! You're bigger than a thousand fathers! I can see now that all the time you've been meaning everything I've wanted life to mean: something sound, something to tie to. I'm going to be different from now on. We're going to share things—our thoughts, mother, and all we hope for. We're going to *live* together, you and I——"

He stopped, because something was happening to his mother. She had begun to beat her hands together nervously; she arose as if she hoped by movement of some sort to keep her emotions under control. Then with a surrendering, spasmodic movement she flung her forearm up so that it lay across her eyes. A tortured cry escaped from her, and then she was weeping, her breast was wracked, her features were distorted, tears coursed down her cheeks.

After twenty years of stolid self-possession she wept again.

Her son stood back in the shadow gazing at her, wishing to go to her, to comfort and reassure her. But the wonder of it all held him in his place an instant. She was not crying as a woman twenty years younger than she might have wept; she had gone back to the beginning, she was crying like a little girl. The flood-gates of her emotions had been swept open by simple words of kindness, spoken by one who understood.

So the two stood opposite each other a moment; and then they were both dismayed and shocked by a booming voice, the voice of Fowler, who had come into the room unheard.

"Hey?" he thundered; "hey? What's this? Hey?" He looked from his wife to his son, from his son to his wife, and then at his son again. His hair was bristling, his face was inflamed with passion. He strode ferociously toward his son. "Hey?" he repeated, and his booming voice trailed off into inarticulate blasphemies. He plunged forward and spun his son about by a vicious box, as from a lion's paw, on his shoulder. "Hey?" he demanded again and again. By sheer momentum he began to bear down upon his son, meaning, it appeared, to crush him, to destroy him.

But it was to be observed that Anson began almost immediately a kind of manœuvring. He gave way before his father, but not as one who is afraid, who seeks to escape, but rather as one draws on an adversary. He kept his head proudly erect—a trick inherited from his father—and his face was set, his eyes keenly watchful.

He backed away out of the dining-room into the kitchen; out of the kitchen into the secluded garden enclosure at the rear of the house. There he hastily glanced about to make sure of his footing; and then, quite astoundingly, he began a kind of attack upon his father. He began by moving lightly this way and that, but no longer backward. He stooped and dodged and sprang aside when his father bore down upon him with his arms moving like flails. And then suddenly he did a surprising thing: he sprang forward like a catapult and dealt a ringing blow with his right fist on his father's barrel-like chest. Immediately he was away again, cautiously balanced on his toes.

Fowler stood still, seeming to expand with amazement and new fury. He was speechless; and then he lunged forward again, his great paws extended, trembling with hunger to get a grip upon this shifting adversary. But Anson watched for his chance again, and again he struck—now a stinging blow to his father's jaw. And again he was away, alertly watching his father, thrilling with the realization

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"Oh, Anson mustn't hit him again!"—Page 106.

that certain training of his high-school days had been of greater value than he had ever dreamed.

Mrs. Fowler had come to the kitchen window and was looking out. She was at first alarmed, and then incredible—and then thrilled. She stood like a pillar, the tears still finding lodgment in the creases of her cheeks. Away in the dining-room the twenty-one candles burned unseen, and wavered ominously, each the object of a separate impulse, of divergent airs, each the puppet of its own law. But Mrs. Fowler no longer needed to see the

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twenty-one candles to realize clearly that her son had come to be a man.

Fowler was becoming blind with fury; he sought to prevail by the weight of authority. He uttered abusive, booming words, and advanced overbearingly.

A fierce blow beneath his chin, which he seemed to lean forward to receive, brought him heavily to his knees. But he was up quickly. He took a lesson from his son's book and began striking out with his fists. Occasionally one of his blows found its target; and presently Anson's mouth was bleeding, one of his eyes was closing from a swelling which appeared as quickly as a bubble is blown. But Anson was still seeing perfectly, and he was keeping his head. He began to carry the battle to his father now, instead of fighting on the defensive. His father, muscle-bound, immense and heavy, was beginning to make a snorting noise as he drew his breath. All his powers were already on the wane—all but his blind passion. He rushed forward again; and now a blow sent him heavily, full length on his back, on the grass.

He got up and advanced more deliberately. Again he was knocked down. He arose, mumbling, and came back to the attack—and again he fell.

Now, when he arose, his legs were trembling, he could not regain his balance; he seemed to be walking in his sleep.

Mrs. Fowler, still at the kitchen window, murmured to herself: "Oh, Anson mustn't hit him again!"

But Anson did and now Fowler lay a moment where he fell, and when he tried to arise it was plain that he was utterly bewildered, all but unconscious. He propped himself up on his right arm and lay gasping for breath, his head nodding.

And then Anson helped him to rise, and guided him into the house, slowly and laboriously, and to a chair in the dining-room which Mrs. Fowler eagerly brought forward.

It was Mrs. Fowler who knelt beside him and peered at him solicitously, in alarm. It seemed to her that he might be fatally injured, that he might collapse in a moment. He lifted his dazed glance and seemed to be trying to make out who it was over there beyond those swaying candles. He frowned in perplexity.

Mrs. Fowler spoke to her son, who stood beyond the candles: "Bring me a wet towel, Anson; and then—then you'd better go away a little while. You'd better leave me alone with your father." She was thinking, "I don't see why he wanted to strike him, that last time."

Anson brought a dripping towel and placed it in his mother's eager hands. His mother did not look at him, did not note that he walked with a superior air, with a newly acquired dignity. He went away and sat down in the back yard, beyond hearing.

Mrs. Fowler began to bathe her husband's bruised and swollen face. Suddenly she stopped and gazed at him with a kind of deep bewilderment. And then she spoke.

"Charley," she said; "I don't understand—why did you get so angry at him? I mean, when you came in and found us together."

"Why?" he reiterated dully. "Why? Because—he made you cry!" And he groped for her hand and pressed it feebly.

She leaned closer toward him, and the thrill she had got long ago when she had held to his strong hand came back to her now—or something related to it—at the touch of his hand which clung to her.

She began to bathe his face solicitously with the soothing cool towel. She observed that he held his face up eagerly, like a child.

It came to her gratifyingly that he would not have liked another woman to bathe his face like this, and it occurred to her that a man might go thoughtlessly enough to another woman for trivial services and pleasures, but that he would want to come to the woman he loved when he was hurt.

She thought again: "Anson went too far, a powerful young man like him. His father isn't the man he used to be; he's getting along in years."

Suddenly she put the towel down in her lap and slipped her hand about her husband's head. She gazed at him musingly, almost in a rapt way; and then impulsively she drew his head down against her breast. "It won't hurt very long," she said, her cheek lying against his rough

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hair. She wanted to kiss him, and she lifted his face and did so.

Fowler's hand tightened on hers again; he clung to it gratefully, with returning strength. It was now certain that he was not hurt seriously, that he had only been dazed for a moment. He held his face up again to receive her ministrations, closing his eyes and sighing.

And ministering to him she began to undergo another transformation. A curious little disturbance took place about the set line of her lips. There was an unwonted, spasmodic twitching, a seeking of an outlet for newborn energies. She turned her face away to hide a tremor which ran along the line where her lips met. In spite of her wish to prevent it the line presented a tucked-in and turned-up appearance.

She leaned forward, applying the soothing towel, and watching to see that he did not open his eyes. And for the first time in twenty years she smiled.

Bats Macabre

BY ISA URQUHART GLENN

Illustration (frontispiece) by Otto J. Gatter

LATE afternoon in the tropics. A long, narrow pier stretching from the flat town into the flat bay, out toward a small island. Another long, thin line up in the sky, seeming about to connect the town and the island—bats awaking from their day's sleep and journeying forth upon a night of sinful revelry. Large bats such as one sees in dreams—bats with a sweep of wing so vast as to cast a shadow over the soul—with a stretch of dirty body so dark as to throw a suggestion of horror into the approaching night. Harbingers of evil—symbols of a world contended for by God and Lucifer.

It seemed to Odom, as he stood aside on the pier of Zamboanga and watched his company march aboard the little inter-island transport, that he was suffering more than any man deserved.

Past him, swinging along in steady line of khaki, went "M" Company. And "M" Company was going into a fight and leaving him behind. Disability was an accursed word to apply to a soldier; a weakened heart action was a poor end for a fighting man.

He had heard the doctors talking about him. They had whispered of things worse than the weak heart. Odom knew that the doctors were wrong. But he had been out here a long time; and he had brooded over facts of which the doctors knew nothing. He realized that life did not stop at what one could see. He was of Highland and Scandinavian stock. The north knows intuitively what the tropics prove to be true. These whispering doctors did not worry him. He had greater troubles than what they thought of him. The company was leaving for Jolo. No place at the front for a sick man.

Odom kicked savagely at the iron girder by which he stood. With despair in his heart he watched the feverish preparations going on around him. Moros trotted past with burdens, running in single file up the gangplank. Out of their way scattered the onlookers. On the outskirts of the crowd hovered symbols ominous as the bats in the sky—tiny Japanese women from the houses of ill fame which were located beyond the city where the quagmires began.

In a group to one side were the wives of the soldiers who were going out to fight. These women, on whom the fortunes of war fell heaviest, had come to look for possibly the last time on their men in health. On their cheeks were traces of the tears they had shed—presage

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of tears to come. These poor things, marooned in a strange land, were trying to smile and cheer on the departing soldiers. The pluck of the women of fighting men was theirs. Children accompanied them; children gay of heart. A little boy was seized by his mother and pulled out of the way of the column.

"He will be a soldier some day," said one of the childless women.

"Yes," answered the mother in a colorless voice. She stared straight ahead, seeing visions of a future full of this agony of parting.

In the khaki line Odom's bunkie, Smythe, swung along,—lithe figure carrying its load of blanket-roll and rifle and rattling canteen with a youthful jauntiness, campaign hat set at a dashing angle on the fair head, wide mouth grinning impishly. As he marched past Odom he called out gaily:

"Hasta la mañana, Odom! Buck up! You'll be down by the next boat."

But Odom knew that he would not be down by the next boat. He told Smythe so.

"I felt, when I first saw those bats, that they'd bring me bad luck! And they are so confounded big—the bad luck was bound to be big, too!"

Odom's sick soul was full of the bats which, every evening at sunset, issued from their cave and swept over the harbor to the mainland. Their cave was on a small islet in the bay. But on the islet was no fruit; and these were the huge fruit bats of the tropics. Therefore they foraged on the mainland. They ate the fruit of Zamboanga and its rich suburbs, returning to the cave at break of day. Odom called Smythe's attention to the smear against the sky—adventurous bats out before their mates.

The soldiers who overheard Odom's remark laughed. But the women shivered in the warm air. They were in no mood to laugh at superstition.

Odom's lean, dark, melancholy face set in hard lines of self-control. His cheekbones showed plainly through the paper-like skin stretched over them. His tightly clenched teeth brought into play muscles that looked to be a series of little knots.

The last soldier was aboard. The Moros ran back along the gangplank to the pier. The anchor was hauled up. There was finality in the rattle of its chain.

The soldiers crowded to the rail of the transport. They laughed and joked. They were going into the great adventure. On the pier the band broke into "The Girl I Left Behind Me"—battle-song of the Army.

The air was split by the whistle of the transport. The ship began to pull away from shore. The stretch of water between its side and the timbers of the pier widened.

Odom strained his eyes to see Smythe for as long as he could. But he was looking through a blur of tears of which he was ashamed. He brushed his hand across his eyes, furtively. Already Smythe was indistinguishable among the figures at the rail.

The band stopped playing. The musicians shouldered their instruments and in silence marched back to the post.

Odom, left behind on the pier, sat down on the spare girder. He stared out to sea, at the smoke of the transport. The black smoke belched forth, spreading into a low-lying funnel-shaped cloud.

The transport became a speck on the horizon. It seemed to hang on the curving line of sea and sky. The smoke was now a delicate tracery. The sun was setting.

The black dot that was the transport disappeared.

A larger, denser, funnel-shaped cloud swept up into the sky. The bats were coming from their cave across the water and striking out for the mainland. They had awakened for their evening feast. This second funnel-shaped cloud swirled from the mouth of the cave and rose into the evening air. It spread out as it neared the mainland until, when it was overhead, it obscured the dying light of day.

Odom looked up at the bats. He cursed them. They had brought this misery upon him.

With the haste of the equator, night fell down upon the pier and upon the city beyond. Lights began to twinkle in the houses along the main street of the town. But in the go-downs at the end of the pier

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all was darkness. The Chinese merchants had gone to their homes.

Odom started back to the post. He must report at the hospital. He must be put to bed. For he was useless. He was sick.

He walked slowly through the town. In the houses that he passed he could hear the preparations for the evening meal. On the square verandas up above the level of the narrow sidewalk began to assemble exiles from the white men's countries. The heat of the day was over. The cool land breeze of the night gave its first refreshing puffs.

He passed along the avenue of centenarian almond-trees leading through the post to the hospital. Overhead he could hear the bats settling down for their gorging. He could hear them gritting their teeth.

Odom began to mutter to himself as he walked along the dark road.

"Damned big! Damned big bad luck, too!"

Every afternoon during the three days that followed Odom went down to the end of the long pier. He would sit on the girder and stare out to sea, to that spot on the horizon where the funnels of the transport had sunk out of sight. He would be the only soldier on the pier; for on the post a band concert would be going on, and the men would be listening to it. Odom resented the band concerts. He resented the unflagging gaiety of garrison life—the cheerfulness necessary when death is in a man's business. "Be merry, for to-morrow we die!" is the slogan of the profession of arms.

This is well. It keeps up the morale of those who go forth to fight. But it plays the devil with those who stay behind. Odom knew that this gay music was good to hear as one left the garrison. But Odom was still in the garrison. He had to listen to it every afternoon. There was no wall thick enough to shut out the sound.

Always with the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" the bats arrived. As their shadow swept over the town melancholy swept down upon his soul. Melancholy as black, as dense, as ominous, as the shadow overhead.

Odom would walk past the band-stand and past the laughing soldiers; and he would hate his own kind. These cheerful fellows were not in "M" Company. They were not supposed to be in the fight now raging down at Jolo. But he should be there; only the bats— He would hurry along with averted eyes. He would sit on the girder until the spot whence the smoke of the transport had waved farewell was dissolved in the enveloping darkness. Then he would go slowly back to the hospital, along the almond avenue, underneath the feasting bats. He got into the habit of muttering to himself about how he hated the bats. He would shake his fist at them. But the bats could not see that he was menacing them with this futile gesture. It was dark as pitch in those old branches. However, Odom continued to shake his fist at them. He grew more and more convinced that they had, by their machinations, put a blight upon his health. They had hoodooed him; now they were laughing at him. He knew that, when they gritted their teeth, high up above his head in those trees, they were laughing at him. They were grinding out challenges to him. They were telling him how much stronger they were, in their Satanic lore, than he could hope to be with his human cleanliness of soul.

So he stopped, every few feet of his slow progress along the road underneath the trees, to shake his fist up at the bats. He was showing them, by that fist, that he defied them.

One day a young soldier stopped him.

"Say—what you think? I been out shootin' bats; and guess how big those creatures are? Six feet, average, from tip to tip of their wings. Some birds—huh?"

He extended a handful of skins. But Odom shrank away from contact with them.

"No!—No!" he exclaimed hurriedly. "I don't want to see them. I—I don't want to touch them."

The youngster went on down the road until he found a more congenial man. This man appreciated his kill. Together they examined the skins. They marvelled over the size of these "birds."

"Odom's loony," volunteered the youngster. "Afraid of 'em, he is. Wouldn't touch the skins. Sure loco!"

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Odom heard this. He was growing to hear a long way. He was almost amused. How little men knew! How little he had known, until he got to "Zambo" and those bats first swept out of their cave and into his life! But he was learning more every day—and especially every night, when he dreamed back the folklore of his mother. He must remember never to touch the bats. There came into his mind something that his mother had told him, one moonless night when he had been afraid: no evil power could get possession of the soul of a human being unless it had first succeeded in touching that human body. He would not touch the bats. But some night they would swing low and touch him. They would finish their work.

The usual rumors of defeat began to come in. They were brought by tramp steamers, by Spanish lorchas, by Moro vintas.

On the fourth day of the fight Odom chanced to pass headquarters as the captain of a coast-guard steamer came out of the building. The captain had been retailing, to the General, his sensational version of carnage. He had met with a cool reception at the hands of that seasoned old fighter, and was now ready to try his luck with the enlisted men. The haunted eyes of Odom promised good material. He again recited his lurid tale. The troops were being turned back; he had heard the news the last thing before sailing from Jolo.

Odom was enraged by this account of disaster to his company. He stammered forth a mixture of unbelief, defiance, and blasphemy. The coast-guard captain laughed at him.

"You'll find that I am right," he stated.

"That's 'M' Company, holding the advanced position!" said Odom in a loud voice. He glared straight into the small eyes of this civilian. What did a civilian know of company traditions? This man could not know that a company which had never been turned back could not be defeated. He did not know that the men of such a company could die but they could not retreat. "'M' Company never got licked yet!" he added authoritatively.

"Then, if you're so proud of that company, why aren't you down there helping them?" asked, quite naturally, the coast-guard captain.

But Odom turned wearily away. What use to explain to a civilian? He walked slowly down to his vigil on the pier.

The bats came over from their cave. Odom fell to cursing them. All his woe over the coast-guard captain's tale he unloosed on the bats.

"If 'M' Company is whipped, it will be your fault—damn you! You bring me bad luck every time. You bring me bad luck in everything. You kept me here in the hospital. And now, if 'M' Company is licked, it will be your fault—" He almost shrieked aloud his maledictions on the bats. He was near to losing control of himself. For, in spite of what he had said to the coast-guard captain, he was afraid for "M" Company. And he was not there to help them. "Why—one man more might have turned the trick! And I'm—I'm useless!"

As he went back to the hospital at nightfall the bats seemed to be grinding their teeth together fiendishly. Their challenge to him seemed to be louder than ever before. They fought together up in the branches. One of them, wounded, fell at his feet. Shuddering, he broke into a run.

"If that—that—had touched me, 'M' Company wouldn't have a chance!" he said to himself.

As he ran he pressed his hand to his heart. He breathed with difficulty. The running, or something—the bats, he thought—gave him a sudden and agonizing pain.

That night, for the first time, he went to a tienda. He would try if a drink of vino could help him forget the bats' malice. Vino killed men, if they took too much; but it could not kill him. The bats were after him. They had marked him for their prey. And the bats were stronger than vino. But if the bats took it out on him and left the company alone, he would be satisfied.

He took his drink. It had no effect. He was keyed up to fear—more subtle intoxicant than vino.

But he fell into the habit of taking a glass of vino every night, after he left the pier. With that one drink of the fiery

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distillation of the cocoa-palm he could better face the bats. To be sure, he noticed that the bats gritted their teeth with more open malice after the drink; but he did not care so much. He could swagger a little as he went underneath the branches of the almond-trees.

On the eighth day came the news of victory.

Odom hurried to the bulletin-board in front of headquarters. He read the posted despatch. "M" Company had done good work, but at heavy cost. Overcome with pride, Odom burst into cheers. He strutted down the parade. He was of "M" Company—and they had won the fight!

It was "band concert"; but Odom forgot to go down to the pier. He forgot his bad luck. Had not the luck of the company been good? He forgot the bats. But when he returned to the hated hospital he slunk to his bunk. He lay with his hands clasped behind his head. His sombre eyes stared at the ceiling. He was suffering shame. He was ashamed that he had not been in the fight with his company—with his comrades.

The light in the big ward grew dimmer. He saw shadows creeping into the room.

The bats were coming in and obscuring the evening glow as they flitted past the windows. The almond avenue was far away, he reflected. They were coming after him; that was what it meant. They had missed him on the pier. They had not seen him pass under the almond-trees. They had come to find him.

An orderly, entering the ward to light the oil-lamps, began to rail against a country where the bats were so big that they could shut off the light so early in the evening.

"Ain't them bats off their beat today?" asked a lad in the bunk a few feet away. "What you suppose is the matter with 'em?"

"Almonds give out, I guess; and they're huntin' for the banana groves behind the post," replied the orderly. The orderly was busy with the lamps. He did not care, anyway, about what might be the matter with the bats. He hurried through the ward, grumbling.

Odom, lying quietly on his bunk, grinned to himself in the dusk. He knew better. The bats were hunting him. They were not done with him yet. Funny—that idea about the banana grove; it made him laugh! For the next hour, until he fell asleep, he laughed frequently.

His dreams that night were more terrifying than ever before.

He was exhausted the next morning. He went through the day with resignation in his soul. He began, in the light of those dreams, to believe that his soul was the price that must be paid for the company's clean record.

As he waited on the pier for the first sight of the boats which were bringing the wounded from Jolo, he was glad that he had been able to pay the price. The company would return victorious—the company that had always returned victorious. He felt spiritual victory flowing through his body like strong drink.

He looked around at the women and children—officers' families, soldiers' families, in one huddled group of fearful waiting. These women did not yet know which of them were widows. They did not yet know to which of them belonged the maimed and suffering men who were coming up the harbor on those boats of ill omen. Their dry eyes were turned in one direction. From off their still faces had been wiped all expression. They waited.

The sounds of the harbor ceased. The incoming boats did not whistle. Those wounded men could bear no more, after the hell through which their fate had led them. The rattle of the chains, as the anchors dropped overboard—the swish of the ropes from the capstans—seemed, in the dead silence, to be stupendous noise.

Odom looked up at the decks of those two boats. The decks were crowded with stretchers. On the stretchers were quiet figures. The figures had large heads—heads of bandages—bloody bandages. One of the figures lifted its stiffened mass of bandages and looked toward the group on the pier. It called out to the captain's wife:

"The capt'n wasn't hurt, ma'am!"

The figure fell back on the stretcher, exhausted. The captain's wife began to

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weep. She wept quietly, but with a persistence that was amazing. She shook dreadfully.

"It's the relief, poor thing!" whispered a soldier's wife.

Odom began to wonder if the bats had done any of their dirty work on Smythe. Probably; they knew that he loved Smythe. The company had been too strong for them. But he and Smythe—they were just men. No man was strong enough to get away from those Things. They would certainly have taken it out on Smythe.

They began to bring the stretchers off the boats. The women, with their dreadful, quiet faces, looked at the load on each stretcher. But they only wept after they were told that their men had not been hurt. The women who claimed those bandaged figures smiled on what they could see of the faces. They walked away beside the stretchers that they claimed, patting what was left of their men.

Odom pressed closer to the line of stretchers. Smythe was very young. A boy of eighteen should not have one of those bandaged heads. He asked a hospital steward for news of Smythe. The hospital steward answered with the surface heartlessness of one who deals in suffering.

"Smythe can't never talk again. The dentist down to Jolo patched up a silver jaw, of a sort, for 'im; but there ain't nobody can give you back a tongue when them Moros have blown it out of your mouth with a load of rusty nails! There he comes, now—that guy on the second stretcher from here."

But Odom did not know the face on the stretcher. Was it a face? He went nearer. He bent down to look into the eyes that, conscious, stared up at him with a smile in their sunken depths. Swollen mask of a human face as it was, he recognized it by the smile. The bats had done for Smythe!

He leaned over Smythe. He whispered to him:

"You're lucky—that's what you are—lucky! Why, I'd—I'd rather have lost my jaw, and my tongue, and my hands and feet—than to have been left behind!"

The funnel-shaped cloud rose from the cave of the bats. It moved toward the pier.

Odom leaned closer over the helpless Smythe. He tried to shield Smythe from the shadow of the bats.

"They can't hurt you any more, Smythe! They've done their worst to you, because you're my bunkie! But you've got a lot out of it. You've got glory, boy!—glory!"

He started following the train of ambulances toward the post.

The bats were coming over in denser and ever denser clouds. Far up in the sky as they were, he could hear them laughing at him—with the sound that other men thought was the gritting of teeth but that he knew was bat laughter.

"Let 'em laugh!" he muttered under his breath. "It can't matter now."

The bats went on with their laughter.

He turned back toward the town. He broke into a run.

They found Odom the next morning in a ditch beside the road that ran underneath the almond-trees.

"Vino," said one of the crowd. "He's been queer ever since you fellows went out. Been hittin' it up. Drunk, probably."

But Odom was not drunk. They discovered when they turned him over that he was dead.

The post surgeon said that it was heart failure. He said that the man had been dead for hours.

They traced his movements after he had turned and run back toward the town.

He had gone to the tienda just outside the post, and had ordered a drink of vino. The girl at the tienda reported that he had not taken enough vino to kill him. He had taken only the one drink. She remembered it particularly because he had got to the tienda just after she had heard Retreat sound in the post; and he had left at once, while the bats were still coming over. She was sure of the hour, because she had thought that the bats were casting a denser shadow than usual; and, when she had looked up to see why they were making everything so dark all of a sudden, she had noticed that they were flying low.

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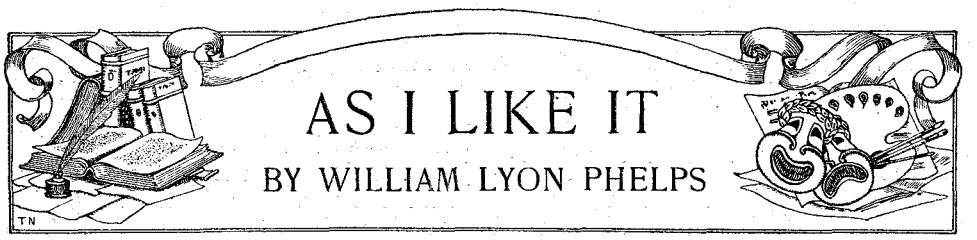

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

I SOMETIMES think there are no persons, who, as a class, do more good than professional librarians. The men and women in the cities, villages, and universities who have charge of the books and bring author and reader together, have daily opportunities for elevating human taste and character. It was a librarian in Hartford, Mr. Frank B. Gay, who, when I was a small boy and applied for some books by Oliver Optic, suggested that I read Shakespeare. He spoke to me quietly and tactfully, remarking that there was no reason why I should read trash *all the time;* and he induced me to try "Julius Cæsar." I was so captivated by this play that I proceeded to read all the others; I have never forgotten that I owe the impulse to Frank Gay. Librarians are constantly distressed to see juvenile readers, and adult readers with juvenile minds, carrying off froth and piffle, when they might use the precious hours to better advantage; they feel as I suppose a sagacious bartender used to feel when he was forced to supply liquor to a man who already had too much. Librarians should be wise as serpents, harmless as doves. They are undoubtedly the most harmless of all people, which is saying a good deal. They are perhaps our most highly civilized class. There is something in the daily society of thousands of books that makes for civilization; the necessity of quiet in a public library keeps librarians from becoming obstreperous and raucous. Yesterday I received a letter from a man who visits a great public library every day. He writes: "After all, a librarian is sure to be a good man. No librarian ever killed a man or robbed a church, or stole an automobile. No one of them was ever suspected of a violent crime. There is something very mousy about librarians. They move gently; they don't bump into you; they don't slam doors. They are never offensively profane. No one has ever found a librarian leading or even taking part in lynching."

All this is true. To go from the noisy street into a public library is to go from this mortal coil into eternal calm. The modern librarian is the real servant of the people, and there is no calling that has at once more usefulness and more dignity. The enormous growth of libraries and the still greater increase in the number of people who read, has revolutionized the office and attitude of the librarian. In olden times, he was, in every sense of the word, the keeper of the books. He was a watch-dog, and his business was to see that no stranger carried off anything. The old ideal came near to realization in a German public librarian who flourished some fifty years ago. He was asked about his work and he said with a mingling of asperity and pride: "In this library every book is now on the shelves except one; and I know where that one is, and I am going to get it this afternoon."

Times have changed. The modern librarian is not a watch-dog; he is a middleman. The office requires idealism, knowledge, wisdom, and tact. I wonder how many of us realize the enormous influence for good exercised by these peaceable men and women? "No day without a good deed" may not be the motto of their lives, but it is something better than a motto—it is an accurate description.

They are, as a class, extremely happy people. Daily association with books and readers makes them cheerful. Every day they see inquiring faces and they know the answer. It is the perfect illustration of the law of supply and demand. It is as agreeable to give a boy or girl with an asking face the book that satisfies, as it is to see starving children eat. I used to wonder why women, who as a rule eat little themselves, can find such satisfaction in watching hungry men eat. One day as I was feeding my dog, the answer came to me. I love to see dogs, horses,

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and cats eat; their satisfaction in food is to me a real delight. Now when a woman sees a man eating, I suppose it affects her in just that way.

One of the profound differences between a man and a woman is, that a man can always eat. If a woman has passed through tragedy, or acute mental suffering, or is highly excited, or terribly depressed, she cares nothing for food. But a man will seldom omit a meal. He can and will eat, under any and all circumstances. Oscar Wilde expressed a truth when at a fashionable dinner-party he exclaimed, "How nice it is to be eating again!"

To return to book-hunger and its satisfaction, there is no better specimen of librarians in America than Edmund Lester Pearson, of the New York Public Library. I do not believe he could be dull if he tried. He has recently published a tall volume, which I unhesitatingly recommend to all lovers of good reading, and to all persons with a well-developed sense of humor. It is called "Books in Black or Red," and is profusely and appropriately illustrated. Admirable anecdotes abound. The conscious and unconscious humor of bygone days revisits the glimpses of the moon. Old-fashioned formal treatises on the training of daughters are pleasantly compared with the ease of the present generation. "Not many months ago I read a speech by an English bishop about the manners of to-day. He said that he tried not to be an old-fashioned parent, and yet when his daughter said to him, 'I say, Old Egg, got any cigarettes?' he thought things had gone rather far."

Mr. Pearson speaks kindly of the magazines that made radiant the days of his childhood, and I agree with him that there was never anything quite so good as *Our Young Folks*. I also used to read every word of the English *Chatterbox*, nor can I forget the wonderful story of those two organizations at school, the "Union Jacks" and the "Brickbats." Unfortunately for myself, I decided at the age of six to transplant these two societies from the English school to the grade school I attended in America; not content with this initial error, I made the further mistake of taking the Union Jacks for myself, and allowing one of my antagonists to use the name Brickbats. I should have known that such a name had a thousand times more advertising power than Union Jacks. I found it out on the afternoon of the first day, when the two companies met after school to have a fight. The Union Jacks numbered about fourteen, and the Brickbats at least three hundred. The charge of the three hundred (and they charged as soon as they saw us) was so terrifying that I regret to say the Union Jacks unanimously ran in the same direction, and judging by the excellent start made by some of them, I think they are running yet.

There is one unpardonable omission in Mr. Pearson's delightful book, unpardonable because the author is a librarian. It has no index.

What a magnificent building is the New York Public Library, and what a superb site! I remember the old reservoir. It is a happy change from that which satisfies the thirst of the body to that which satisfies the thirst of the mind. Shall I be forgiven if under the circumstances I remark that not only can I remember the old reservoir, but that I well remember it?

My remarks about my own and other men's ignorance of flowers, called forth, as I hoped and believed it would, keen discussion and sharp dissent. In "Jim" Borland's column, in the Franklin and Oil City *News-Herald* for 31 March, I am justly rebuked. He says my education has been sadly neglected. Now it is not the fault of my teachers, it is my own stupidity. I love the bright faces of flowers, and I have a glorious summer garden; but although I am told every day that this is cosmos, to-morrow I am sure to think it is candytuft. I cried out in joy over the superb lilacs; but she, after agreeing in their superbity, informed me they were wistaria. "Jim" writes: "I'll wager that almost every man knows peonies, gladioli, dahlias, golden-glow, and cosmos when he sees either growing in a garden." It is lucky for "Jim" that I am not a betting man. I may, however, take advantage of his printed invitation to visit some day the gardens in his home town.

"Jim" adds: "The distinguished man who told Mr. Phelps that 'if no flowers at

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all came up in the spring, he would be unaware of their absence,' made a confession of which he should be ashamed."

Now I am not sure that we should be ashamed of any confessions; it is rather the things we don't confess of which we should be ashamed. But I submitted the damning sentence to the distinguished man, whose name I will not hand down to infamy. He writes:

> This newspaper man brands me as I deserve. But in fact when my attention is called to the presence of flowers I often admire them, but not always. I like the sweet pea and adore pansies, but I detest above all things the mawkish, emaciated, anæmic, white lily which everybody gives to every one else at this season. I hate its thin stalk, the few, miserable leaves which look as if they grew on the north coast of Iceland. And then the china cup which is called a flower; bah! it reeks of poverty and disease. Flowers ought to be rich, magnificent. They express the abundance, the generosity of nature. One wants a tub full of roses, or pansies, or anemones, or violets, which are like the full flood of a nightingale's song. This lily is only one feeble note, a solitary monotonous chirp.
>
> Yet the true enthusiast, the lover of wild flowers, is their deadliest foe. His highest pleasure is to detect some rare bloom (how I hate that word when used as a noun!) to pull it up by the roots, to lay it on the floor of his carry-all, *i. e.*, motor-car, and to let it die there. That is what he calls the love of flowers, and he sniffs at you and me who are merely agnostics in the matter of horticulture.

In a later issue of the *News-Herald*, 7 April, "Jim" writes: "I guess William Lyon Phelps, editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE [the only compliment he pays me], started something when he made his observation recently about the ignorance of men in regard to flowers." Well, that is exactly what I aimed to accomplish. He publishes a letter from Madison Cooper, who says that he has "taken twenty names at random from the State of Ohio and twenty names at random from the State of Connecticut, both outside the big cities, and finds that only twelve out of the forty are female names." More men than women doubtless are in the flower *business*. I had in mind private gardens. Men are so constituted that they will make money out of anything, even out of flowers; I am yet more hardened and callous, for I make money out of literature.

The latest book about flowers is a particularly charming one, and I recommend it cordially, to "Jim," Madison Cooper, and also to the twenty-eight male flower-growers of Ohio and Connecticut. This is called "Garden Whimsies," and is written by Mrs. C. B. Lomas, of Springfield, Mass. She not only knows all about flowers and gardens, but knows how to write about them. Her charming, witty, and original chapters make excellent and stimulating reading.

No better poet of flowers can be found than old Robert Herrick, who lived in Devonshire three hundred years ago. His "Hesperides" is a flower-garden in verse, the poems being as delicate and lovely as the flowers themselves.

When the Elizabethan poet, Tom Campion, sought a metaphor that would fitly describe the beauty of a woman's face, he had the inspiration to think of a garden.

> "There is a garden in her face,
> Where roses and white lilies grow:
> A heavenly paradise is that place,
> Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow:
> There cherries grow that none may buy,
> Till 'Cherry-Ripe' themselves do cry.
>
> Those cherries fairly do enclose
> Of Orient pearl a double row,
> Which when her lovely laughter shows,
> They look like rosebuds filled with snow:
> Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
> Till 'Cherry-Ripe' themselves do cry."

Under the direction of Mengelberg, the New York Philharmonic Society played the Ninth Symphony twice, on April 12 and 15. I was there both times. No year should ever pass without its being performed, this greatest of all orchestra compositions. Let me repeat that where voices cannot be obtained there is no reason why the symphony should not be played up to the choral part. This was done with success a few years ago by the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, and I am pleased to see by a programme just received from San Francisco, that on February 23 and 25 the local orchestra, directed by our old friend, Alfred Hertz, played the first three movements. An explanatory note appeared on the printed programme, stating that there was no room in any San Francisco theatre available for both chorus and orchestra. To me the most beautiful passage in Beethoven is the movement in the Ninth Symphony immediately following the *Adagio*

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molto e cantabile, called *Andante Moderato* and given to the second violins. The only man who ever agreed with me about this was Philippe Marcou, who used to teach romance languages at Harvard.

On the whole, the chorus in Mengelberg's performance, from the Schola Cantorum, did the best singing I have ever heard in the Ninth Symphony. They were magnificent. The quartet was poor, though it should be remembered the music assigned to the solos and quartet is almost unsingable; still if it cannot be sung adequately, there is no particular reason why it should be gargled. It had been a severe winter, and I am sure many in the audience were reminded of their own efforts to cure colds.

Those of us who are not professional musicians need not feel too much humiliation, when, after hearing a singer and enjoying the performance, we are told by some one having authority that she sang off the pitch. For the benefit of those who have often had their pleasure ruined and their self-esteem shattered by this remark, I will tell the following strictly true story. Years ago, Madame Calvé came to New Haven and sang in grand opera; some days later I expressed my satisfaction to a professional musician who said: "She sang sharp all the evening; singers frequently commit this fault when appearing in a small theatre." I accepted this statement deferentially until I met another professional musician who commented in general terms on the performance. "But," said I, "Blank says that all the evening Calvé sang off the pitch." "He is quite right," came the reply; "she constantly flatted."

No one, not even a critic, can know everything; and it is best to confess ignorance where knowledge is lacking. The foremost pianist in the world told me that every now and then he would play another piece than the one on the programmes, and that frequently the professional critic would in his review disclose the fact that he was unaware of the substitution. How little any of us knows for certain about anything; how easily we can be deceived! After spending his entire life on the Norman conquest of England, Freeman was wrong about the battle of Hastings.

The death of H. E. Krehbiel, musical critic of the New York *Tribune*, removes one of the famous quartet who have for so long acted in this capacity for the metropolitan press. I refer to Richard Aldrich of *The Times*, W. J. Henderson of *The Herald*, Henry T. Finck of the *Evening Post*. These four men have been a public blessing. I do not believe any city in the world can show abler musical critics. They have been honest, incorruptible, sincere; and their very positiveness has been a sign of sincerity and a stimulation to the appreciation of good music. Mr. Krehbiel was a man of violent prejudices, but also of vast knowledge, and he was extremely careful to be accurate in matters of fact. In addition to his daily work on *The Tribune*, extending over forty years, he published a number of valuable and important books. His popular work, "How to Listen to Music," has helped in the education of thousands of ticket-buyers; his last and most monumental achievement was the preparation of Thayer's "Life of Beethoven," one of the most important contributions to history, biography, and art that the twentieth century can show.

I am glad that Lawrence Gilman has been chosen for the post on *The Tribune* made vacant by the death of Mr. Krehbiel. Mr. Gilman is a thoroughly competent musical critic; he is also a literary critic who must be reckoned with, and as a writer of notes for programmes he has for years delighted readers by his wit and humor, and his capacity to relate music to life. It is a fine thing for the cause to know that we can now read Lawrence Gilman day by day, instead of occasionally; for he is the kind of writer who day by day in every way grows better and better.

I not only subscribe to *The Tribune*, *Times*, *Herald*, *World*, and *Post* in order to see what the critics of music and drama are saying; I subscribe to that weekly, *Musical America*, and I advise every one who loves music to do the same. It is surprising that John C. Freund, can, in "Mephisto's Musings," be chronically interesting on all subjects.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was first performed on 7 May, 1824, and the centennial next year should be commemo-

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rated everywhere in the world by a gala production of the work. Every endowed and municipal orchestra should render it in whole or in part. At the original performance, the composer was present, though he could hear neither the music nor the applause. One of the reasons why a deaf man wrote the greatest music ever known is because he heard it all in his mind, and was not interrupted by street noises or any other sounds. He could compose a whole movement, secure in the knowledge that no discordant invasion could check or distract the steady flow of his genius. Was there ever a finer illustration of the words of Keats—"Heard songs are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

Perhaps if civilization continues to advance, it will reach such a point that in order to concentrate we shall have to become deaf.

One of the best American historical romances I have read in years is "Blowing Weather," by J. McIntyre. This is a thrilling amphibious novel of Philadelphia in the last decade of the eighteenth century, when Citizen Genêt made his notorious excursion to our shores. The book is replete with incident and is as artistic and well written as though the author had nothing to say. It makes a double appeal through its stirring scenes and excellent literary style. At that time, by the way, President Washington, just because of our friendship with France, and because she had so recently been our ally, did not feel it necessary to support her in all her undertakings.

A good many letters come to me every day; out of every ten there are seven which have the envelopes carefully licked up to the extreme corners, so that in opening them I cut my fingers, break my nails, and often tear the contents into shreds before I can reach them. It is not in the least necessary that every or any envelope should be hermetically gummed; the letter itself does not require an air-tight enclosure. The superfluous mucilage that the licker absorbs into his system by this method must make him taste his letters long after they are on their journey; while the recipient's time, energy, and character are wasted. It will be an act of mercy to do less licking.

Of course you will say: "Why don't you have a steel implement to open the envelopes?" I have, but I can never find it when I want it. At all other times it thrusts itself upon my attention like an undesirable relative.

Likewise when individuals—not publishers—send me books, they come wrapped in four or five suits of paper, frequently tied up three times so that when I finally reach the heart of the matter and extract the precious volume from its series of wrappages, I am exhausted and the floor of my room looks as if I had unpacked a grand piano. All that is necessary in sending a book is to shove it stark naked into a paper envelope with a wire clasp, the entire operation taking five seconds. The book never suffers. A few months ago I pushed a book in that fashion into a Columbian clasp envelope, sent it to an address in London and it came back to me, my English friend being not at home. The book had taken two voyages across the Atlantic and two train trips; it came out of the envelope as fresh as a baby.

I have been reading Zona Gale's "Faint Perfume," with the accent on the second syllable. The case of Zona Gale is extremely interesting. Like George F. Babbitt, she is a graduate of a state university. But she caught it, while apparently he was immune. She began her career by writing a few sentimental novels, which, except in intermittent flashes, gave no hint of the true flame in her soul. Then without any preliminary flourishes, in the year 1919 she produced a novel significantly called "Birth," which is a triumph of realistic art. There is no suspicion of sentimentality; the story is written with austere dignity, and she might honestly have placed the motto on the title-page which Guy de Maupassant put on his first and best novel—*l'humble vérité*. Fine as "Birth" is, it attracted little attention; but in its composition, Zona Gale had attained mastery; for in the next year, 1920, she produced "Miss Lulu Bett," which is remarkable in many ways, but chiefly in this: in a short book she accomplished perfectly what most of her contemporaries fail to do in five times the space. The outline of "Miss Lulu Bett" is like a Greek statue, in its econ-

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omy, severity, and restrained beauty. The life and career of the unfortunate Lulu are completely set before the reader, not by the multiplication of details, but by what is emphasized and by what is omitted. Such a novel is interesting in content, and beautiful to contemplate. Three years later, with the same method —the method of selection and omission, she repeats her success. "Faint Perfume" is altogether the best American novel I have thus far read in 1923. I smell only one danger; in her extreme care not to print a single sentence until it has been hammered, carved, and filed, she may possibly fall into the pit which Henry James eventually reached. It would be sad if she should lose the capacity of saying a simple thing in a simple way.

"Faint Perfume" would be an honor to any living writer; with so many novels loosely constructed and slovenly written, "Faint Perfume" looks as if it had been made not by a pen, but by a chisel.

It is pleasant to see a man who is big enough to change his mind. Max Farrand called my attention to the following. Years ago, Bernard Shaw made the following epigram: "He who can do, does; he who cannot, teaches." But in his Preface to the W. E. A. Education Yearbook (1918), we find, "And it may very well follow that a good deal of the most helpful teaching will still be done by academic persons who know the nature of the science without special skill in its operations: indeed, without any skill except in thought. This, by the way, is the best answer to my famous gibe, 'He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches.' . . . 'He who can do, does: he who can think, teaches' is just as true as the other formula."

In the New York *Evening Post* for 25 April, 1923, under the heading "Declares Snobbism Hurts Music Here," there is a press despatch from Chicago in which a lady, who is chairman of the Opera in Our Language Foundation, is quoted as saying, "There is patriotism in art, or there is no patriotism at all." I dissent from this statement; patriotism has no more to do with art than it has with food. During the war there were many who refused to hear Wagner's music, while taking into their patriotic bodies German medicines. They rightly regarded their bodies as more important than their minds. The lady proceeds: "We as a nation have a language: we have . . . more than seventy American operas fit for hearing in any opera-house in this country, and to have them banished from companies incorporated in the United States is an injustice every true-hearted American should resent." I forbear to comment on such a statement, for it seems to me it answers itself with overwhelming power.

I knew that my remarks on "ain't" in the issue for May, would call out a flood of letters; it is a tidal wave. A correspondent from Seymour, Conn., cleverly suggests that we take the three words "am not I," elide the "m" and "o," with the result "a'n't I?" Now pronounce this residuum as you ought to pronounce the word "can't." Webster damns it, says my correspondent, as "colloquial" and "illiterate," but she wisely adds, "A little use would soon fix that."

Which leads me to two reflections. First, that words, unlike some other things, rise in beauty by use. Second, is not perhaps "a'n't I?" the original of the corruption "aren't I?" Just as that glorious phrase, Welsh rabbit, has been absurdly and affectedly corrupted into Welsh rarebit.

Another correspondent suggests, instead of "aren't I," some such expression as "isn't it so?" or "I am a little late, I fear." But after due consideration, I think there is the same objection that rules out "am I not?" It is too formal for intimate conversation.

A college professor writes, "Another expression which I find even more annoying because more commonly heard is 'sell the idea.'" He cannot possibly despise this vulgarism more than I do. It is nauseating.

My comparison of Stewart's novel "Valley Waters" to a Hood River apple, brought a magnificent protest from a man in Virginia, who asks, "Why Hood River? Haven't you ever heard of our Virginia winesaps? I am sending you a box in order to prove that they are just as good as those from the West." They are certainly fine. Lately I ate some marvelous York ham. I wonder if there is anywhere in the world such ham as York ham?

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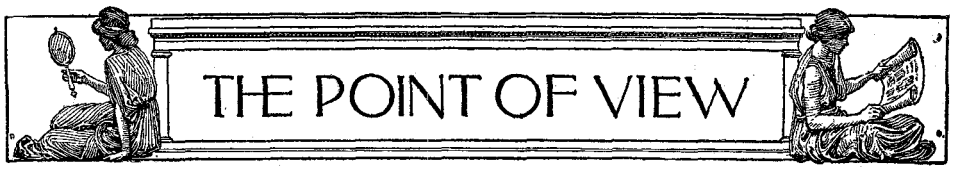

IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, last July, was an article called "The Tents of the Conservative," in which the writer turns the search-light of analysis upon the average Chautauqua audience. The article is sane and in many ways admirable, but a little one-sided in that it is written by one whose chief acquaintance with such audiences is formed from the platform instead of the benches. I can but feel that the outlook of such an observer is a bit distorted by the smoke and cinders of hot, dusty trains, and his judgment a little warped by the monotonous rush of one-day stands sandwiched between "bowl and pitcher" hostelries.

An Inveterate Chautauqua Fan

I speak as a dweller (by marriage) in the tents of conservatism, and have mingled with my particular Chautauqua tent-mates for about the same length of time that the writer has been catching his moving-picture views of other tents and other communities. I have studied the reaction to programmes with the peculiar interest aroused in the wife of a stand-pat guarantor who is in annual danger of sacrificing a new hat or gown in the interests of community uplift. Every woman will therefore understand that my interest in audiences is earnest and persistent. As an inveterate Chautauqua fan, therefore, I hope that I have no chip of provincialism ready to be knocked from my shoulder, but I cannot help taking a little exception to one or two phases of Mr. Albert's summary of our psychology. I feel throughout the article an undercurrent of what he himself calls "the undersurface contempt of the representative scholar for the concessions required to hold the attention of general audiences." Well—perhaps—I admit the need of the concessions, but not of the contempt. We who come to the Chautauqua lectures come, for the most part, as eager-minded learners, earnestly seeking the truth from the best teachers who can be persuaded to visit our communities; and, as intelligent thinkers, willing to be led into new paths of thought, we deserve no scholarly contempt, though we must have technicalities explained or omitted. We tent-listeners are, as a bunch, not so keenly interested in material details and scientific processes of trades and arts—that is, as mere processes—but we are tremendously eager to know and reasonably able to assimilate what that trade, art, or profession is doing or may do for the world. So that lecturer who can arouse our best and most wide-spread enthusiasm is he who can hold in honest respect our ignorance of the material side of a question, and has no intellectual disdain for our keen searching for the real meaning of it all. Such a speaker can hold our interest on almost any subject, from the making of pins to the development of our criminal classes.

Oversqueamishness in moral life, no appreciation of real music—we are even behind the jazz wave, it seems—not up to our college youths in free verse, no progressivism in politics, no appreciation of the arts, and, "most unkindest cut of all!", penny-pinching!—these are the chief characteristics that we present to our lecturer, a general all-around lack of progress. In only one respect were we overestimated, and that was our implied knowledge of Shakespeare and the Bible and—was it Drinkwater? Some of us know the Bible, but Shakespeare is a mere name to at least half of us, and we are one hundred per cent ignorant of Drinkwater.

Now, in the face of all this evidence, first-hand and seemingly irrefutable, how am I to spring my anachronism and state that we conservatives are the true progressives? We of the narrow-path type are the really liberal-minded. Why? Proof? Let us consider who it is that makes up the Chautauqua audience.

I look around my own particular tent of conservatism, which is, I think, typical of this great American institution. Here is a group of nurses from our hospital, women whose thinking process is made up from a first-hand and continuous intimacy with life stripped of all veneer and illusion. Progressive? Yea, verily, too progressive to be caught by any new theory until it has proved true. They know in their profession that blind experiment is impossible, yet how keen they are for any real advance. Over

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there are some teachers from the public schools. Behind the glasses of every one of them is a mind ever on the alert for some real step ahead. No class of people on earth has been so weighed down and hampered by such a mass of new theories, doctrines, and foibles, coming from the would-be progressives, as these same teachers; yet every real thinker among them knows that the pure art and science of teaching have advanced very little in the last twenty years. They have learned to be very wary in their acceptance of all the attractive folderols presented to them. Are they non-progressive thereby? After all, it would seem that the truly progressive fish is the one that has learned to avoid the carefully camouflaged hook.

There is always in the tent a goodly sprinkling of business men and farmers, as genuinely interested in business principles and developments as J. D. Rockefeller himself. Here is a bunch of post-office clerks, whose service and intelligence are usually way beyond the measure of their salaries, and whose insight into the workings of the United States Government is keen and understanding. Scattered all over the tent are women who are wives and mothers, and among them is a sprinkling of college women, who, viewed from the platform, look exactly like the others. They, too, have learned to weigh and prove before clasping new theories to their hearts. If a woman's only text-book is a woman's magazine, she learns what a mass of useless theory must be cast aside for every grain of real help in her own field.

And we are all, every man and woman in the tent, politicians. Some of us are calling ourselves Democrats and others Republicans. Many of us have tried out the Socialists and found them wanting, and most of us scratch our ballots, proudly and unblushingly. Almost to a man we are ready to hop off our rotten little old party planks, because we know them to be unreliable and unsound. It is not from blind fanaticism or gross ignorance that we still hover over them, but because we are too really progressive to leap into the stream until we see the next safe stepping-stone. We are waiting with fasting and prayer for deliverance from political corruption. Some are looking for a Moses, a great leader to guide us out of this political Egypt in which we find ourselves making bricks without straw; some are wondering when the American people will wake up to the fact that they have the power to stop these infernal machines; all are waiting in their hearts for some glimmer of a truly progressive light. We are in too deadly earnest, we conservative progressives of the tents, to be blown about by uncertain winds of doctrine.

We are a tolerant lot, too, we of the Chautauqua audiences. Few of us have any claim to be called real critics (we are so seldom technical), but many a comparatively mediocre entertainment has received fairly generous applause, given from sheer good nature. One may speak with twenty friends on the way out and hear such comments as: "Yes, that will do for a starter"; or "Pretty soon they will give us something real"; "Of course they have to mix some poorer things along with the fine ones." Rank and file, we are never fooled. The bombastic "home and mother lecturer" who doesn't ring true would be horrified to know how many understanding glances and whispered "hot airs" are exchanged by the conservative listeners leaving the tent.

There is, no doubt, a golden vein of truth and right running through religion, morality, arts, sciences, and politics. We who frequent the "tents of conservatism" believe that we have, in a few rare instances, struck that pure gold in the midst of much useless ore. Which, then, is the true progressive—he who tries to stay near the vein, patiently sifting and melting the ore, always hoping to recognize the next pure gold, or he who runs noisily in all directions, picking up useless dross and often losing sight of the proven way?

The true progressive, often dubbed conservative, is like unto a man scaling a high precipice, who, finding a foothold, however narrow and uncomfortable, stays his feet therein until he is sure of the next step; while his companion, trying here and there a new possibility, often falls, and is of no use in finding the upward way, except to show Progressive where he must not step.

FOR ages it was man's uninterfered-with right and privilege, and indeed his most distinguishing attribute—that of enjoying ill health. If he wished to do the things he ought not to do, or not to do the things he ought to do, it was nobody's busi-

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ness but his own. He might feast till his head (or other part of his anatomy) ached, drink till he saw serpents, enjoy the luxury of idle muscles, close his windows against chilly night air, sleep in feather beds, go without baths, save dentist's bills, have hardened arteries and high blood pressure, if he chose. There was no one to frown upon him or say him nay. Moreover, when the plague was abroad, there was abundant opportunity to be social and contract the disease, with all its varied experiences not to be obtained in the ordinary every-day humdrum of existence.

Compulsory Health

Now all is changed or in course of being changed. One is set upon by restless fellow beings of sundry non-human, myopic, mental twists-for-being-different, who are forever trying to do away with the good old days and good old ways. They set themselves up to censor our every step, and to restrain our once free choice to enjoy life as we pleased and to work out our own evolution.

It all began with the interference of these busybodies with one's natural right and inclination to spread the seeds of such softening and civilizing influences as leprosy and plague, although life is admittedly "the larger and better" for the experience of sickness. That was only a beginning. There arose one Jenner, who, in the name of humanity, but of course merely for his own glorification, discovered a means of taking advantage of an infant and, by introducing some poison into his blood, of preventing his having smallpox all the rest of his days.

Time was, not long since, when one might imbibe freely of typhoid germs from the kitchen tap or from the old oaken bucket, but alas, what with filtering and sterilizing, those good old days are passing, and with them the days when one might get something besides mere food (and drink) for one's money from the milkman.

Of late this encroachment upon liberty has taken a new and still more aggressive turn. The air we breathe is being tampered with. We must have our windows open at night and our thermometers must hover near the point of discomfort by day. Lest we enjoy our ease, we are prodded into wearying exercises. Vitamines were invented, and forthwith we are set upon by the milkman, the yeastmaker, the carrot-raiser, and other enthusiasts who seem to consider health (along with a well-filled pocket-book for their own use) the most desirable of attainments.

Since adults rebel against all this, the unsuspecting school-child is taken advantage of; and with clumsy clowns, unconvincing fairies, and bad imitations of sainted Mother Goose, he is inveigled, against his better judgment, to eat this and drink that, to abstain from confections, and to stay away from movies,—in a word, to go without all that makes life worth living, besides losing the few precious opportunities of being an invalid which his parents possessed.

Not only are our children taken advantage of, but also the children of the race, for the French sanitarians have written a health book for the Arabs in which the scriptures are quoted to their purpose, that is, the purpose of the high-handed savants. Passages from the Koran are used to show that Mohammed believed in microbes, although these were not discovered until centuries after the days of the prophet, while his admonitions to holy genuflections and ablutions are twisted to mean that he recommended gymnastics and a full bath, although, even for Allah, a bath in the Sahara would be a miracle.

Time was when the church (our own church) lent its influence for personal freedom, and sickness was looked upon as something of divine origin sent for a purpose—to shape us to a better life. Hardly a hundred years ago the divines rallied strongly to stem the tide of those who would render a man incapable of contracting smallpox, and our own Boston rocked and swayed "as though the devil had broken loose" as the opponents of "inoculation" warred a fierce but losing battle against such interference with the workings of Divine Providence. But religion itself has become weak and corrupted, until, lo, in this same city, there has arisen a sect which would banish sickness altogether and make of it merely a myth.

So vigorous has the activity of these fanatics for health become that even the undertakers (pardon, we meant morticians) have become alarmed and are showing a gratifying activity in stemming the tide that would seem to doom their honest trade. They are using that most potent power, printer's ink, and employing creditable conceits of picture and phrase. In a trolley-car of our national capital our eye was

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caught and our spirit comforted by a picture of the Taj Mahal with this motto attached: "India's most wonderful temple is not more impressive and beautiful than Wery O. Life's funeral service—an eloquent tribute to sympathetic attention to detail." We have always admired the Taj immensely, and if funerals can be made as beautiful—let nothing interfere with the custom, even if the blessings of previous ill health are banned.

The hygienists seem never to have considered, in their blindness and lack of feeling, whither their policy will finally lead. None of them has, to our knowledge, made any suggestion as to what is to replace sickness and suffering as the greatest of civilizing influences and developer of human sympathy. Perhaps the trouble with western civilization (for that there is something decidedly wrong with it every one will admit) is that we are getting too sanitary, and that we need to return to a more natural existence. Individually we may be getting better and better, but collectively we seem to be getting worser and worser.

"Mere Sentiment"

ALL my life I have suffered from a too ready response to scenes of pathos in the play, from descriptions of tenderness and noble deeds in prose and poetry, from little unexpected deeds of kindness by friends; all these are apt to make my throat swell and my eyes water. Why, I can't even watch a regiment coming *back* from a war or see the flag go up at an army post or come down on one of our ships without strange emotions; and, as for standing with my hat off when the band played the national anthem during the war, my only salvation in a crowd was to use my handkerchief and look the other way.

"Emotional prodigality," of course, poorly attuned nerves, or mere physical weakness.

I am often ashamed of myself, for, of course, big strong men don't let their feelings get the best of them. Far from it; they smile and say "Nonsense" at the mere thought of such "sentiment."

Now this has been brought to my attention very recently in a way little expected. I read the account of the "Old *Iowa* Sunk by Huge Shells Off Mississippi," and as I read at the breakfast-table I found my eyes growing misty and my glasses in need of cleaning; in fact, I had to put the paper down a minute to get my bearings. Of course, I felt like a weakling, and was glad my state of eyes was not observed.

"Just seventeen minutes after the firing began the old ship turned over on her side and sank, while the bands on the observing ships crashed out the last strains of 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' When the last firing started the ship had already listed to port from the water taken aboard during the previous bombardment."

I read on: "Settling slowly on her starboard side, the ship went majestically to her grave."

I had seen the old ship in her days of glory—as I have seen so many of our fleet as they have steamed up and down our great river, the Hudson. And I have been on them as a guest and felt something of the thrill of joint ownership, at colors, that belongs to every right-minded citizen of our country.

As she sank I, too, could hear the band playing the national anthem hundreds of miles away—no, not by radio—but as I have heard it played on our ships, and as I heard it played so many times when our boys were going "over there."

Then as I came to the end of the story I read: "Tears came to many eyes as the historic ship faded from view. Admiral Jones, commander-in-chief of the United States fleet, and Admiral Pratt, of the general board of the navy, did not conceal their emotion."

All my life I have been trying to put a curb on "mere sentiment," felt ashamed of it, wanted to hide it in a bold don't-give-a-hang manner, and then sometimes I read of men like Admiral Jones and Admiral Pratt, and men like Lincoln, and great strong men like Roosevelt not being ashamed of their emotion, and cheer myself with the thought that I share my weakness with the strong-in-heart. And, too, I wonder what kind of a world it would be for me if I could read, say, the final chapters of "The Newcomes" or Mrs. Andrews's "The Perfect Tribute" with dry eyes, or listen to the national anthem on some great patriotic occasion without emotion or any response to the "sentiment" of the music.

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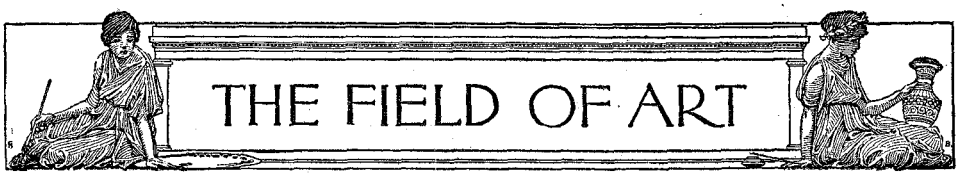

Elihu Vedder

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

ELIHU VEDDER was the last of those early American artists who were Italianate by residence and by inspiration—and far the greatest of a line on the whole more interesting personally than notable artistically. He himself was remarkable on both counts, being not only one of the greatest imaginative designers of his time, but also, and somewhat paradoxically, a most witty and whimsically delightful man.

All this was hardly to be expected from his ancestry. He came of a solid and much-intermarried line of Dutch stock, pioneers at Schenectady, New York. He was born in Varick Street, in the city of New York, in 1836, sent to the usual schools, and in early boyhood displayed of his future talents only a desire to make almost anything and a restless inventiveness.

Elihu Vedder.
From the pastel by William Sergeant Kendall.

His father, a merchant in the Cuban sugar trade, was mostly absent. Visits to him in Cuba, charmingly described in "The Digressions of V," must have gone far to make the future artist. There was a freer life, glory of ponies and boots and spurs, dark-eyed little girls who gave look for look and sometimes kiss for kiss, slaves, pestilence, cheapness of human life, and waving of giant palms between blue sky and bluer sea.

Things happened, too, to make the eager little boy face grave issues. He one day found a beloved lodger crumpled and quiet against the wainscot. The memory of the thing twenty years later created one of his best little canvases, "The Dying Alchemist." When an old cemetery was moved at Schenectady he saw come out of the ground the white bones of an uncle whom he had never seen in the flesh. An Aunt Sarah habitually saw visions and told them and, having committed the unpardonable sin, quietly awaited damnation. An Uncle Custer went mad, but not before predicting that carriages would move by their own power and that machines would fly. Young Elihu himself was shot and nearly killed in

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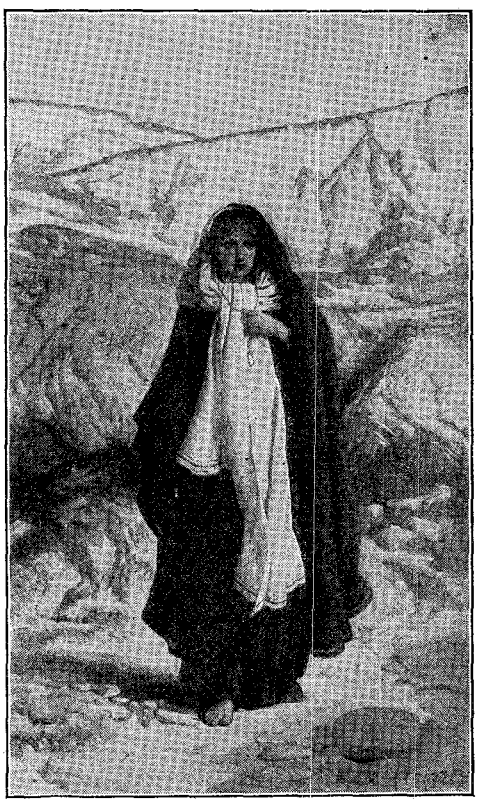
hunting. At sixteen he saw his mother fade and die. In Cuba he viewed the strand where the unbaptized dead were cast out to the sun and the buzzards. That memory of festering rags and worse later got into his picture, "The Plague in Florence." Then there were always girls—encounters casual



The Lost Mind.
Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum.

or ardent. All this meant an exercise in seeing or feeling such as an American lad rarely gets. It greatly enhanced what he later called "the rich, romantic sadness of youth."

From his 'teens he began to draw, and after a vain attempt to break him in in an architect's office, his father faced the inevitable and put him with a drawing master, nicknamed "Pilgrim Matheson," from his favorite theme, at Sherbourne, New York.

At twenty, 1856, he set out for Paris, where he drifted into Picot's class for the antique. Some fatality kept him from, perhaps protected him from, the current successful masters, Couture and Boisbaudran, and he missed also the new wonder of Courbet, Manet, Millet. To the established glories of Ingres and Delacroix he was equally oblivious. Fate willed it that his art should be, in his own words "home-made," but it was not precisely that, for it was soon to possess itself of the richest of backgrounds—that of the Italian Golden Age.

What luck led him tramping along the Cornice Road to Italy he does not tell. At Florence the pedantic Bonaiuti furthered him little more than Picot had at Paris, but at least gave the student the example of a strenuous and elevated spirit—a lesson not lost on such a youngster as Vedder. But his artistic education came from Italy itself—the old masters, the villa-clad hills, the crumbling streets of old cities, the climbing cypresses on the winding roads. These things he sketched with gusto and growing skill and with a freer brush than he later commanded.

In 1861 it became impossible for his father to continue the six hundred dollars a year that had spelt Italy and liberty. After a perilous voyage from Cadiz young Vedder, now twenty-five, anchored in New York on the day when Sumter was fired on.

Vedder's old gunshot wound, which caused the left arm to be permanently weakened, made the usual military service impossible. He settled to a bitter struggle, slept on a pallet, at times lacked food. Working for the wood-block cutters, the wages were fifty cents for a pictorial idea, a dollar and a half for a suggestive sketch, three dollars for a finished drawing on the wood. But in the lean war-time years he imagined and created "The Questioner of the Sphinx," "The Fisherman and the Genii," "The Roc's Egg," "The Lair of the Sea Serpent," "The Lost Mind." Few young painters have ever made a more solid and brilliant début in imaginative design. The critics hailed him. In 1865 he was elected to the National Academy, being probably the youngest painter who has ever received that honor. These early canvases are among the biggest little pictures that have ever been painted. "The Lair of the Sea Serpent," with its sense of vastness and loneliness and its hint of terror and its exceptionally lovely color, has for years been one of the best seen pic-

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tures in the Boston Museum. "The Lost Mind," which has recently been given to the Metropolitan Museum, is one of the dozen most impressive pictures on its richly garnished walls. Vedder had achieved what no American painter before him had seriously attempted—Albert Ryder and John La Farge had not asserted themselves

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One of the illustrations from the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyam.

—an art fraught with gravity, simplicity, and noble imaginative content—as Mr. W. C. Brownell wrote twenty-seven years ago, a work "penetrated with thought, with reflection, with significance."

If I could persuade the reader to turn to Mr. Brownell's essay in this magazine for 1895, I could both abridge and greatly better, vicariously, my task of appreciation. As it is I shall here and there quote from it.

That Vedder should run away from such a success and settle in Italy seems at once odd and characteristic. Various considerations prompted the decision. First, in five laborious years he had barely made a poor living—and at that had been driven into all manner of hack work. Next, as the Italian associations faded, he found nothing to replace them. He made various excursions in New England and found nothing he wanted to paint. But the true reason is well recounted in the "Digressions" in an interview with Emerson. The sage of Concord had repeatedly insisted that, nature being one, all heavens should be alike for the artist, who had better remain under that which saw his birth. To this Vedder objected:

"Mr. Emerson, I think there is a great difference between the literary man and the artist in regard to Europe. Nature is the same everywhere, but literature and art are nature seen through other eyes, and a literary man in Patagonia without books to consult would be at a great disadvantage. Here he has all that is essential in the way of books; but to the artist, whose books are pictures, this land is Patagonia. Take from your shelves your Bible, Plato, Shakespeare, Bacon, Montaigne, etc., and make it so that you could not consult them without

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going to Europe, and I think it would soon be—Ho, for Europe!"

So Ho for Europe it was. There was an interval in Paris and Brittany with the William Hunts and the lifelong friend, Charles Caryl Coleman. In 1867 Vedder became engaged to Caroline Rosekrans, and the period of episodic girls ended. In 1869 he married the stately and accomplished woman who was to be his helpmate for forty years, and settled rather by habit than by intention in Italy. In the remarkable records of works of art sold between 1869 and 1883, the year of the Omar illustrations —see the "Digressions" for the list—these seem on the whole fallow years. The four children came rapidly. The little picture available for the passing tourist had to be cultivated: there was the joy of exploration and sketching in the hill towns, the pleasure of working in wood and metal, and amusingness of reviving the little painting—the *cassone* manner of the Italian Renaissance. In these years, divided between Perugia and Rome, Vedder seems to have lived on the small change of his art. Perhaps the best things are still hidden in his portfolios —for he hated to let a fine sketch go. Anyhow there are crayon sketches of magical cleverness and dexterity—an unexpected note in the illustrator of Omar—dating from these years, unawarded prizes still open to the intelligent museum director or open-minded amateur. And there are sketches which have the sense of tears in them. For these days saw the death of many comrades and of two beloved sons. To the "rich romantic sadness of youth" was added abundantly those real sorrows of maturity—those tears which best water the plant of genius.

For better or for worse Vedder is likely to be known as the illustrator of Omar. He learned of the quatrains at Perugia through Henry Ellis, adept in Chaucer and in Blake. Blake and the "Rubáiyát" gave to Vedder's mature imagination just the shock needed to detach new visions from the Renaissance background. Vedder never seems to derive from one master in the sense that his friend La Farge may be said to draw from Delacroix and from Titian. Vedder assimilated rather the principle of the Italian Renaissance than the particular practice of any master. And the principle was that the human body is not only beautiful apart from any ulterior meaning, but is also universally available and adequate for the noblest symbolism. So in the century of illustrations for Omar, "accompaniments" Vedder appropriately called them, we have grand and elemental figures nude or lightly draped which not only convey the meaning of the quatrains, but often seem to raise these meanings to a higher significance. We are dealing in text and picture with the simplest poetry of the race—the short sweetness of life and love, the keen but uncertain solaces of that wine which is both drink and philosophy, the pathos of death and parting, the mystery in life and the darker obscurity beyond—in short, with those great but generally unperceived commonplaces which are of the very essence both of meditative poetry and of monumental design.

To embody all this, Vedder's crayon wrought out massive and gracious forms of men and women, fit receptacles for all that love and life can pour forth, as for all that death and fate can drain away. There is passion in these forms with resignation and melancholy. No painter of the century, with the single exception of George Frederic Watts, has found such vivid and convincing symbols for those great reflective emotions which, if we will, are ours simply by our right as human beings. The drawings were put through in a gush of inspiration in twelve months of 1883 and 1884, amid the dank, funereal laurels and cypresses of the Villa Strohl-Fern at Rome. Unhappily they were but indifferently reproduced in the original large edition. They come better in the successive small editions, but the real publication remains to be made. Since the drawings are still kept together a real reproduction is still possible. It would not only be a signal monument to Vedder's genius, but also one of the most significant memorials of our imaginative design.

Following the Omar came some of the best paintings: the noble and sensitive head of Lazarus, "The Enemy Sowing Tares," "The Cumean Sibyl." Also any seeing eye could read in the designs for Omar the assertion of a great gift for mural painting. Charles McKim first made this discovery and endeavored to enlist Vedder for the World's Exhibition at Chicago in 1893. The conditions of time being impossible for him, Vedder escaped from Daniel C. Burnham's joyous crew of painters and accepted a commission for a ceil-

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ing in the New York residence of Collis P. Huntington. He chose, as a Renaissance decorator would have done, the obvious impersonations that lent themselves to abstract handling of the figure—the "Sun with the Four Seasons," in a great medallion; the "Moon and Fortune," in narrow spandrels with a winding pattern of arabesques and small nude caryatids. The whole was disposed, after Raphael's precedent, as a gracious and significant filling of chosen geometrical spaces, without such tricks and illusions of perspective as are usual in ceiling designs. The decoration was conducted with emphatic linear rhythm and without much positive color. There is a plastic quality about the modelling, and the design—as in all of Vedder's mural paintings—could be acceptably rendered in low relief and in monochrome. This plastic quality many critics have objected to, and Vedder himself, in the "Digressions," seems to deplore the rather negative quality of his later color. Indeed, he used to say ruefully, and I think self-deceived, that a fine colorist had gone astray in himself.

Personally I think the objection and the regret were both ill-founded. What Vedder had to say was complete in line, mass, and composition. His idea of decoration needed only an enriched monochrome; more color, or a more realistic treatment, would have compromised the terse and logical abstractness of the method. The intimate and particular graces of painting are not valid in the field of general ideas. Raphael knew that and so did Ingres. Thus Vedder's economy of color and incident should be regarded really as a mark of richness—of complete clarification and control of the intellectual conception.

Lazarus.

While the Huntington decorations were going on, McKim got Vedder to do a lunette, "The Idea of Art," for the Walker Art Gallery at Bowdoin College. The year was 1894. The theme was Nature flanked by personifications of Sculpture, Architecture, and Poetry on one side, and by Harmony, Love, and Painting on the other. We have the gracious unfunctional postures of the Renaissance style, a fine contrast of types and figures, and a simple and compelling rhythm.

In 1896 and 1897 Vedder designed for the

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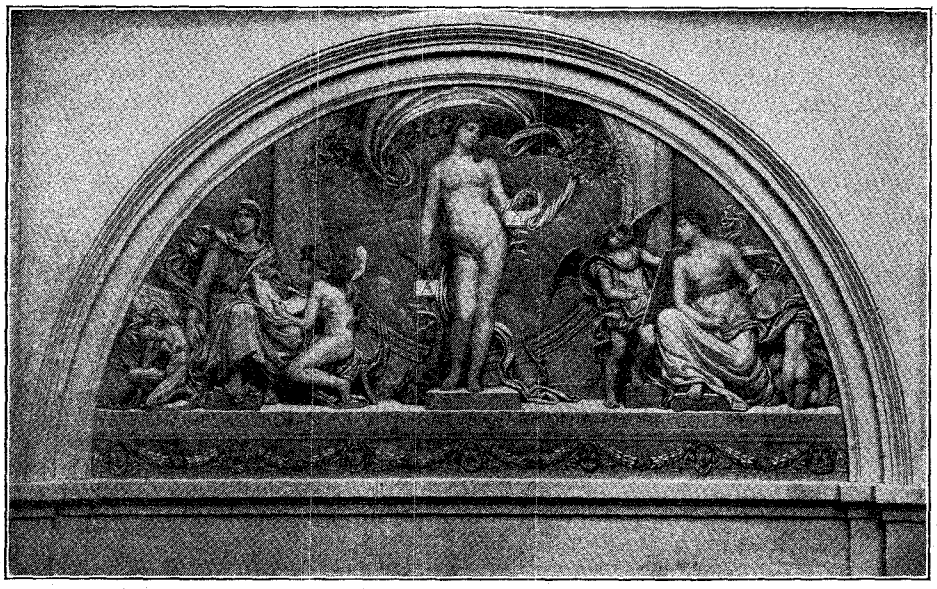

Panel for the Bowdoin College Art Building.

Library of Congress five lunettes representing good and bad government and their results—subjects dear to such mediæval painters as Giotto and Ambrogio Lorenzetti—and the mosaic of Minerva. He affected to think lightly of these designs, but I fancy it was a whimsical pose. The lunette of Anarchy seems to me one of the best things in the mural painting of the century. It has not only the customary largeness and rightness of design, but legitimate intellectual subtleties all its own. The joy of ruthless destruction, of a power that has passed beyond human good and evil, could not be better expressed.

Here Vedder's work as an artist virtually closes. It had consisted of three great spurts—the early imaginative pictures of 1863 to 1865, the Omar illustrations of 1883 to 1884, the mural paintings of 1893 to 1897. For lack of training and opportunity Vedder had come tardily to his own. The great impulse toward mural painting and the waning of our æsthetic parochialism found him an old man, if a singularly sturdy one, and ready to rest on his oars. The proceeds of his mural painting went into his Xanadu, the delightful Villa dei Quattro Venti which he built astride the saddle between the two great mountains of the Island of Capri. There and in Roman winters he lived mostly in memories, cultivated old and new friendships, wrote his delightful autobiography, "The Digressions of V," 1910, and two books of quaint verses, "Moods," 1914, and "Doubts and Other Things," 1921. The last book—beautiful in its make and illustrations—came into his hands the evening before he died peacefully in his sleep. For that I am glad, since "V" adored his verses. He had outlived his strength by six years, but not his wit and his musings.

What Vedder might have accomplished could he have chosen a later birthday, had he been professionally trained instead of having to train himself, had he enjoyed that small but certain and adequate income which he wistfully envisaged as the root of all artistic righteousness—is an interesting matter of speculation—it is the under-note of elegy in the fun and fancy of the "Digressions." As it is, it may seem enough that he was the greatest intellectualist painter of America in his day, and with few rivals among his contemporaries anywhere. With all his limitations—and painfully he knew them—he had, in Mr. Brownell's words, emphatically expressed his own "native inclination for whatever is large and noble in form," and as well "a penetrating feeling for beauty in its full rather than in its fleeting aspects."

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 11.

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THE
FINANCIAL SITUATION

Expansion and Reaction in a Season's Trade

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

WE have seen, in reviewing heretofore the course of events in American trade and industry during the highly interesting period since the beginning of 1923, that both production and consumption reached the highest point in their history—overtopping even 1920—at the moment when a very considerable body of financial opinion was predicting trouble if the expanding movement was not checked. The Federal Reserve was called upon to apply forcible restraint. It did not do so. But in the face of its refusal to put on the brakes, industry suddenly called a halt on its own account.

The Check to Trade Expansion

A fall of 15 per cent or more in Stock Exchange prices occurred, following a 10-per-cent rise since the end of 1922. Prices of commodities, which had advanced nearly 8 per cent between January and April, declined 3 per cent before the close of May; a few of them, as in the cotton and copper market, dropped back 10 to 20 per cent from the year's highest. At the very moment, however, when the view of the business future, notably in Wall Street, had become most despondent, the fall in the markets stopped abruptly. In some commodities a substantial part of the preceding loss in prices was regained; on the Stock Exchange an abrupt and rapid recovery ensued.

THIS happened without any change in the visible business situation; indeed, it occurred simultaneously with one or two developments in general trade, such as curtailment of bank loans to speculative builders, which might have emphasized misgivings. Perhaps the only concrete incidents which even the Stock Exchange was able to cite as a basis for its sudden change of mood were the public statements by the Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve as to why rediscount rates would not be raised, and by the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation regarding the steel trade.

Sidelights on the Situation

The Advisory Council, a body of responsible business men prescribed by the law to counsel the Reserve Board on the business situation, announced not only that "there appears to be no reason why Federal Reserve bank rates should be increased at this time," but that "business is progressing favorably and on a sound basis." The Steel Corporation's chairman, speaking to an important convention of his trade, affirmed that "there is nothing in sight to indicate that there will be a substantial diminution of the demand for finished steel in this country, during the next six months at any rate." Neither of these statements differed very greatly from the view taken of the situation by a considerable part of the business community, even while the seeming reaction of trade was under way. Let us now see what was the situation which impelled these utterances.

Between the beginning of 1923 and the end of March, the pace of trade revival and business expansion was not even momentarily checked. Each of the three successive months was marked, in the various barometers of financial and industrial activity, by the reaching of a substantially higher point than the month before. Production of iron in the United States averaged 104,000 tons per day during January, 106,900 during February, and 113,673 in March. Total output of

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steel was 2,500,000 tons in the first month and 2,600,000 in the third. This compared with a monthly average of 2,426,000 tons in 1922 and of 1,402,000 in 1921.

High Mark of Trade Activity

THE daily average of iron output in March surpassed all records in the country's history. With the whole industry "mobilized" in war-time to meet the prodigious requisitions of military necessities combined with active trade at home, the maximum output of that period had been 113,942 tons in September, 1918, and it was then believed that many years would elapse before the demands of peace-time trade could be great enough to repeat the huge production. But last April's daily average was 118,252.

Cotton-spinning at the American mills had been similarly stimulated by war demands; it reached in October, 1917, the monthly maximum of 585,000 bales, whereas 517,000 was the highest record before the war. But last January the American spinners' takings crossed the war-time record. They were 610,000 bales. In March they had risen to 623,000—greater by 20 per cent than the highest pre-war record and by nearly 7 per cent than the war-time maximum.

It was officially estimated by the Federal Reserve Board's statisticians that production in the country's basic industries not only increased 6 per cent in January and 4 per cent more in March, but in the later month stood 8 per cent above the highest point of monthly activity reached in 1920. During all of this three-months' period of immense production, demands of merchants and consumers seemed to be larger even than the greatly increased supply. Prices had risen under this active demand in the various staple markets. The "index number" of all important commodities was 7 per cent higher at the end of March than at the beginning of January; yet even that did not fully indicate the movement of prices on markets whose products were in particularly urgent request. Steel, for instance, had advanced 23 per cent during the period, copper 18 per cent, cotton 15 per cent. Building materials of all sorts had been similarly enhanced in value.

The Reaction of Last Spring

THESE were the preliminaries to the confusing movement which came gradually into sight toward the end of March. The stock market, as usual, raised the signal in advance. Even before the end of March, prices of stocks had lost a third of the year's previous advance; by May they had more than lost the whole of it. The average price of all commodities made in April the first decline of any month since the previous summer. Most of the basic metals, steel excepted, had lost by May the greater part of the year's earlier and rapid advance. What attracted particular attention, because of the unusual condition of the market, was a 20-per-cent fall in price of cotton, between the middle of March and the opening of May, whereby all of the preceding advance of 1923 was cancelled.

Now cotton had been the one market in which the rising price had seemed to be wholly warranted by circumstances. The two abnormally short crops of 1921 and 1922—the first cut down by reduction in planted acreage, the second by an unpropitious growing season and a scourge of insect pests—had created a situation in which the 9,000,000-bale "carry-over" from the large crops of preceding years had been absorbed in the ordinary requirements of trade; the two past years had not produced enough new cotton to meet spinners' demands.

On top of all this had occurred the record-breaking home consumption of cotton to which I have just referred. The question arose whether, if spinners' purchases were to keep up the pace of March, there would be enough cotton left at the season's end, on July 31, to provide for absolute trade necessities. Yet it was in the face of this conceivably impending "cotton famine" that the price of the staple lost one-fifth of its price of March.

WHAT had happened was the spread of misgiving in the cotton trade as to whether retail consumers would pay the price required for goods manufactured out of the 31-cent cotton of March, as against last year's range between 16 and 21 cents. It was noticed, first, that our exports of cotton decreased rapidly. Be-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 55)

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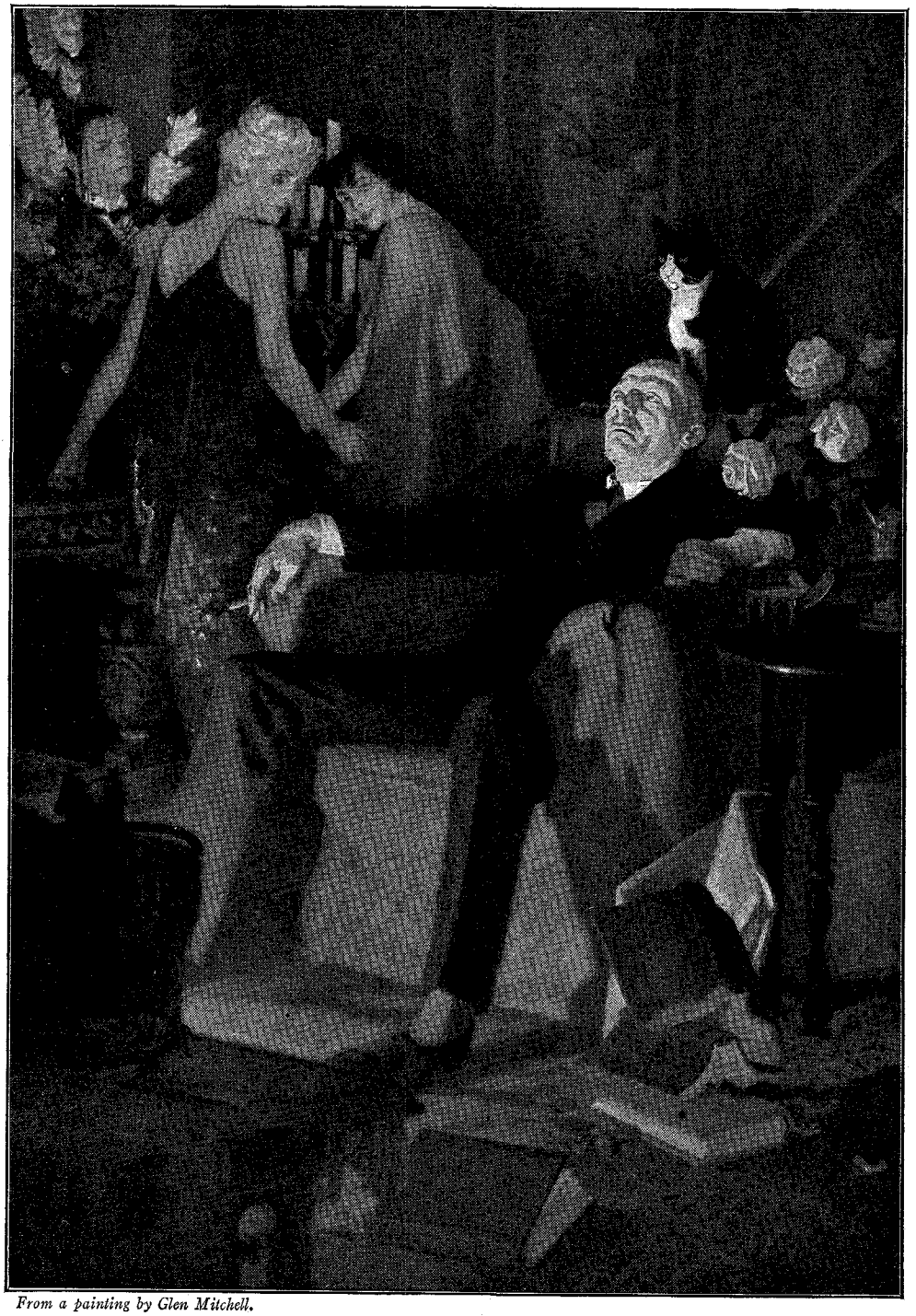

From a painting by Glen Mitchell.

" 'A desert dark without a sound
And not a drop to eat or drink
And a dark desert all around!' "

—"Late—299," page 140.

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Drawn by O. J. Gatter.

"IF 'M' COMPANY IS WHIPPED, IT WILL BE YOUR FAULT!"

—"Bats Macabre," page 110.

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